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THE DIARY OF LADY FREDERICK CAVENDISH

VOL. II

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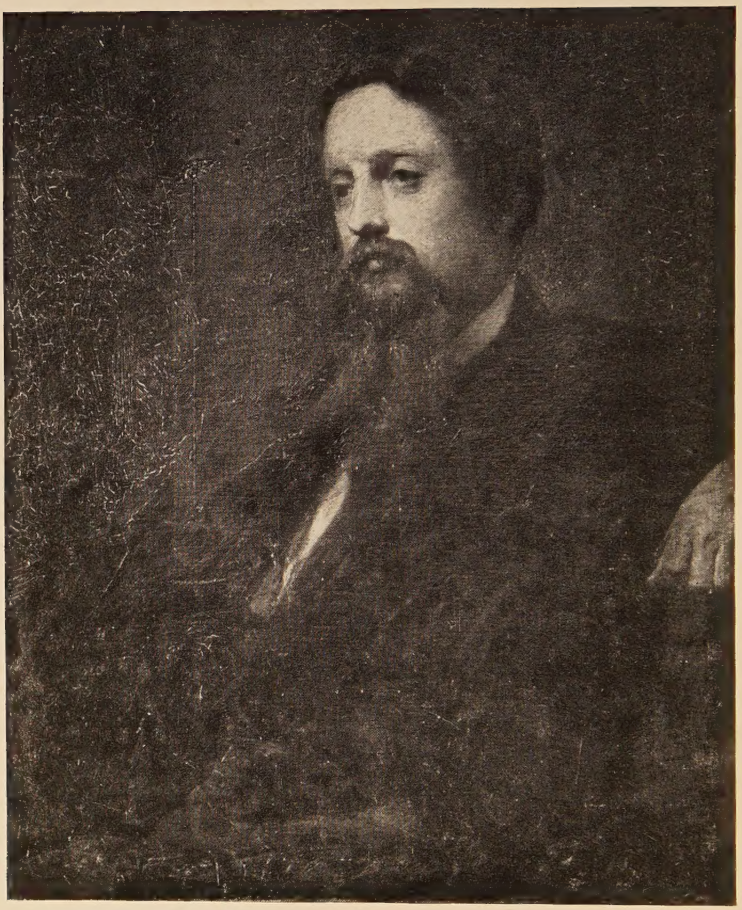

LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH.

From a portrait by George Richmond, R.A.

THE DIARY OF LADY FREDERICK CAVENDISH

EDITED BY JOHN BAILEY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. II

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CONTENTS

VOL. II

BOOK X

MAY 1866—JUNE 1868

PAGE

Introduction to Book X 3

Diary, May 1866—June 1868 . . . 7

BOOK XI

JUNE 1868—JULY 1871

Introduction to Book XI 55

Diary, June 1868—July 1871 . . . 59

BOOK XII

AUGUST 1871—NOVEMBER 1874

Introduction to Book XII 105

Diary, August 1871—November 1874 . . 110

BOOK XIII

NOVEMBER 1874—OCTOBER 1880

Introduction to Book XIII 179

Diary, November 1874—October 1880 . . 185

BOOK XIV

OCTOBER 1880—MAY 1882

PAGE

Introduction to Book XIV 261

Diary, October 1880—May 1882 . . . 271

Another Account of the Night of May 6th, 1882 330

APPENDIX A

Glynnese 335

APPENDIX B

List of the Nicknames, Abbreviated Names, and Initials, of Persons, Places, etc., most often occurring in the Diary . 345

APPENDIX C

Lady Frederick Cavendish: a Note on her Early Life 350

APPENDIX D: GENEALOGIES

The Lyttelton Family 353

The Cavendish Family 354

The Talbot Family 355

The Glynnes and Gladstones . . . 356

Index 357

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. II

LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH . . *Frontispiece*
From a portrait by George Richmond, R.A., at Holker Hall.

FACING PAGE

HOLKER HALL 62

CHATSWORTH HOUSE 144

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE WITH LADY FREDERICK CAVENDISH AT HOLKER (TOWARDS THE END OF MR. GLADSTONE'S LIFE) . . . 184

HON. ALFRED LYTTELTON 190
From a cartoon published in *Vanity Fair*.

BOLTON ABBEY 264
From a sketch by Turner at the National Gallery of British Art.

LADY FREDERICK CAVENDISH 302
From a photograph taken in the last years of her life.

THE HON. MRS. JOHN TALBOT . . . 334
From a portrait by F. H. Shepherd, painted in 1920.

BOOK X

MAY 1866—JUNE 1868

INTRODUCTION TO BOOK X

The tenth volume, which covers two years, 1866–8, is much more political than any of its predecessors. Lady Frederick has now become an ardent Liberal, and throws herself with great enthusiasm into the cause of Reform, which threw Lord Russell's Ministry out, only to force itself in more drastic shape on the reluctant Conservative Ministry which followed. And she is quite as convinced and eager on the question of the Irish Church which began to come to the front during Disraeli's first Prime Ministership. But, though political parties made much sharper social divisions then than now, she and her husband kept many Tory friends. Indeed, some of Lady Frederick's nearest relations were of that persuasion. Her two Glynne uncles, Mr. Gladstone's brothers-in-law, were both more than cool about his new policies ; and, though her eldest brother at last threw in his lot with the Liberals and was elected for East Worcestershire, her beloved sister Mrs. Talbot was very much in the other camp, as befitted the wife of a very Conservative M.P. And many Conservatives find very friendly places in the Diary. Even one so definite and prominent as Lady Cranborne, soon to be Lady Salisbury, wife of the future Prime Minister who left the Derby Ministry because it was not Conservative enough for him, is to be found here in the friendliest co-operation with Mrs. Gladstone and Lady Frederick over their Convalescent Home, as she will be found a little later acting as their hostess at Hatfield. Lady Frederick describes her as having " a wonderful head for housewifery," by help of which she " is going to cheapen our

prices "—i.e. at the Home. And though the Diary is fiercely critical of the "Adullamite" Whigs who wrecked the Russell Ministry by their hostility to Reform, yet political feeling does not interfere at all with cousinship or prevent the Frederick Cavendishes from being found constantly with the arch-rebel Lord Grosvenor (afterwards the 1st Duke of Westminster) at Rome and on the Riviera during the autumn and winter of 1867. Still, we hear of rather fierce political discussions between Frederick Cavendish and old Mrs. Talbot; and Lady Frederick is a little uncomfortable at the John Talbots dining with her on a night when the Gladstones were coming. In fact politics, and party politics, now increasingly absorb her life and occupy her mind; and she is, of course, not always a perfectly impartial critic of the proceedings of Conservatives, and never fails to say the worst of Disraeli.

She was continually in the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons, and one or two of her accounts of what she heard will be found here. Nothing like it will ever, in all probability, be heard there again. The duels between Pitt and Fox can hardly have provided more magnificent oratory than those between Gladstone and Bright on the one side and Disraeli and Lowe on the other.

Of public questions, outside the Parliamentary arena, we hear a good deal of the cattle plague, cholera, and bank failures at home and war abroad, which make the diarist describe 1866 as "a year full of calamity." And after 1866 she has to allude more and more frequently to the more and more alarming menace of Irish Fenianism. A less depressing note is evoked by the successful completion of the Atlantic cable, which enabled *The Times* on August 2nd, 1866, to head a telegram "New York to-day"!

The private events of the volume are not very numerous, the most important being the birth of sons to Lady Frederick's two sisters-in-law, Lady Edward's

son being the present Duke of Devonshire. The Frederick Cavendishes spent some months abroad in the autumn of 1867, visiting the Paris Exhibition and then going by the Italian Lakes, Milan, Verona, Venice, Bologna, and Florence to Rome and Naples, and afterwards home by Genoa and the Riviera. Diaries of foreign travel, at least in Europe, are generally the least interesting sort of diary there is; they inevitably tend to reproduce the guide-book. So I have only given a few extracts from the entries of these months, the most curious of which is the interview with Pio Nono. I have heard that Mr. Gladstone, when told of this, most characteristically objected to Lady Frederick's having accepted the Pope's description of him as a "Pooseyite," regretting that she had not explained to His Holiness the qualifications and reservations which prevented his accepting that description as correct!

For the rest, life in London and the country goes on much as before, except that Lady Frederick's London days are increasingly occupied with Convalescent Home work and visiting the Workhouse at St. George's in the East and other charitable activities. Her labours are wonderful enough, but they sink into insignificance beside those of Mrs. Gladstone. And that amazing woman was the wife of the leader of a party and the mother of a large family of children, including at this time several young unmarried daughters! Yet when she was not entertaining herself, as she is here continually seen to be, she was apparently always attending somebody else's dinner-party, ball, or "drum," or listening for four or five hours at a stretch to a debate in the House of Commons! And the morning after debate or "drum" she is seen hurrying off after breakfast to an East End workhouse or a hospital! Truly there were giants in those days; and they were not all of one sex.

Of details, more or less curious, in this volume I will

only note three. There are so many Anglican Bishops nowadays that one is surprised to find that only sixty years ago the attitude of Parliament to new Bishoprics was cautious and suspicious; an attitude to which it now shows some signs of returning. Lady Frederick writes on May 13th, 1867: "Papa carried his Increase of the Episcopate Bill thro' the Lords; only they insist upon every new Bishop having at least £6,000 a year, which must make the thing impracticable. However, he is glad to have the principle established." My other two notes are of less serious matters. When the Cavendish party left Bolton on September 6th, 1866, after their annual stay there for the grouse shooting, the Diary records the number of the slain. It was 7,203. That is one little item; and the other is that in 1867 the hour for table d'hôte at Danieli's Hotel in Venice was five o'clock.

DIARY, MAY 1866—JUNE 1868

London, *May 15th*, 1866.—We dined at the Loyd Lindsays.[1] I sat next Ld. Overstone, who put me into a rage by crowing over his sagacity in snubbing begging-letters. He is *choked up* with money, and has a monomania against *all* charities.

London, *May 16th*, 1866.—The poor Westminster bank where all Meriel's *kitchen* money and other charities bank, has shut up like the others. . . .

We dined at Ld. Taunton's, meeting Dean Milman and Mr. Fawcett. The latter very agreeable, only rather too talkative for a young M.P. He seems to take his blindness very cheerfully. The new book which is making the most wonderful noise, and of which nobody knows the author—"Ecce Homo"—was discussed. It has been put down to all the notable writers of the day, pretty nearly. People differ widely about it; some thinking it most pernicious, aiming at undermining belief in the Divinity of our Lord; others thinking it noble, and likely to build people up in the Faith. Papa and Uncle Wm. are of the latter opinion: I long to read it but the Talbots dissuade me. Mr. Fawcett held forth against the Bank Act; and against Uncle Wm.'s plan of paying off the National Debt, which he considers no better than the old sinking fund. There is much talk of our coal ceasing to pay for the expense of getting it, in 3 generations!

Hagley, *May 20th*, 1866.—The services very nice. The beautiful "Veni Creator" carried me back to '64 especially. After church we sat for a little on the octagon bench as we did then; the same glorious spring-time; the same heart-happiness, and yet a very different

[1] Afterwards Lord and Lady Wantage. Lady Wantage, who inherited Lord Overstone's fortune, had certainly no "monomania against charities."

one. We walked with Papa through the park and up Clent Hill.

HAGLEY, *May 21st*, 1866.—We walked to Wychberry wood, which was blue with hyacinths, up to the obelisk and home by the Birmingham approach. All the place is decked out in every shade of green, and is *radiant*.

CHATSWORTH, *May 27th*, 1866. *Trinity Sunday.*—The anniversary Sunday of my 1st Communion. It was sad not to find it administered to-day. I remember that happy, blessed Trinity Sunday so vividly; and grieve to think how fresh and pure and strong my feelings were then to what they are now, on the greatest things. The happiness of my married life is such an absorbing happiness! I fear it binds me round more closely than it ought; it is difficult in heart and mind to ascend, when I have such great treasure on earth. God grant us to love Him above all things.

LONDON, *May 31st*, 1866.—The Conservatives have been and gone and done it to-day! for they have been supporting a proposal for an educational franchise versus the modest Government rental one for no other conceivable purpose than to defeat Government: if they had divided and won they would have had to come in pledged to a franchise that points straight to universal suffrage! Bright is not such a Radical! his ideal being household suffrage; and he made a *conservative* speech opposing this. I suppose Uncle Wm. is wanting in tact; for there is treason through the camp; and the oddest fermentations and combinations of parties against him.

CHISLEHURST,[1] *June 3rd*, 1866.—After 2nd church, we walked on to the Common, and sat there some time, listening to birds and chiming bells. I read some of the old letters to F. He says it is curious to be hearing about his mother from his wife; I do like that. After dinner, I sat alone in the garden; and read a fine sermon of Robertson's, on God's Revelation of Heaven. The other two came out too. It was very delicious.

LONDON, *June 5th*, 1866.—We dined cosily in

[1] Lord Richard Cavendish's house.

Stratton St., going afterwards with Aunt Coquitty to hear Mr. Brookfield read "Hamlet," which he did very well, especially the comedy parts. Queen's Ball, where we were rather bored; Ld. Sefton was there with his bride-elect, and Ld. Brecknock with his; neither very pretty, if I was right in *shooting*[1] them. Princess of Wales looked lovely, though thin; the Prince's looks are improved by an advancing yellow beard.

London, *June* 11*th*, 1866.—I went to Ly. Amberley's, and saw the famous Bakers who have been in the depths of Africa. He dismayed me by the description he gave of the hopeless materialism and brutality of the people, who are without any religion, sense of duty, or even natural affection.

London, *June* 12*th*, 1866.—We dined at the Gladstones', meeting Falmouths, Wharncliffes, Amberleys, Count Strilezecki, the Duke, and Uncle Dick. Afterwards a little tail. Ball at Lady Blantyre's. The Duchess of Manchester there, looking rather ill and more middle-aged. Prince Alfred (who has just been created Duke of Edinburgh—a funny title) was there, looking somewhat handsome, but *very* short.

London, *June* 14*th*, 1866.—Dined with the Amberleys, meeting only one person, and that person . . . Bright!! (Oh that one could become a Boswell now and then!) He was very agreeable, but only upon the one topic of politics, having little to say, for instance, when we started the new question of the establishment of central pauper infirmaries, instead of the present wretched system for the sick. He was certainly as violent and one-sided in his execration of Tories as any of them say; and said of the Adullamites that he hopes not one will ever be re-elected by their constituencies. He spoke of the Bill for allowing real property to be divided among the children in cases of intestacy; and said that the present tendency to accumulate land in few hands would lead to compulsory and equal subdivision (of which he said he disapproved) by the force of a strong reaction. He defended the Ballot; but I could not understand. I

[1] Appendix A.

was struck by his ease, and unaffected, simple manner. Afterwards I went to the House and saw a riotous but very victorious division upon a concession of Uncle W.'s. A letter telling Bright of this concession came to him at dinner and made him angry. He spoke against it in the House, and wouldn't vote, whereat the Opposition cheered derisively. F. didn't vote.

London, *June 19th*, 1866.—Government beaten last night by 11; and I have really felt unhappy all day at the fate of the poor Bill which is like a child dying of the chickenpox after it has got through measles, scarlet-fever, and whooping-cough. The Queen unluckily at Balmoral, so nothing was done to-day but an adjournment till Monday; and nobody knows if a resignation or a dissolution will be the upshot. The defeat is caused by horrid Adullamites.

Little George [1] 5 to-day; I gave him a carpenter's box. I went to Lord's to see the Oxford and Cambridge match which we lost by 14 after a good fight; a grim day, altogether! We dined *en famille* at D. House where there was afterwards a big drum. It was got up partly as a proper civility for the Secretary of War [2]; and under the circumstances felt rather like inviting people to see Cinderella after 12 had struck!

London, *June 22nd*, 1866.—The Queen is seriously to blame for staying at Balmoral till Monday; nothing can be settled without her presence, and rumours run wild: resignation, dissolution, and a vote of confidence being all on the cards.

London, *June 25th*, 1866.—We left Latimer early, and I went to the Ladies' Association Service at St. James', where the Bishop of London preached very earnestly, and we all received the Holy Communion together. . . .

The poor Queen's terrible fault in remaining (or indeed being) at Balmoral has given rise to universal complaint, and much foul-mouthed gossip. She is travelling up to-night.

[1] George Talbot, now Mr. Justice Talbot.

[2] Lord Hartington had just entered the Cabinet as Secretary at War.

LONDON, *June 26th*, 1866.—The Liberal Ministry has resigned; and now we shall see what sort of hash the Tories will make of things. Their Adullamite majority will give them more terror and trouble than it is worth, or very possibly won't work with them at all. The war on the Continent is regularly afoot, and poor Italy has been badly beaten. The nice young Prince of Condé, who danced with me at Charles' coming of age, has died in Australia of typhus. Poor Auntie P. came to see me this morning, more miserable and taken out of than I have often seen her. Freddy and a good luncheon set her up a little again! and then to-night, when the House was up, Uncle William was well cheered by a crowd in Palace Yard.

LONDON, *June 27th*, 1866.—We had a great excitement, hearing a continuous roar of cheers, beginning at Trafalgar Square, where a meeting has been going on, culminating in front of No. 11, where a good crowd collected to cheer Uncle W., who was dining out; I drove, and went to Stratton St., where Granny was entertaining her great-grandchildren, helped very pleasantly by Harry Lyttelton, who seems to have much that is nice about him: is more like his mother, to look at and to listen to, than ever. Auntie P. came out on the balcony, with the girls, and bowed to the crowd.

LONDON, *June 29th*, 1866.—*The Times* makes a rumpus about the cheers and groans of "the mob" and Auntie P. coming out to them on the balcony the other night. Who could resist it, if they were cheering one's husband, and one knew he deserved it!

LONDON, *June 30th*, 1866.—I took Agnes to a party at Ly. Derby's, and fervently resolved never to go there again, such were the stick-in-the-mud arrangements of the comings and goings.

LONDON, *July 1st*, 1866.—I took Fred to see the poor old paupers, to their great delight.

LONDON, *July 2nd*, 1866.—We rode. A runaway man and horse, we heard, came full tilt against the Prince of Wales, who was riding with the Princess and the Queen of the Belgians, and knocked him clean over,

horse and all. He rode home, and dined out this evening; so I suppose he is not much hurt, but it seems hardly possible. We dined at Ly. Newburgh's, meeting the Duke, the Cokes, a little Prince Borghese, Ld. Clanwilliam, Count Pahlen, and the Duchess of Buccleuch. It was too swell! and rather silent. Afterwards to Ly. Welby-Gregory.

London, *July 4th*, 1866.—Big party at D. House: I chaperoned Mary Wortley and Charlotte Farquhar! We dined there; Cavendish pretended to weep over his fall: I am very cross at it; for he was doing his duty famously, as all sides say more or less.

London, *Thursday, July 5th*, 1866.—I drove with Emma. Atie. P. begged for a lift to M. Van de Weyer's, wishing to set some civilities on foot for the King of the Belgians, who has come for Pss. Helena's marriage, and is not only quartered at an hotel, which is the poor Queen's way now, but left without even a Royal carriage.

H.M.S. Victory,[1] *July 6th*, 1866.—The 4 a.m. gun is a startling event, and made me jump. We went with Frank early to see the Block machinery, which delighted me; also on board a hideous splay-shaped monster called the *Royal Sovereign*, one of the turret ships. Her luckless turret has been a good deal smashed by experiments with a 12-ton gun. But the Captain (Herbert) showed off the wounds with more pride than grief, being over the moon at the steel plates having been only smashed, not cracked. Afterwards we went (all of us) by train to Southampton, and were a good deal impressed and bewildered by information about Ordnance Survey maps; and were shown a mysterious process, half-photography, half-engraving, called zincography, lately invented.

H.M.S. Victory, *July 8th*, 1866.—The Service on board would be as nice and hearty as possible, if the Chaplain was not terribly dull and inefficient, preaching a sermon that would have done for Dukes, or undergraduates, or labourers, or anybody; and been equally bad for all.

[1] Where she was the guest of her sister-in-law Lady Louisa Egerton, wife of Captain Egerton.

LONDON, *July 9th*, 1866.—Ld. Lansdowne died suddenly the other day, being seized one night with a stroke while playing at cards, at White's : she was sent for, and getting home and finding him speechless, in her agony tore off her necklace, so that the pearls were found scattered over the floor. They were to have given a party the same day, and we had just got a card for it.

LONDON, *July 12th*, 1866.—I had a real treat and refreshment after luncheon : driving to Pembroke Lodge[1] with my Fred (in a ducal brougham too, so as to relieve our minds of our much put-upon horse) to a picnicky little business there. The glorious green summer beauty and sweetness of everything was delightful ; and took away the cockney cloud of hot street atmosphere. Ld. Russell appeared, much hidden by an enormous white *beaver* hat : he looked extremely placid and light-hearted, and cracked some little jokes. I believe he has got over the defeat now.

LONDON, *July 15th*, 1866.—We went to Christ Church in our smart clothes (F. in his wedding frock-coat !) for the christening of darling " Meriel Lucy Talbot,"[2] who behaved and looked like an angel : F. godfather, to my great delight ; only my longings for a baby of our own were a little intensified by the proceedings. I took up little Meriel to her godfather for a kiss, which he administered with much precaution near the eyebrow. He gave her a fine Bible and Prayer Book in one, which, if she is a stalwart child, she may be able to lift in 10 years' time. After tea we walked to D. House and refreshed ourselves with nectarines.

LONDON, *July 16th*, 1866.—F. having his Committeeums, I went to luncheon at the Houghtons, and to my horror found a regular At Home going on, and had to plunge into French to make myself agreeable to a Portuguese Comte and Comtesse and Prince Borghese. Manning was there, and I am rather proud of having " had speech " of him ; though it was strictly confined to the weather. He has a fine, intellectual,

[1] In Richmond Park, lent by the Queen to Lord Russell.
[2] Now Dame Meriel Talbot.

bald head, and a handsome, ascetic, mournful countenance.

London, *July 17th*, 1866.—To the House, where the annual bore about Ballot was up, followed by Mill standing up for women-suffrage.

London, *July 20th*, 1866.—We dined at D. House, and went thence with Lou (who is perching!), Emma! (very spirited of her), and Cavendish (F. and Eddy hansoming) in barouche to Chiswick; where was a swell but rather dull function, in the garden, with Royalties. Home at 1.

The Coppice, *July 21st*, 1866.—Sir R.,[1] to please me, spouted after dinner the beginning of "Sir Charles Grandison"; I was amused with it beyond measure. Unless the book is the grossest exaggeration, *what* a state of society it was 100 years ago! On the one hand, to be sure, there was dignity, stately courtesy, manners finished to a point that must have made them a study in themselves; but oh dear! on the other hand, what uselessness and wordy frivolity and unconscious coarseness in the women, and what tinsel and sham and depth of vice in the gold-laced men!

London, *July 23rd*, 1866.—I went to a meeting at Stafford House for promoting Saturday half-holydays. Then to see Emma, who was yesterday not at all well, but is all right to-day. The "populace," poor souls, having been goaded all the summer for not making any demonstration in favour of Reform, wished to hold a big meeting in Hyde Park to-day to express such an opinion. In a most un-English fashion the meeting was forbidden, the gates of the park shut at 5, and all the police had to come out to guard them. There was not the smallest pretext for believing there would have been any riot; but naturally this tyranny produced one among the roughs, who *uprooted the rails* (probably they were pushed down, being rotten), and remained masters of the field. The Life Guards were called out, which was not done in '48, and which was truly absurd as they did nothing whatever; and the people dis-

[1] Sir Robert Phillimore, whose house The Coppice was.

persed in time after some knocks had been exchanged. We might as well be French authorities, screwing down the safety-valve! and very nice and high-minded it will read on the Continent. Auntie P. went to the London Hospital to-day, and was dismayed at the number of cholera patients. She went down their ward. A ton of ice a week is used for them. God help them!

London, *July 26th*, 1866.—All London talks about the Hyde Park riots; and I am put into a violent rage by people's unfairness. To be sure I should state that it is undoubtedly the *right* of Government to close the Park which is Crown property; and it would be a pity to make it a usual place for political meetings; but the present occasion was one of all others for granting the people's wish as a favour. The Trafalgar Sq. meeting the other day was orderly enough to prove that no rioting would have taken place; and the last Government (in the person of Sir G. Grey) having declared they would not allow the meeting in Hyde Park is a fact that ought to have made the Conservatives take the opposite course. It would have been very open to objection for the Liberals to have allowed what might have been called an agitation to bolster up their own measure; but nothing could have been more graceful and high-minded than for the *Conservatives* to have allowed it. Everybody has been blunderpated: the members of the "Reform League" drew off peaceably when they were stopped at the gates, and the row was entirely caused by the riff-raff. The rails are prostrate, coping-stones and all, nearly all the way from Hyde Park Corner to Bayswater; and the wretched police, enormously outnumbered, are said to have hit savagely. But the accidents are very few; and on Monday night I believe the flower-beds were carefully kept from harm. Mischief and blackguardism now prevail every evening. Mr. Walpole, the Home Secretary, whose feebleness has caused the whole thing, won the heart of a deputation of Reformers by bursting into tears!!

London, *July 28th*, 1866.—The greatest of pacific events (I did *not* mean a pun, "which it's the Atlantic"

besides !) has come to a triumphant conclusion. After 2 failures last year and in '58, the Transatlantic telegraph cable has been successfully laid, and had its shore end landed in America yesterday ; the *Great Eastern* having done the whole business in .[1] Cyrus Field is *the* man who has accomplished this.

Holker, *July* 31*st*, 1866.—We all 3 went to the slate quarries. . . .

The factotum Mr. Eddy made all the quarrying details quite clear to me. I could have wished he had not been pleased to call me *Lady Fred* ! !

Escrick,[2] *August* 9*th*, 1866.—We drove to Bishopsthorpe, a dragfull and four, to dinner, to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales, to honour whom all York is turned topsy-turvy. Fifty-four people dined and it was very well done. T.R.H. each talked to me afterwards : the Princess looks lovely, but thin and tired ; I do think we trot her about too much ; the Prince has a good-natured face, improved by beard and whiskers ; but he looks 10 years older than he is, and is likely to smoke himself to death.

Escrick, *August* 10*th*, 1866.—We went again into York for the Show, as did the Prince and Princess, and saw numbers of fine horses. The hunters jumping a hurdle very good fun. Lord Zetland (who is here) escorted Miss Foljambe and me to York and back in his clarence. He is smitten with Carry, and wants his nephew Mr. Dundas (also here) to make up to her. But the youth looks shyissimus.[3] F. and I deliberately shirked a big Royal ball at York, whither everybody went except us, Lord Macclesfield, Sir Watkin, Sir John Trollope, blind Mr. Foljambe, and one or two other gentlemen whose talk was of fox-hounds. I am glad to hear the Gladstones have left London ; for brave Auntie P. was straining her nerves and strength to the utmost, going *almost daily* to the London Hospital. The terrible thing spreads fast in London. Young Lord Downe is here, a very handsome, agreeable youth. I should think clever but rather head-turned by his position. Also nice little Lord Ellesmere.

[1] A blank in MS.

[2] The house of her cousin, Lord Wenlock.

[3] Appendix A.

BOLTON, *August 20th*, 1866.—Soft rain most of the day, in spite of which we bumped valiantly up to the Roggan House, and saw two drives. The swarms of grouse killed become a perplexity in the disposing of them: 400 brace to-day.

HOLKER, *September 11th*, 1866.—The 2 Atlantic telegraphs are now in perfect order. They charge £1 a word for messages, and yet they pay enormously. While the '65 cable was lying broken at the bottom of the sea, 3 miles deep, natural causes set the electric fluid in motion continually, and fragments of words and incoherent sentences used to be spelt out at the shore-end.

HOLKER, *September 28th*, 1866.—One of my black days, my Fred going off to do yeomanry at Lancaster for a week. Such a long day as it felt! but I am a ridiculous fool to mind so much, especially as he will make a flit back for Sunday.

HOLKER, *Michaelmas Day*, 1866.—Freddy wrote it isn't likely he can come to-morrow. O dear! My tête-à-tête dinner was rather awful. I did a good deal of text. Visited Sarah Carter and Alice Haddatty (the most fearfully dirty, witch-like old woman), Sarah Bradby, Widow Dickinson, at Flookburgh; Sarah Newby at Cark; Mrs. Walker, and another Dickinson (Mrs. Birkett's sister) at Quarry Flat. Missed my Fred terribly.

HARDWICK, *October 5th*, 1866.—At last, at last, the day is come! But he won't be here till past 1 at night; leaving Lancaster this morning, going to a public dinner at Knaresborough, and riding from Chesterfield. It is a starless, moonless night, but fine, I hope.

HARDWICK, *October 6th*, 1866.—The hounds met at the back of the house, and Emma and I drove about there. My own Fred arrived safely before 1 o'clock; and I had such happy bits of talk and felt my heart satisfied! He and Eddy rode with the hounds (it was only pottering after cubs) and afterwards shot; poor Freddy sleepy enough in consequence. Emma and I visited 2 or 3 folk at Rowthorne.

HARDWICK, *October 12th*, 1866.—I am enjoying some Molière.

HARDWICK, *October 14th*, 1866.—Sir James[1] told us a capital story, which he said was highly characteristic of the two men. When news was brought to Card. Antonelli of the cession of Venetia to France, and France's intention of handing it on to Italy (an arrangement, by the bye, that the Italians kicked at, from pure pride, rightly or wrongly), the Cardinal sat horrified and dumbfounded; then, covering his face with his hands, said, "Dio mio!—cade il cielo!" He settled with the news-bringer that he (the latter) must go and break the fact to the Pope, he (the Cardinal) not having the courage to do so. But when the other told the Pope the news, the Pope in a radiant state exclaimed, "Benedetto Dio!—non udiremo più parlar della questione di Venezia!"

CHATSWORTH, *November 6th*, 1866.—I am copying the text of *Samson Agonistes* for Papa who has translated it into Greek.

CHATSWORTH, *November 7th*, 1866.—I am worried by my new maid turning out dreadfully huffy with the Duke's household, and unmanageable when I tell her to show my gowns to other people. She is going. It perplexes me sadly how all I say and do, though it is not without prayer, seems to fail utterly with one maid after another. This is the 4th I have had that has behaved ill in her rapports with some fellow-servant or other, and they have not a notion that they can be in the least to blame, though by their own showing (certainly in this one's case) all grows out of the pettiest jealousy and pride. There is a code of morals among them which not only is nowhere in the Bible, but flat against the whole tone of the N. Testament from beginning to end; the supreme and pre-eminent commandment of this code being: "Thou shalt never let thyself be put upon; and thou shalt attribute the meanest motive to the conduct of thy fellows." I wonder how they understand our blessed Lord's words about the peace-makers, the poor in spirit, the meek and

[1] Lacaita.

lowly. It makes one fear that one may be doing something like it, according to one's different temptations, with the same self-complacency; but then one does learn a little to mistrust oneself.

CHATSWORTH, *November 15th*, 1866.—Rained nearly all day. Womankind staid at home, and some of us had three furious games of tennis-battledore in the banqueting room. Gentlemen drove to the shooting place and then—drove back again.

CHATSWORTH, *November 18th*, 1866.—Alas it poured and blew so that I could not coax Fred to let me go to Church; it certainly would have damaged him, as he is rheumatic. We read the service together. Cleared later and we all walked, 30 of us! Chapel service at 6.

CHATSWORTH, *November 19th*, 1866.—Bright, on the strength of our meeting, announced to Mr. Trevelyan that he admired me much, and contrasted me favourably with *Mrs. Lowe*, a compliment that doesn't turn one's head.

CHATSWORTH, *November 23rd*, 1866.—I have delightful sits and trolls and "sweet converse" with old Tallee, whose goodness and charm to my mind give her grace and beauty that wins me more than a lovely face! We walked, she and I and Lou, and talked, amongst other things, of the lady who was grandmother to Tallee, great-great-aunt to Lou, and great-grandmother to me.[1]

CHATSWORTH, *November 24th*, 1866.—I sat by Sir Augustus [2] at dinner, and, tho' he seems to be an empty-headed old gentleman, he entertained me much by his byegone stories of old Chatsworth and Althorp days.

CHATSWORTH, *November 26th*, 1866.—Poor squinny dwarfish little Lord Milton is desperately in love with Lady Mary, daughter of Lady Ormonde, who won't have him. Lady V. Cecil, one of the best and nicest of girls, is engaged, after 2 years of ardent attachment on her part, to a little Mr. ———, a widower 30 years older than herself.

[1] Lavinia, daughter of the 1st Earl of Lucan and wife of the 2nd Earl Spencer. Her face is well known from Reynolds' portrait, so often engraved.

[2] Sir Augustus Clifford.

CHATSWORTH, *November 29th*, 1866.—The papers go on fighting over Gov. Eyre, whom one party is going to try for murder, which I can't think right, as he was a high-minded man, wishing to act for the best, and carried away by the panic around him; and the other party getting up a Defence Fund, and defending him thro' thick and thin, which is a shame and disgrace to English people, who would not bear the wholesale vengeance if it had been upon whites, but cannot see the harm of unlimited killing and flogging when negroes are in question. The Ritualism controversy is hot; many of the extreme school openly professing disloyalty to our Prayer Book, and disavowing the name of Protestant altogether. Now it is odious, I think, to let "Protestant" be our chief name, or to sink in it the noble name which carries with it all the glory of Christ's one Church—"catholic"—and plume ourselves upon a mere negative which we share with every sect of Christianity, or non-Christianity; but it is wrong and miserable to disavow it altogether, and with it the whole principle of the Reformation. But the Ritualists are consistent, for many *have* ceased to protest against any Roman error, unless it be Papal Supremacy. Still, tho' this is bad and dangerous indeed, I do hope that nothing violent will be done: it is a great stir and enthusiasm; much in it is great and true, full of love to Christ, work for the poor, and yearning for union; and I can't but hope that what is wrong will counteract itself, and the good remain and abide.

CHATSWORTH, *December 3rd*, 1866.—With Lou and Emma to see the infant-school; the bright little faces set me longing as usual. Poor Emma[1] goes to see tiny children whenever she can. She is really only just beginning to regain *spring* and liveliness, but I can almost envy her, for knowing what it is to be a mother; and then she can hope more than I can do, tho' I do hope and hope. We must "wait patiently."

CHATSWORTH, *December 4th*, 1866.—I am shivering all over with a miserable scene with my maid who

[1] Lady Edward had had a stillborn baby.

squabbles with all the servants. The Duke and Duchess of Manchester [1] came. Most of us walked. Battle in the evening.

CHATSWORTH, *December 8th*, 1866.—The Queen has sent Wolverhampton into an ecstasy by going there herself in full state, open carriage and all, to unveil a statue of the Prince Consort. It is the first time (in England) since his death, that she has taken such public part on a festive occasion.

CHATSWORTH, *December 10th*, 1866.—A delightful servants' ball came off in the Banqueting-room. I valsed.[2]

CHATSWORTH, *December 11th*, 1866.—A terribly sad thing has happened: the death of Lady Fortescue in her confinement, leaving 13 children, the eldest only 18. It takes me back to '57, and awakes in me afresh the sense of *what* a piteous thing it is—so many orphaned.

CHATSWORTH, *December 12th*, 1866.—To my inexpressible relief and comfort, my odious little maid went off, and gentle, pleasant-looking, quiet little Mrs. Parry came, who will probably turn out a Felon, but is meanwhile very soothing.

OSSINGTON,[3] *December 13th*, 1866.—Mr. and Ly. Dorothy Nevill came: she is a quaint, piquant, clever little woman, like a funny old picture.

OSSINGTON, *December 14th*, 1866.—Delightful mild day. Spent most of it galloping on a glorious horse, with F. and the Speaker, amid the wide glades and grand trees of Welbeck and Thoresby.

OSSINGTON, *December 16th*, 1866.—Dank. Church an 80-year-old meeting-house, too dreadful, and the clergyman's attire, which was simply that of a particularly dirty chorister, made one a ritualist by force of rebound!

HICKLETON,[4] *December 19th*, 1866.—Dr. Pusey is

[1] The Duchess of Manchester became subsequently Duchess of Devonshire. In the next day's entry she is described as "too beautiful and winning, with the most perfect manners—high-bred, gentle, and intelligent."

[2] As a girl she had not been allowed to valse.

[3] Speaker Denison's house.

[4] Lord Halifax's house.

waging a war in *The Times* upon Private Confession and Absolution, which he advocates most strongly, tho' not condemning those who differ from him. It seems to me wrong to oppose private confession if it is *quite* voluntary; but it is all but inconceivable to me. Many things it would be entirely impossible to put into spoken words, and so one would be false; then under or over-statement of others would be inevitable; as to motives, one would get into hopeless perplexity; and then there is forgetfulness. My strong feeling (and I *know* it is not pride) is "O keep the softening veil in mercy drawn, *Thou Who canst love us, though Thou read us true*"; and no special confession to man, that I can imagine, could be to me what the silent appeal of one's soul is, lying with tears at His feet Who sees all, and pities all. "O Lord, *Thou* knowest." Then comes the message of the priest, as if straight from Heaven—more consoling and reuniting, to my mind, than if the preceding confession had been a set one to him.

Hickleton, *December 20th*, 1866.—Ly. Halifax and I drove to Doncaster, where I got some mourning things for old Lady Chesham who has just died.

Holker, *S. John's Day*, 1866.—We read Hooker, and began a little Shakespeare ("King John"). I wrote to the Eddies, to Florence. Heard from Aunt Emy. Froude's 2 new vols. of Elizabeth's reign must be very odious reading; he blackens Mary Queen of Scots' character at great length and in indescribable ways.

Holker, *January 15th*, 1867.—The subject of female suffrage (odious and ridiculous notion as it is) is actually beginning to be spoken of without laughter, and as if it was an open question. I trust we are not coming to that. Bright and certain of his vilifiers have been throwing mud at each other in the papers, in a most objectionable fashion, which some years back would have led inevitably to a duel.

Holker, *January 17th*, 1867.—A great discontent has arisen (in which I share) at an alteration having

been determined on in the next edition of the "Xtian Year," because of an expressed wish of Keble's, which however he never lived to carry out. The words at present (in the Gunpowder Plot poem) are:

> ". . . there present in the heart,
> *Not in the hands*, th' Eternal Priest
> Doth His true Self impart";

the subject being Holy Communion. It is to be altered to "*As in the hands.*" It is said the present reading seems to go against the Real Presence, which of course Keble held; but the proposed one is liable to an equally important misunderstanding (is far more liable); viz. it will certainly be understood by the many as plain Transubstantiation; and the book, which has been beloved by thousands of all opinions, including dissenters, will frighten away many, even loyal, Churchmen.

HOLKER, *January 20th*, 1867.—The distress in London is terrible; all the Thames population being badly off for work, owing to the losses of the employers of dock-labourers last year in the Bank failures.

HOLKER, *January 22nd*, 1867.—Bitter grey cold: snow again to-night. A poor postman near Compton Place was found frozen to death in his cart holding the reins, when the horse stopped at the post-office. And there have been several other deaths from the same cause. . . .

Finished a silly book upon Spain by Lady Herbert, chiefly filled with eulogies upon the state of religion there, which I suppose is about the most degraded in Christendom, Romanism having overlaid nearly all pure Catholicism. It aggravates me much; for one who spent 40 years of her life in communion with our own Church, with Sidney Herbert for her husband, and the Bishop of Salisbury for her friend, and who, if she isn't quite a fool (which she isn't) must know something of the devotion and piety and zeal, yes and Catholicism, of the last 30 years in England—that such a one should coolly imply all through that all in England but the Romanist sect are under the sway of bare, cold irreligion.

HOLKER, *January 27th*, 1867.—Afternoon school. There is terrible distress in London. . . .

There have been actually bread-riots in the E.; bakers' and butchers' shops rifled: the Poor Law as usual at a dead-lock.

HOLKER, *January 30th*, 1867.—There are dismal indications of a plot among the Whigs against Uncle William's leadership of the Opposition, and some have dragged up Cavendish's name to take his place. He has heard nothing of it directly, and would have nothing to do with such a dirty job.

HOLKER, *February 2nd*, 1867.—Landseer's lions are actually mounted on the pedestals of the Nelson monument.

LONDON, *February 7th*, 1867.—Entertained at 5 o'clock tea Agnes, Ly. Augusta Stanley, and her little Dean, who got through an alarming amount of bread and butter. Later, had the honour of a visit from Cavendish who stopped till Freddy came home.

LONDON, *February 12th*, 1867.—Uncle W. looks blooming after his holyday. He is as much disgusted and bothered by the course of the Government as it's possible to be: when I said something about the emptiness of the Resolutions, he said, "But there is plenty of poison in them," and later spoke of the difficulty of dealing with "a tortuous policy." He has the profoundest faith*less*ness in Dizzy; almost the only man of whom he does not think better than he deserves!

LONDON, *February 15th*, 1867.—To my bewilderment and dismay last night, my poor maid Parry, who is married, announced in a tremulous voice, that, when she had been with me only a few days, she suddenly and unexpectedly discovered that she was several months gone with a luckless baby! My head span, but I hope to manage a stop-gap, and take the poor thing back.

LONDON, *February 16th*, 1867.—We went to Lady Augusta Stanley's, and were introduced to Dr. Macleod, the editor of *Good Words*, whose Liberalism and penchant for painted windows has affronted certain stiff kirk-people; but he is a Presbyterian all the same:

a big burly man, with a great face full of power, very like my idea of Dr. Johnson. The Dean of Canterbury (Alford) was talking to him; such a contrast, with his spare figure and thin, sensitive features.

LONDON, *February 20th*, 1867.—Yesterday and to-day I have been to preside at a poor people's dinner just set going in this parish: went afterwards, with a little dot of a girl who had dined, to the district school in Bedfordbury, where were over 100 little creatures, the lowest of the low, in a nice airy room at the top of the building, which has a chapel for its basement, and another school and a mission room "au second."

LONDON, *February 21st*, 1867.—At the poor dinner was a pretty, bright-eyed little pussy-girl of five, whose remains of dinner I carried home for her, for fear she should come to grief with the plate. She showed me the way, trotting fearlessly along down a squalid street and court, up to the top of a wretched house. On the last landing, a door opened and out peeped another darling little girl. This was "home," and I went in. Father and mother, 4 children, and a baby were in the tiny place; the little things all pretty and chubby, but the parents pinched and starved-looking: it was a tidy room considering; I felt ashamed of myself, coming back to this big house, where there is not even one little baby to take up room.

We successfully entertained at dinner the Eddies, the Forsters, Agnes, Mr. Charles Howard, Mr. Tom Hughes. There was some discussion about the volunteers, who were called out illegally to defend Chester from the Fenians the other day, and are really supposed to have saved the town from attack. The question is, whether it ought to be legal to arm them in cases of civil riots. Mr. Hughes was against it, saying they were and ought to be perfectly free to choose either side!! and so it might be awkward.

LONDON, *March 2nd*, 1867.—I went with Grauntcoquitty,[1] Meriel, and Mrs. Robartes (very childish of

[1] I.e. "Granny" and "Aunt Coque" and "Aunt Kitty": the Dowager Lady Lyttelton, Hon. Caroline Lyttelton, and Miss Pole-Carew.

such old matrons and maids !) to see John Parry and German Reed. Laughed till I was exhausted !

London, *March 3rd*, 1867.—School and workhouse. The old bodies made a great joke of F.'s bringing me to the door of the workhouse.

London, *March 6th*, 1867. *Ash Wednesday.*—Freddy had odious meetings all the morning. I went to All Saints', which was crammed full as Dr. Pusey preached. It was a striking, solemn sermon, upon the saved " suffering loss " at the Last Day, from the " wood, hay, and stubble " of their works on earth being tested by fire, they being themselves saved nevertheless by Infinite Mercy. I hardly understand the text in the same way. I think it means that if only we have built upon the One Foundation, the imperfections of our works will be forgiven, the fire will cleanse them, and only what is good and true will remain. But I don't know. I was glad to find sitting-room on the steps of the font, and heard with difficulty. He has a good, gentle face, though ugly ; his voice sounded rather weak and as if his chest hurt him. We had luncheon at Devonshire House where was Netty. I went to see Kate Amberley, and Granny who got down her Bible and entered the lists with Dr. Pusey so well !

London, *March 10th*, 1867.—School, where I was driven nearly wild by 8 obstreperous ragamuffin boys.

London, *March 16th*, 1867.—Emma and I drove to Chiswick. I can never go there (especially without a load of people) without our golden days all coming back upon me. The Duchess was visiting Lady Blantyre, and we waited an hour for her. She looked very well and queenly, and made me as shy as usual ! Snug home dinner, after which a drum at the Speaker's. The Duke of St. Albans is to marry Sybil Grey.

London, *March 17th*, 1867.—Withering, shivering blast, drying up one's miserable throat and making one like a nutmeg-grater inside and out. Also a keen frost. I never could feel, with Dr. Watts, the pleasure of reflecting upon the " starving wretches," in contrast with my comfortable self on a night like this. It is

almost maddening to think of anybody out-of-doors in tattered clothes; and oh! I wish it would rain seal-skins!

London, *March 18th*, 1867.—Susan and I went to the House of C. before prayers (with which I was *not* edified: such an inaudible mumble, and nobody pretending to follow; yet the crowd of members standing up together and keeping entire silence was striking). Dizzy made a painful, laboured speech, bringing forward his *badissimus* [1] bill: Household Suffrage, with actual *personal*, as distinguished from *compounded*, rate-paying, and a marvellous scheme called "duality of votes," which Uncle W., who followed in a more vehement, bitter onslaught than I have ever heard him make, called "a gigantic engine of fraud." Household Suffrage pure and simple would perhaps have been accepted by the Liberals, though many of them do not think the country ripe for it; but Dizzy dursn't do that as a leader of the Conservatives! and now *they* are nevertheless, many of them, as discontented as possible: Sir W. Heathcote and others spoke against the Bill, and it is supposed not to have a chance. Never shall I forget the fire and scorn and vehemence of Uncle W.'s speech: he glared from one side to the other, gesticulated with both arms, often spoke with a kind of bitter laugh, stumbled over the formal phraseology of the House, in his violent feeling; but the whole gave such an overwhelming notion of righteous indignation stirred up by moral convictions that there was no effect of *temper* about it.

London, *March 23rd*, 1867.—Dined at the Argylls', meeting a rugged, clever old Scotch Lord Colonsay, Mr. C. Howard, and George [2] (who gave a better account of Rosalind, and said his baby was like the Stanleys, which is rather sad, if it ever lives to be Lord Carlisle), etc. I made acquaintance with Edith Campbell [3] who is just out, and would be lovely but for her tiny shrunk figure; beautiful Evy; Elizabeth, who is less pretty,

[1] Appendix A.

[2] Afterwards 9th Earl of Carlisle.

[3] Daughter of the 8th Duke of Argyll; afterwards Duchess of Northumberland.

but has a better figure and very delicate features; Lorne [1] and Archie very pleasant, taking, gentlemanlike fellows, Lorne seeming very clever; has just written a book about Travels in America and Jamaica.

London, *March 24th*, 1867.—Went off in a hansom to St. Paul's Cathedral, inside which neither of us had ever been: grand and stately it is, but crying out for splendid rich decoration. Thousands of people. Magee, Dean of Cork,[2] preached a glorious, eloquent sermon, *outpoured* with great fire and earnestness without a single note. His voice and action perfectly beautiful—unaffected and persuasive and powerful.

London, *March 27th*, 1867.—The engine-drivers on the Brighton line and elsewhere, and the wretched starved Buckinghamshire labourers, are on strike; the latter only demanding 12*s*. a week.

London, *April 1st*, 1867.—A young Mrs. Scott-Siddons, about 20 years old, and great-grand-daughter to the great Mrs. Siddons, recited some Shakespeare and Tennyson at the Hanover Square rooms. She is beautiful, and sometimes like the famous pictures of the Tragic Muse; her voice lovely; soft, but clear and ringing; all was good, but the tragedy parts really excellent. Such grace, and pathos, and passion! but always natural, and with no rant. I cried dreadfully over Constance and Arthur; finishing with a good hearty howl *when it was over*! But what promises most of all by far is her acting. I feel as if the dream I have had all my life of what *should* be on the stage is to be realized.

London, *April 3rd*, 1867.—A very busy day. At 10½ I paid a flying visit to the workhouse. Soon after 11 went with Auntie P. and Mrs. Hampton shopping for the Convalescent Home: got coal-scuttles, crockery, coffee-mill, knives, forks, and spoons, canisters, etc., etc. N.B. stone ware cup, *with* its saucer, price 2*d*.!! Luncheon, and at 2½ I drove off to Westbourne Terrace to call on Mrs. Martineau; found Mrs. Monsell (the Great) with her; learnt useful text-painting particulars;

[1] Afterwards 9th Duke of Argyll. Married Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria.

[2] Afterwards Bishop of Peterborough.

looked in at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, but the service was just ending; visited Aunt Caroline (who is just come home from abroad), who was out, and Lady Albemarle whose daughter sang most delightfully; sagged [1] to Paddington to meet Mazy, but, being a few minutes late, missed her. And finally we dined at Lady Estcourt's, meeting Robartes's.

London, *April 4th*, 1867.—The Duke dined with us; he got home to-day from Ireland, where he has received a very hearty and loyal deputation of tenantry. Fenianism is in the neighbourhood, however. Two soldiers were said to have been fighting each other viciously, about which should have somebody else's land!! The Duke underwent the convent as usual, and sat ½ an hour with 12 nuns all of a row giggling in front of him, which appears to have somewhat tried him.

London, *April 5th*, 1867.—Uncle W. . . . will unmake and remake the Bill, . . . letting the Conservatives get the credit of it! It is refreshing to hear that the good country Tories are enraged with Dizzy, and don't take kindly to their new war-cry of Household Suffrage. "The Liberals have a deal of hypocrisy, ultra-Toryism, and self-seeking among them," said Uncle W., "or they wouldn't be such faint friends to their cause, such cowards upon the question, and so taken up with little personal alarms and affronts."

London, *April 6th*, 1867.—We dined at the Cardwells', meeting Ly. Waterford, no longer young, whose looks grievously disappointed me, *till* she rose up and walked across the room—a very Queen!—Argylls, Mr. Milner Gibson, Dean Stanleys, and the Gladstones: he took me down and was delightful, and in great force. We amused him largely with what I heard the other day; that he and Dean Stanley, who were at a private school together, were reported to their respective fathers as dolts in the matter of *arithmetic*!! I believe it is still true of the Dean; Uncle W. said himself he never took to it till he had worked hard at mathematics, to which also he had a dislike at first, but which his father urged him into.

[1] Appendix A.

London, *April* 10*th*, 1867.—Went to see Rosalind, who is still very weak; her little Mary [1] the prettiest darling; the baby an ugly fellow, but very thriving.

London, *April* 12*th*, 1867.—The downfall and break-up of the Liberal party is the miserable event of to-day. The debate [2] lasted till 2. It was unsatisfactory and lukewarm throughout. The speeches on both sides were most of them disappointing. Bright, even, was rather laboured and constrained till the end of his speech when he made a fine appeal to the honest feeling of the House. Unhappily there is no such thing, except in a small minority. Dizzy I thought most inconclusive, though cunning enough. Mr. Hardy spoke vigorously and appeared in earnest, but it is in a sense entirely new to him. Mr. Forster was striking, downright and manly, which did one good. When Uncle William got up, he knew the game was up; but I am not sure that his speech was not all the grander. He began (in answer to a wretched taunt of Dizzy's that he (Uncle W.) was to be taken as distinct from his party) by claiming to be their chosen spokesman and refusing to be dissociated from them; so making a tacit appeal to the traitors in the camp. He was very striking throughout his speech, and contrasted more forcibly than I can say, in his strong, earnest conviction, with the wiles of his foe whom he followed. We had all been deceived, and had no notion that defeat was probable, dreading only a small majority; but as the members were pouring out of the House and back again, something made our hearts fail. Poor Auntie Pussy turned white to her very lips as the tellers came in, or even a little before. Then we saw a horrid quiver of delight run through the Government side, and heard a subdued clapping, as 2 or 3 members rushed up to look at the numbers. We gave it up then; and it was only a finishing stroke when the words came: "The Ayes to the right, 289; the Noes to the left, 310." But it is a heart-break. We came home hardly knowing what we were about. When I saw Freddy I had a regular

[1] Now Lady Mary Murray, wife of Professor Gilbert Murray.
[2] On Gladstone's Amendment to Disraeli's Reform Bill.

cry ; and he was even more cut-up than I was, knowing more fully the rotten state of things it reveals, and the greatness of the defeat.

London, *April 13th*, 1867.—We went to No. 11. She told us she had never seen him so knocked down : that he could hardly speak when he got home. The so-called Liberals whose desertion was the cause of the defeat are 43 ; but only 2 or 3 are good, thorough Liberals. The others are Whigs and Adullamites, and people with all sorts of mean alarms about their constituents. It is the last of the Whigs as a party, and I am inclined to be glad of that. I am *not* such a blue political woman as might seem to be the case ! but it is proper to put down what one can of a time like this. Most willingly do I fly into dear old Hagley's loving arms.

Hagley, *April 20th*, 1867, *Easter Eve*.—This peaceful day is always a little spoilt here by the necessity of working pretty hard at decorations. I should like to spend it almost alone, in some deep country stillness, and make myself feel as if cares and pleasures alike were suspended, and the " Land very far off " were close at hand. Oh, if one could make these thoughts of Christ become real communion with Him !

London, *April 29th*, 1867.—I had the *intense* break [1] of an answer from Cavendish to a begging letter of mine, sending me a cheque for £100 ; £50 donation to the C. H., £25 *annual* to P.M.W.,[2] £25 for me to dispose of. Wrote him an intoxicated thank you.

London, *May 4th*, 1867.—Emma came in the morning, with lovely Chatsworth flowers, and went to the workhouse with me. She saw an old man who had been a smart gardener, and knew all the flowers' Latin names, and said " Oh, Paxton's [3] place ! " when she mentioned Chatsworth.

London, *May 10th*, 1867.—Visited Mr. Fawcett's little bride,[4] her pretty fresh face rather a waste for a blind man !

London, *May 17th*, 1867.—Drove down to Clapton and

[1] Appendix A. [2] I.e. Parochial Mission Women.
[3] Sir Joseph Paxton, who designed the Crystal Palace, had been superintendent of the gardens at Chatsworth.
[4] Dame Millicent Fawcett.

Snaresbrook in Mrs. Loyd Lindsay's carriage. First to the cholera orphanage at Clapton. We went upstairs, and a door being opened, out tumbled a swarm of tiny 5 and 3 and 2 year-old boys, as fresh and clean as pinks, all with outstretched arms to be taken up and hugged ; climbing on one's back, clinging round one's neck, and chattering all at once. It was too pretty ! The Convalescent Home very flourishing, with 10 charming recovering men in it ; and oh, such tea and bread and butter ! We dined at Mr. Leveson's, meeting Henry Scotts,[1] quaint Mary Boyle,[2] Cawdor, etc. I went for a last bulletin to Stratton St., thence, alone and forlorn without my pussy,[3] to Duchess of Cleveland's ball, where I sat with the wallflowers and felt a little dismal.

London, *May 27th*, 1867.—A little Teck princess, and a Dudley son-and-heir are just born ; the latter a good deal the biggest event of the two.[4] I believe I have never mentioned Princess Helena's son, who is just christened Christian Victor : it sounds like " Pilgrim's Progress " ! The little Wales Princess is Louise. They were in great alarm for her eyesight at first : something wrong from her mother's fever ; but it is said to be all right now. Certain Fenian ringleaders have been tried and condemned for high treason, with the old hurdle and quartering sentence : there is much feeling in the country that they should be let off with penal servitude for life, and the Queen is against hanging them. But this precious Government first sat upon the Queen to carry out the sentence, she, of course, yielding, as is her constitutional duty ; and now, after giving out authoritatively that the man was to be hung, they have chopped round on the strength of a large deputation.

London, *May 28th*, 1867.—Emma and I went together alone to Lady Vane's ball ; and very mad did I feel when I found myself dancing, vis-à-vis to Emma, with young Mr. Cecil Parker. I was to have taken poor

[1] Lord Henry Scott, afterwards 1st Lord Montagu.
[2] I suppose the Mary Boyle of Tennyson's well-known poem.
[3] Her sister Lavinia who was ill.
[4] So perhaps it seemed at the time. But the " little Teck princess " is now Queen of England.

pussy-cat; but we must give up all thoughts of her coming out this year. She isn't allowed to get up at all yet.

London, *May 29th*, 1867.—Small tea-party at Auntie P.'s. Dinner there, meeting the Bp. of Oxford, Dean Stanley and Ly. Augusta, the Spencers, Mrs. Norton, Mr. Glyn, Ld. Cowper and—Bright!!! Notable to have the 3 greatest English orators present.[1] They all talked of speechifying: Bright said he well remembered learning a speech by heart, and being in such an agony of nervousness that he vowed he would never learn a speech again; and never did. He spoke of the Government Bill as being extremely democratic, and said it would plunge us into the Ballot. "I hope not," said Mr. Gladstone. "You'll think differently," said B., "when you have studied it as much as you have studied Homer!"

London, *June 4th*, 1867.—M., Granny, and I went in M.'s open carriage to the Exhibition; we did little but the Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsboroughs, but spent a good while there, Granny as fresh and pleased over it as possible, and recognising many rolling-collared, swathed-necked, tight-coated, knee-breeched people from her own recollection of them. She knew Gibbon at once, tho' I fancy she was only a tiny child when he taught her English dates at Althorp, not long before his death.

Chatsworth, *June 16th*, 1867.—The anniversary of my first Communion. Alas! there was no Celebration at Baslow. God help me to be more full of faith and earnestness, as I was then! I walked with the gentlemen by Calton Leas. Up through Lindup which was still gloriously blue with hyacinths.

London, *June 18th*, 1867.—Dined at Mr. Phillips's, meeting Professor Tyndall, a very agreeable Scotch enthusiastic man of science, and Mr. Lecky, author of what I have an intuitive feeling is a shallow tho' clever book on "The Progress of Rationalism"; a rather

[1] This is a curious remark. Most people would have placed the Duke of Argyll, and many Disraeli, above Bishop Wilberforce.

affected-looking fair man, with long hair and over-innocent expression ![1] Concert at the Palace ; Princess Alice did the honours ; is very thin, but looks nice.

London, *June* 19*th*, 1867.—Who should come to luncheon with me but first Aunt C., and then the Hon. and Rev. Algernon Stanley,[2] who used rather to like me. He has been Curate at Kidderminster under dear Mr. Claughton, and presents the bewildering spectacle of a High Church Stanley of Alderley. Liked him much.

London, *June* 22*nd*, 1867.—Wretched me had to dine alone at the D. of Cleveland's (F. having imagined he should be with his Yeomanry, which Parliament prevented). Lord Clanricarde took me in ! Afterwards together (*not* Lord C. and I !) to Ly. M. Beaumont's.

London, *June* 25*th*, 1867.—I with Papa to the Royal Ball, where I danced with Althorp ! Wore a smart yellow gown of high fashion ; clinging to one's hips, perfectly flat in front and magnificently tailed behind.

London, *June* 27*th*, 1867.—Nevy and I went to an S.P.G. service at the Abbey and heard Dean Magee again. It was a grand torrent of eloquence ; he stumbled over his words from the very overflow of them, and yet his burning thoughts seemed to outrun them. His gesticulation is so admirable that it makes his little ugly figure impressive ; he pushed the cassock-sleeves as far back as they would go as if to give himself freedom. His voice wonderful. Drove to Heal's to buy a washhand-stand for Charles whom we have actually encamped in one of the pretty bright rooms that we hoped to see gladdened with faces of our little children.

London, *June* 30*th*, 1867.—Have just been much put about by discovering I had unbeknown pulled off my wedding-ring for the very first time. Made my Fred put it on again, as I remember Mamma used to make Papa.

[1] Lecky kept just this appearance to the end of his life, and so provided great play to the caricaturists when he was in the House of Commons.

[2] Now Bishop of Emmaus, and Canon of St. Peter's at Rome.

London, *July* 1*st*, 1867.—There was a beautiful, refreshing service at Fulham, for the members of the Ladies' Association; a short earnest sermon from the Bishop (who had to deliver it sitting), and the Blessed Communion. The happy feeling came strongly over me that, under all the miserable disagreements, there *is* in the Church a deep foundation of mysterious, holy union; the belief, whether defined in this way or that, of the near and consoling Presence of our Lord when we receive His Sacrament. Thank God for that Blessed Faith, uniting His whole visible Church each member to each, and all to Him.

London, *July* 2*nd*, 1867.—A monster cavalcade, got up by Auntie P. (who but she!), consisting of 9 carriages, containing about 30 picked swells, was actually induced to travel all through N.E. London to Snaresbrook, where the many-coloured party dispread themselves about the garden of the Home, and inspected our 19 convalescents. After which we went on to a to-do at Mrs. Warner's, where high jinks were kept up till night-fall. I had to get home for dinner-time, as had some others; we dined at the Calverts', meeting dear dear "Mr. Claughton,"[1] whom I laboriously and elaborately called My Lord about 3 times. Before luncheon we paid a rapid visit to Lord's where the Oxford and Cambridge match was going on. We saw the 5th Oxford wicket go down (2nd innings) for 124, and shook in our shoes; but the remaining wickets went down fast, and Cambridge went in with 110 to get. This was done with 5 wickets to go down, Spencer taking his bat for 20.

London, *July* 6*th*, 1867.—Fred's holyday, so we went together to the Portrait Exhibition, and afterwards had a ride. I had so narrow an escape as to fill one with trembling, awestruck thankfulness. Coming home at a foot's pace, a riderless, runaway horse came full gallop against my poor horse's off side. Over we went a regular "culbute." I was flung clear off on the near side, flat on my back in the mud, and poor Ossa rolled completely over on to her back, but, somehow, merci-

[1] Bishop of Rochester.

fully she did not touch me, and I was up in a moment, quite unhurt. My poor Fred came up white and frightened; his horse plunged and kicked so that he could not come near me for a minute, the runaway having nearly *bumped* him too. I was a perfect mud plaster, horrible to behold, my head and face, however, all right. What to be done with me would have been a question if dear Aunt Lou had not dropped from the clouds in her open carriage, and taken me home from the midst of an admiring circle. I am stiff and achy, but don't feel at all shaken. It is a serious thought to me, how close I cling to all my happiness. The thankfulness, when I thought of Freddy, rushed over me like a flood. God help me to love Him more!

London, *July* 11*th*, 1867.—Lady Churchill brought her wonderful little boy to see me; born after 12 or more childless years of married life: a strapping, sharp, ugly little fellow.

Falconhurst, *July* 13*th*, 1867.—Miserable catastrophe again in our household; the housekeeper drinks, and has wretched health. Kind Dr. Clark came to see her for me. I gave her warning. My life feels shortened by these things.

London, *July* 15*th*, 1867.—Big swell drum at Stafford House in honour of the Viceroy of Egypt; for, by the bye, all London is turned out of window to welcome him and the Sultan. I am a little exasperated at such a splash for 2 scampish old Turks, when nothing has been done for any Christian potentate; however, it is a good thing to see Buckingham Palace doing duty, and the Queen coming forward with gracious civilities.

H.M.S. "Victory," *July* 16*th*, 1867.—We came for a last visit to the *Victory*, for the naval review in honour of the Sultan to-morrow.

H.M.S. "Victory," *July* 17*th*, 1867.—Howling day with heavy storms; but between acts beautiful sunshine and picturesque lights. Where these naval people put us all, it would be difficult to say. There are here, we two, Lady Ellesmere, Lady Enfield, Ld. Ellesmere, Mr. Egerton, the Duke, Mr. Jervoise Smith,

and to-night come a Mr. Hope and Cavendish. The review came off in a wet and windy fashion, but was amazingly successful nevertheless. Only Alice Enfield of the womankind braved the ocean. Lou, Ly. Ellesmere, the Duke, F., and I contented ourselves with land views. We went to the Victuallers' Yard and saw the potentates arrive; the Sultan, a thin-faced, fat-bodied, shrewd-looking creature, whom one would take for 60 whereas he is said not to be 40: no! I find I took the interpreter for him! he is good-looking. Gorgeous persons in red and gold and Albanians in white petticoats attended him. The Prince of Wales came with him. They embarked in the *Osborne*, and the Queen, in spite of the weather, came from the Isle of Wight to meet him in the *Victoria and Albert*, took him on board, and invested him (more's the pity, and great the scandal, to my mind!) with the ribbon of the Garter there and then, taking it off Prince Louis of Hesse for the purpose. What would Edward III have thought?

London, *July* 19*th*, 1867.—My Fred's holyday: we went like a couple of babies to the Zoological Gardens, to my great enjoyment, and topped up with a really capital play, "The Lady of Lyons." N.B. It brought two tears down Freddy's iron cheek.

London, *July* 23*rd*, 1867.—Birthday of little Edward[1] and of Cavendish. I wrote to the former, and sent the latter a little gift of Hymns Ancient and Modern for his pocket.

London, *August* 1*st*, 1867.—I have never stayed in London straight on into August before; it is owing to the kick-up in the H. of Lords. . . .

There have been other amendments, including an unlucky one of Papa's, that nobody should vote who could not write a legible hand. The joke against him was that the clerk had to ask him to read the amendment, as he could not decipher it! F. had thought of a similar proposal, but would have put it: "that all votes should be given in writing." However the notion is snuffed out. There is a strong party in the Lords'

[1] Her brother Edward and her brother-in-law, Lord Hartington.

in favour of cumulative voting. Uncle W. is against it, F. for it. Bright violent against it.

London, *August 3rd*, 1867.—We failed to get the Devonshire House carriage, and found ourselves at 5 with nothing to do with our holyday. What should Fred hit upon but a delightful cockney expedition by boat to Greenwich! where we kicked our heels in the park and toodled about *very* pleasantly, and wound up with a fish dinner, my intense enjoyment of which I am quite ashamed of!

London, *August 5th*, 1867.—I said good-bye to my poor old men. Some I shall never see again. One, who suffers terribly and patiently, liked hearing me read the beautiful bits in Revelation to him, and said at the end: "Light—always light!—no sorrow—no pain," and I *know* the words were as ointment poured forth to his poor heart. These things are more to one than all the sermons in the world.

Holker, *August 11th*, 1867.—F. and I went between services to Middle Bigland Scar, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. It was lovelyissimus: beyond *lovelyissimus major*.[1]

Holker, *August 13th*, 1867.—We have begun "The Claverings." Also F. spouted to me a wonderfully delirious scream by Carlyle in Macmillan called "Shooting Niagara and after?"

Holker, *August 17th*, 1867.—The holy day to us all sacred to the blessed memory of what is past for ever. Ten years ago! and yet at any time I can open the full tide of tears over the precious record of those last days.[2]

Blithfield, *August 21st*, 1867.—The idiotic Peers have thrown out Papa's episcopate Bill as it came up from the Commons, because they won't have Bishops without a seat in the H. of Lords. It is a true, bitter criticism on this, that it is clear the wretched Peerage is the valuable thing about a Bishop!

Blithfield, *August 24th*, 1867.—Hot and lovely.

[1] Appendix A.

[2] Her mother died August 17, 1857.

Another thrilling cricket match! The H. Meynells came over and I had the honour and gratification of bowling him out twice with a scientific, slow shooter!!

Hagley, *August 26th*, 1867.—Got to old Hagley before 12. The Bromsgrove side were in, hitting very well. Papa in flannels taking immense pains, fielding (I think) at short slip.[1] Uncle Spencer, in magenta flannels, sitting on a bench as a distant long-stop, did two balls the honour of fielding them. Uncle B. running about rather vaguely. All the boys fielding capitally (except Bob who was no great shakes); little Edward really admirable, never missing a ball, and throwing them in as neatly and quickly as possible. Papa, to his infinite delight, caught out the last wicket, and we went in with 151 to get. Alfred's batting was truly excellent; his defence being wonderful. They began sending him slow balls out of kindness, but soon found he was up to anything. Arthur made two or 3 very fine slashing hits, especially a drive which showed great strength.

Holker, *September 28th*, 1867.—Walked to see the new steam-plough, which did remind me vividly of Tennyson's old farmer's description: "Huzzin and maazin the blessed fealds wi' the divil's own teàm." However, in spite of a hitch or two, it did manage to do 4 deep furrows at a time, which no doubt is striking.

Holker, *September 29th*, 1867.—I walked to see an Earl of Oxford bull with the gentlemen.

London, *October 8th*, 1867.—I went to see poor Joshua Dutch in the All Saints' Home: he won't die after all. Went into the church to have a few quiet minutes, and found the Holy Communion being administered. The priest was consecrating the elements. It was my first sight of "the vestments," and it is honest truth that at first sight of the figure in green cope and long surplice I took it for a woman in a shawl, in the dim light. The "raiment clean and white" will, I think, always look more solemn and priestlike to me; and the Bible and first ages give us no thought in primitive times of the narrow stole. It was a quiet, solemn thing, those

[1] This was one of the matches played by eleven Lytteltons.

few minutes in the near Presence of our Lord in the midst of the busy day.

London, *October 9th*, 1867.—I paid a flying visit to the workhouse, went for an hour to a Female Heathen Educational Association meeting (it looks like Mrs. Pardiggle in "Bleak House"!); we wrote letters and scrambled through odd jobs, bade farewell to peggies and Head, and set off on our travels. Our charming honeymoon courier Holfman is with us, as convinced as ever that we are about 5 years old and not to be trusted to take our own tickets. Crossed from Folkestone to Boulogne; a good deal of rain and wind, but somehow F. did not succumb, and I am all right in anything short of a violent, prolonged gale. All is fun to me; the little wizzy mob-capped neat-as-a-pin peggy, the jabbering voices on the landing.

Paris, *October 12th*, 1867.—We dined in great luxury and enjoyment with the Lascelles'[1] at the Café Durand, and then went together to the Théâtre Français, where "Hernani" is being played, and enchanted us.

Venice, *October 29th*, 1867.—Another glorious, perfect day, spent in wonderful enjoyment. The Doge's Palace took us all the morning, and fully came up to anything I ever dreamed of; afterwards delightful gondola expeditions to S. Giorgio Maggiore, Redentore, and Madonna di Salute; all very grand and stately, though I am only just beginning to appreciate any style but Gothic, and still think these styles fitter for Polytheism than Christianity. Ended our doings with going up the campanile of S. Mark's at sunset; the view very curious and interesting of the crowded town with its many towers, and the lovely light! I dined at the table d'hôte, more lively than usual, with Yankees discussing their politics, the nomination of General Grant to succeed President Johnson, etc. Afterwards to the scrubby little theatre Malibran, all boxes and pit; very funny to see the most unassuming shirt-sleeves occupying the *boxes* opposite! The pit full of all sorts of people, who all roared between the acts. But one charm of Italy

[1] No doubt the Frank Lascelles; he was brother of Lady Edward Cavendish, and cousin of Lord Frederick; afterwards Ambassador at Berlin.

is that one hardly ever hears a harsh voice. The melodrama turned out to be dull, incomprehensible and improper, which was distressing. We walked home through the crazy little labyrinthian paved ways and across innumerable hunchbacked bridges; had an ice at a café; snug read of "Jane Eyre," in the midst of which I was overtaken by sleep; sight-seeing has that effect, I find.

FLORENCE, *November 9th*, 1867.—We finished "Jane Eyre," which is, I think, the most *powerful* novel I ever read: the authoress turns oneself and one's opinions round her thumb. I thought my principles were pretty well established with regard to *bigamy*, but I might have been heard at one moment fervently wishing that circumstances had kept Jane ignorant of the 1st wife's existence!! N.B.—I repented afterwards!

FLORENCE, *November 14th*, 1867.—Rainy, but pleasant in the afternoon. We did the Palazzo Vecchio and the Palazzo del Podestà. In spite of the arrangements being evidently very hasty and temporary, it is astonishing how much more conveniently the members are accommodated in the Pal. Vecchio (which is now the Salle des Députés) than ours are in either House of Parliament. But I think they might have managed it better in the great (not *too* great) Hall of the Podestà which would not have wanted the horrid partition they have had to put up in the Pal. Vecchio. We then had a good stare at the famous statues of the Piazza della Signoria and the Loggia; N.B. remarkable likeness of Neptune to Mr. (Inspector) Bellairs. I can't appreciate Michaelangelo's David, whose head really *is* much too big. At the Podestà is the lovely little bronze Mercury springing up from the puff of a wind, by John of Bologna, of which there is a copy at Chatsworth, nothing like as spirited. Uffizi, pleasant drive with Mr. Trev.[1] to Bello Sguardo, dinner with him at Doney's. Opera (Hernani) with Grosvenors; very pretty.

ROME, *November 22nd*, 1867.—To prevent arrival at

[1] I.e. Trevelyan, now Sir George Trevelyan. Sir George writes to me: "In the November of that year we dined together, we three and no one else, at Doney's restaurant every evening for at least a fortnight, and then my great friendship with them was cemented and consolidated."

Rome being too intoxicating we came at a foot's pace from Leghorn, the incapable engine getting more incapable after we had passed the Papal frontier. We took 14 hours over what one does in 6 in England. Two young Italian men (not papal) expressed themselves hotly at the strict fumbling their bags were put through at Civita Vecchia (ours being quickly passed); they would not be allowed to stay in Rome without some tedious and elaborate passporting. How any nation can stand it I can't think. Several poor young Garibaldini prisoners were picked up at Civ. V., and sang patriotic songs. Our Italians indulged in much mocking of priests and papal dominion, but in a slip-sloppy dialect that I could hardly make anything of. The station arrangements forlorn and unkempt beyond anything; we got away ourselves in a rickety little "trap," but the luggage, in spite of its "lascia passare," didn't turn up for an hour afterwards.

Rome, *November 26th*, 1867.—Spent the fragment of the day left before sunset in a delightful drive and tie to the Villa Mellini. We were longing for a good view over the city and the Campagna, and it was perfect in the lovely serene light; the endless plain, the many-shadowed mountains, the many-domed town, and St. Peter's like a mighty king above it all. How beautiful and peaceful it all looked! but it is terrible to think of the last state of degradation and the hopeless bondage underneath. There seems to be a mysterious death-in-life in which Rome exists; all earnest striving after truth crushed remorselessly out of her, political and religious freedom alike poisoned, and the terrible results crying to Heaven. And yet there is *life* too; because (as I can't help believing) the true Eternal Catholic Faith still is stirring beneath all the fearful accumulated corruptions. But one fears that the Papacy, with its tyranny of ages, will drive out all that is true at last, and that a crash will come.

Rome, *November 27th*, 1867.—We have taken to omit luncheon, as we can't spare the middle of the day; letters and Murray, etc., keep us in till about 12. The wretched Fenians who attacked a prisoners' van at

Manchester and let out a fellow-Fenian, shooting the policeman in charge dead, have been condemned to death; and out of the 5, 3 have been executed. It is very sad and terrible, as they are the 1st who have been executed for a political offence; but it seemed inevitable. There have been deputations and demonstrations against the sentence in London. Foreigners think England must be in danger; somehow one can't feel that a bit. Never did I take in better the immense strength we have in our fearless freedom of press, opinion and discussion, than now, when there are anxieties and disturbances and an impending revolution in national power. Parliament has met about the Abyssinian war.

ROME, *December 2nd*, 1867.—The French troops all cleared out of the town to-day. According to the Contessa, they are a good deal stung by this state of things. One of the old officers said to her, "On nous envoie combattre pour cette prétraille, leur gagner les batailles; ensuite, quand ils n'ont plus besoin de nous, ils nous disent: fichez votre camp!—c'est un joli rôle que nous avons joué là." There is some talk of disturbances now they are gone, but it doesn't seem likely that this degraded, unarmed people should be able to do anything against the large papal army; and as for outsiders, the town walls and gates are regularly fortified.

NAPLES, *December 8th*, 1867.—Walked about, peeping into churches (Feast of the Imm. Conc.; terrible worship was going on at the feet of smart dolls in a blaze of tapers).

ROME, *December 18th*, 1867.—Afterwards went to see Monsignor Talbot, a civil old gentleman in a long violet frock, distressingly like a prize-pig, who produced with great pomp a stage-property-looking pike and halberd and a little revolver, which he declared Garibaldi had hidden in thousands about Rome to kill priests, Pope, and all with. It isn't quite true, but they make out all the danger they can to justify the French occupation, and the fortifications which are still kept up.

ROME, *December 22nd*, 1867.—The Pope gave us the

honour of a private interview, but was so unkind as to fix the hour so as ingeniously to cut us off from both our own afternoon Services, and Benediction at the Trinità, which we wished to hear. He is a nice old man, with snowy hair, ruddy face, twinkling keen dark eyes, an amiable smile and a most pleasing, kind manner, but not dignified. He is short and rather fat, speaks good French and was wonderfully lively and cheerful. He said, "Dieu vous bénit. Dio vi benedica," as we came up the room, and gave us his hand which we kissed with our best bow and curtsey; but kneel we did not. He began almost at once upon politics, said as briskly as possible à propos of the risk and crisis his affairs had passed thro', "Mais néanmoins—cela marche!" and gave one the notion of great fearlessness, and confidence in the justice of his cause. He launched out upon the inefficiency of the King's government and the absence of any distinguished politicians—a lucky line for him to take, as we were able to agree with him unfortunately! He spoke of Uncle W., and I made a terrible slip, saying, "Il aime beaucoup *l'Italie* et l'Italien," forgetting that "Italy" now means the kingdom; but he didn't seem hurt, thank goodness. He spoke very warmly of Lord Clarendon, whom he seems to think he may convert! but whether he meant politically or religiously, I don't know. He said, "*Lord* Gladstone est . . . *Pooseyite*, n'est-ce pas?" to which I said, "Oui, S. Père, et moi aussi!" at which he was much amused, saying, "Nous nous rapprochons donc un peu plus . . . il faut que vous poussiez un peu plus loin!"; whereat I felt a little insulted. Apparently he liked Lord Clarendon best of the big-wigs he saw last year, and said he hoped to see him again this year, and see what he thought of his friends (the King's people); perhaps he (the Pope) might convert him! All this he came out with very chattily and with plenty of gesticulation and humour. He dismissed us very gracefully, saying to F., "Eh bien, Monsieur, je vous recommande cette *Pooseyite*," and we bowed out, much pleased with him.

Rome, *Christmas Eve*, 1867.—We went to S. Pietro in Vinculo and the Lateran again, Sta Croce in Gerusalemme

and S. Martino in Monte ; at 3 to the Papal Vespers in the Sistine Chapel, very unimpressive and wardrobey, with the perpetual bonneting and unbonneting of the Pope, and mutual bowings and curtseyings. The singing fine, but music very stiff and crabbed ; the Pope intoned well.

Rome, *Christmas Day*, 1867.—We went to the 9 o'clock celebration of the Holy Communion at our own ch. and then to S. Peter's for the High Mass. The elevation, and all the showing of the consecrated elements to the people, was excessively painful to one ; I followed the service as well as I could in a missal, and, the more one was able to join and feel with the service, the more distressing was the terrible shock that the notion of Transubstantiation gives one. The ceremonial is certainly impressive, but would be much more so, I think, if they would only do away with the wardrobe part of it, and leave the Pope and Cardinals in gorgeous vestments if they please, but *in statu quo*. It is impossible too not to see that all the *outward* worship (except of the Host) centres in the Pope. The music was lovely, but altogether I was pained and grieved, and tired out with conflicting feelings.

Marseilles, *January 13th*, 1868.—Last Saturday F. told me of some notions of his about Ireland. This miserable Fenianism makes one think much of its rights and wrongs, though of course it is the outbreak of only the worst and most reckless people. He has always been for the disestablishing of the Church, on the simplest ground of justice to the large majority. The other great grievance being the land tenures, and the thing to be aimed at being the giving the Irish an interest in the soil and some security of tenure, he would make them permanent tenants, as long as they paid fixed rents, to be settled upon according to income-tax.

Holker, *February 1st*, 1868.—The energetic Duke carried off his rather reluctant sons to brave storms, shooting Ellerside.

Holker, *February 4th*, 1868.—I heard from Miss Lilley ; the Limehouse distress has been terrible ;

men fainting at their work when they got a job, or having to stay at home next day from exhaustion; and yet the neighbouring districts have been worse off. God help them.

London, *February 25th*, 1868.—Great news! Lord Derby has resigned, owing to broken health; and the Lord High Conjuror has got to the top of the ladder, viz., Dizzy is Prime Minister!! His party take it with a bad grace. I wonder how the Queen likes it.

London, *February 28th*, 1868.—St. James's, where Lord Arthur Hervey preached, making a lashing attack upon the state of society, the fastness and extravagance and absence of modesty in dress and manner; the flirting of married women and all the mass of self-indulgence and pleasure-seeking. I don't mean he used these very expressions, but he was plain-spoken; and it is all terribly true.

London, *March 3rd*, 1868.—Smart little party with singing at Stafford House that we were obliged to go to, against my will; the Prince and Princess there, she wonderfully well, and walking with only a little stiffness; I believe she expects another baby!

London, *March 5th*, 1868.—Saw a poor miserable girl lying quite rigid on her back in a fit in a smart part of Belgravia; if we had not come up, I suppose she would be there now, everybody "passing by on the other side" like priests and Levites! We sent for a policeman, who brought her round, and after a time she was well enough to walk feebly away, refusing to go in a cab: only lately out of an infirmary.

London, *March 6th*, 1868.—Service at St. James's: the Dean of Westminster preached a most powerful sermon on "Eli, eli, lama sabachthani?" speaking as if from his very heart of the darkness and perplexities of life, and how we should be sustained in them by the knowledge that our Saviour went through that awful moment of apparent desertion. He ended by appealing to one to abide patiently, sure of peace and light in the end, as our Lord in His next utterance confided His Spirit to *His Father*, though an instant before He

had felt Himself forsaken. It made me cry, partly from the intense way I knew the pain the great perplexities give one, partly from feeling how he spoke from his own experiences, which must be, alas! those of a man of faint and doubtful faith; but at the same time, of strong love.

London, *March 8th*, 1868.—Lou was promoted to a sofa, and was "at home" to F. and me. The baby came in to see her while we were there, and it gave me a tiny pang of envy to see its darling little head cuddled up to her; however, it shortly flew into a rage and dissipated sentiment.

London, *March 17th*, 1868.—Yesterday at the L. House meeting, a little statement drawn up by Caroline Smith and me about Auntie P.'s orphanage was read: I had hardly realised before what a gallant good work it was. She took over 150 poor tinies straight to her arms; all orphans and many weak after cholera themselves; all friendless and without even clothes on their poor little bodies. Of these not one has died at the Home, which she got in a hurry for them at Clapton; and she has provided for a great many in different ways; but 57 remain on her hands.

London, *March 18th*, 1868.—We went to the East "by sea," as Atie. P. calls it, viz., embarking at Hungerford and landing at the Tunnel; then conducted to the workhouse by a dirty little boy who was enchanted with a bit of bread and butter out of my basket in payment. . . . Dined at the Gladstones'; drum, to which came Lord Dizzy!—he will be that next, I suppose. It was a sight to see him chaffing Agnes!

London, *March 19th*, 1868.—We dined with the Carews, meeting a wonderful set of frumps, but it wasn't very bad.

London, *March 25th*, 1868.—Dizzy gives a grand party to-night for the Prince and Princess; is said to ask only such Liberals as are shaky! N.B. *We* are not asked.

London, *March 27th*, 1868.—Uncle W. has given notice of Resolutions, of which one distinctly condemns

the Irish Establishment. That such a grand act of justice and right should be on the horizon seems too good to be true; but there is to be a fair fight, and there is great hope.

Lismore, *April* 13*th*, 1868.—A wonderful thing happened to me, viz., I rode with my papa-in-law, and was horribly shy; have such a painful conviction that he must think me a fool and a bore.

Lismore, *April* 14*th*, 1868.—Cavendish hooked a fine fish, but, grievous to say, it got off after ½ an hour's playing. The Duke was by, and came home very much aggravated—more so than the philosophical Markiss! —kept breaking out with "That scoundrel of a fish!"

London, *April* 24*th*, 1868.—I went to Kate Amberley, who had a quondam slave to trot out: a poor, respectable-looking mulatto woman, with a handsome, ladylike *white* daughter, and a book with the heart-breaking story of her life. Such things to hear about make one go on one's knees, and thank the Mighty Hand that has scorched up for ever, by means of that tremendous war, the iniquity of generations.

London, *April* 25*th*, 1868.—Dined at the D. of Cleveland's. A horrible thing has happened: the Duke of Edinburgh while at a charity picnic at Sydney in Austr. was shot in the back by a Fenian scoundrel, but is mercifully not dangerously hurt. As a make-weight the Prince and Princess of Wales left Ireland in a blaze of enthusiasm to-day, which has gone crescendo ever since they landed.

I sat at dinner between young Lord Joscelyn (a nice, handsome creature) and Lord Clarendon, who was immensely entertaining, giving me an account of his interview with the Pope this winter. He appears to have "upped" and advised the Pope to enter upon negotiations with the King, assuring him his *spiritual* power would be strengthened thereby; to which the Pope protested that it was impossible for a "pauvre vieillard" to trust a man whose government was worthless and himself a liar. To this Ld. C. said that doubtless there would be difficulties, but so much the

grander for the S. Père to conquer them. "Mettez-vous donc à ma place," says His Holiness. "Would you have me forgive all the insults—the injuries, etc., etc." "It is unnecessary for me," says Lord C., "to remind the head of Christianity that it is his part to present to the world the spectacle of sublime Christian charity." Which I should think "shut up" the Pope effectually!

Ld. C. was also great fun over Ld. Derby's anti-compulsory-Church-Rate-abolition speech the other night; saying, "It's rather too bad to have this 'leaper in the dark'[1] coming forth one year at the head of democracy and the next at the tail of old Toryism!" and that he talked "retrograde rubbish." Says I, "What a pity you could not attack him in that fashion in the H. of Lords." "No!" says Ld. C.; "he's too kind to Constance" (née Villiers, married to Ld. D.'s 2nd son) "for me to abuse him."

London, *May 12th*, 1868.—I went early to the Nat. school. The girls and I spent most of the rest of the day struggling thro' the Drawing-room, which took us 4 hours. The Queen hardly stayed an hour, so we had the great blow of the girls not being presented to her. M., the Gladstones, and everybody else in the world, was there: Ly. Dudley, Ly. Craven, Ly. Bath, the greatest beauties.

London, *May 13th*, 1868.—I had a busy day; went at 10 with M. to see the Queen lay the 1st stone of S. Thomas' Hospital on the S. bank of the river, which she did with great state, driving slowly in an open carriage and four with escort, outriders and postilions, and ½ a doz. other carriages, all thro' Westminster and Lambeth which had turned out bodily to see her. They say she had some fear of being shot at by a Fenian, but drove all the slower! She went thro' the ceremony with all her old grace and wonderful dignity, ending with several deep curtseys to the audience; a sight to see! The reception was very good; and really our little Queen in her deep black was not outshone even by the lovely, radiant Princess of Wales.

[1] Lord Derby had candidly described his own Ministry's franchise Act, that of 1867, as a "leap in the dark."

TEMPLENEWSAM, *May 18th*, 1868.—Charles's election is evidently getting serious: it is beyond unlucky Lord Calthorp dying just now, with the tremendous question of the Irish Establishment dividing parties into 2 great armies as of old. Otherwise there is little doubt he would have been returned by Conservatives and Liberals alike. . . .

We left London about 2 and came thro' vile dust to this fine house, sadly spoilt by Leeds smoke, for the opening of the Leeds exhibition. The Prince of Wales came by the same train, and was well received wherever we stopped. Big dinner; then lovely little concert conducted by Hallé; then a ball in the long picture-gallery. Old Nevy turned up, on duty with part of his battn., a great break.[1] Lord Dudley danced with me, and I tried to coax him round about Charles, but he is in horror about Disestablishment, and I fear can only be expected not to oppose actively. The clergy are against it as one man nearly, and *will* take up the perilous, suicidal ground of making the English and Irish Establishments stand or fall together.

TEMPLENEWSAM, *May 19th*, 1868.—We all went in state to Leeds about 11.30 amid great cheers and thousands of people all along the road and swarming in the town. The Prince, tho' with a bad cold, looked well, and did everything capitally with great grace, ease, and dignity; his voice in reading answers to addresses as good and clear as the Queen's. He was endless audience [1] to the pictures (in what is to be the infirmary), and what with them, the heat, the ceremony, and a most elaborate luncheon, how tired we all were! Some of us got off before him, and had an hour or so of rest; then another gigantic dinner, and we bowled back to Leeds, and danced in the great Town Hall: very pretty and successful. The Prince danced with me, and I liked him much. He chaffed me about F.'s Radicalism, said he wouldn't dare to be a Radical if he were an eldest son, and appealed to Lord Fitzwilliam, but was rather in the wrong box there, as poor little Lord Milton pins on a little to F.! Also he expressed himself as much disgusted with Mr. Ch. Buxton for pushing the

[1] Appendix A.

prosecution of unlucky ex-Governor Eyre: "Why can't they let the poor fellow alone?" Beauty was contributed from Templenewsam in the shape of Duchess Sibyl of S. Albans, Constance,[1] the Fitzwilliam girls, and one of the Lumleys (Ly. Ida).[2] Ly. Scarborough looks like a girl herself. Also Ly. Dudley and Ly. Milton looked lovely. The Prince made Constance, Lord Downe (a pleasant, handsome youth), and I drive home with him: "You won't mind our smoking?" "Oh no, sir, certainly not!" Poor me! my heart sank within me as I told this terrible fib. Luckily when he got beyond the cigarette stage into the most insufferable cigars, we had the carriage opened, and so drove home at 4 o'clock in the dawn; sleepy policemen struck at the sight of Constance and me in diamonds. The Prince very well pleased with his evening, and too good-natured to allow us to quiz the Mayoress, wonderful sight though she was, or the Mayor either. I tried to coax Lord Dudley round about Charles; but he is in a frantic "Protestant" state of mind.

London, *May 28th*, 1868.—Dined swellissimus at Ly. Cowper's, meeting De Greys, Clarendons, Holfords, Ly. Cork, W. Cowpers, Mr. Wood, etc. Got so sleepy listening to old Count Strzleck. . . afterwards that I wonder I did not roll off my chair with a crash.

Hagley, *May 29th*, 1868.—We left London at 10; F. got out at Birmingham to go to Charles's comm. room, I went on to dear old home. Blue placards and "Lyttelton for ever" stuck about; and a polling-booth at the signpost. Servants in huge excitement. The place too lovely, in its "green and stately repose." How I enjoyed it all the lovely afternoon. About 4 turned up Uncle Stephen, who had been voting all straight at Droitwich. We walked up Milton's hill together, and I had some delightful moments full length on the grass, resting as if elections, London, hurry and worry were dreams. Willy and Mr. Heathcote came at 5, with cheery accounts, and Uncle Spencer

[1] No doubt Lady Grosvenor, afterwards Duchess of Westminster: first cousin of Lord Frederick.

[2] Now Dowager Countess of Bradford.

came at 8, announcing Victory. Charles and F. followed shortly in a waggonette, pursued by 2 costermongers' carts at full speed, and a rout of dirty little boys, ooray, singing, tin kettles, and all the rest of it. Majority 279; very good, after what we had reason to expect.

Hagley, *May 30th*, 1868.—Talked incessant electionums; it seems the enemy has been outrageously base and unscrupulous, spending shoals of money among the poor ignorant Black-country people, putting about all sorts of lies, and generally disgracing themselves; also having 100 paid agents to Charles's 20. They say Laslett must have spent near £20,000; our side £6,000; a terrible incubus, but we hope it will be raised among friends.

Hagley, *June 1st*, 1868.—Thank God, dear Emma's troubles are all over, and a fine little boy [1] was born yesterday at 9 o'clock. It is nice to have this to enter in the same Vol. of journal which has the account of the sad disappointment 2 years ago. Now she has everything in the world. I feel rather heart-pinched in the lessening of our own hopes; but it is the only thing wanting to us, and one ought to be full of thankfulness.

[1] The present Duke of Devonshire.

BOOK XI

JUNE 1868—JULY 1871

INTRODUCTION TO BOOK XI

THE eleventh volume of the Diary covers three years—from June 1868 to July 1871. It therefore includes a great event in home politics and a greater in foreign. The first General Election fought on the new basis of Household Suffrage resulted in a sweeping Liberal victory and Gladstone became Prime Minister for the first time. Lady Frederick has now become an ardent Liberal and tends to see all questions, except those which affect the Church, entirely through party spectacles. When Conservatives criticise as unconstitutional the use of the Royal authority to abolish purchase in the Army, she is very much more confident than constitutional authorities have always been that there was nothing in the Conservative contention. And when Russia tore up the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty made after the Crimean War and the Liberal Ministry's protests ended in nothing but a Conference which accepted the accomplished fact, she is cheerfully confident that England has "duly snubbed Russia"! Such are the exigencies of party politics! It is curious also now to read her mistaken views, which were the views of more than a party, indeed of nearly the whole country, about a greater matter than these. 1870 was the year of the Franco-Prussian War, and the Diary frequently refers to its horrors and the still worse horrors of the Paris Commune of 1871. But she puts all the blame for the war on the French, as most people then did. Considering the circle in which she lived, her pro-Prussian sympathies are a remarkable proof of the triumphant success of Bismarck's tricks and lies. She was the niece of the Prime Minister and her brother-in-law had lately been Secretary at War, and yet she was

so ill-informed of the truth as to write on August 1st, 1870: "There seems no doubt Prussia was as entirely unprepared for war as is ever possible to such a warlike nation." She was fond of French literature and knew little or no German; but she was, as most English people were and are, temperamentally alien to French levity and to the exuberances of French rhetoric. When Paris forgets the disaster of Sedan in "wild rejoicings over the downfall of the Emperor, embracings, handshakings, scratching out of 'N.'s,' pitching of eagles and busts into the Seine, and renaming streets," she would scarcely have been English if her common sense had not been scornful of what she calls "mad, childish Paris." So during the siege she comments: "O how French the French are! The papers say that Jules is always hugging Jacques, and all the talk and jabber and martial struts and 'manifestations' and offerings of bouquets to the Strasburg statue sound unearthly and babyish." The countrymen of Victor Hugo will never be understood by the countrymen of Wellington. The French will never mean all they say and we shall never say all we mean. So there was a heroic side even to the Commune which no one in England at that time, and certainly not Lady Frederick, could be expected to perceive. For, even if they had had that side put before them, which they had not, it would have still remained true that the whole Communist insurrection was from the first absolutely futile and at the last insanely cruel; and cruelty is not more alien to one side of the English character than futility is to another.

Other public events recorded or discussed in this volume are the Œcumenical Council at Rome which declared the Infallibility of the Pope; the passing of the first English Education Act, of Irish Disestablishment, and other important measures of Gladstone's first and greatest Ministry; and the marriage of Princess Louise to the Marquess of Lorne, the first marriage

between a member of the Royal Family and a subject since George III's Royal Marriages Act was passed. Lady Frederick was invited to be "Cousin Louise's[1] Lady," but after consulting "divers wise heads" decided that she could not accept this compliment.

To the politics which fill so much of the volume and of the extracts from it given here it is not necessary to add anything, except perhaps two notes. It is rather interesting to see that already in 1871 Hartington and Gladstone had begun that difference in their attitude towards Irish crime which ultimately brought them to the parting of the ways. On February 27th Lady Frederick records as "a dead secret" which she thinks she may confide to her "faithful journal" that Hartington wished for an immediate suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, but that Gladstone "greatly hates this extreme measure"; in fact, he refused it. The other point, which is new, so far as I know, is that Gladstone on taking office in 1868 at first made the strange proposal that Hartington, a man who had already held the Secretaryship at War, and was, besides, young and unmarried, should accept the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland! One other curious detail that appears is that Bruce, Gladstone's Home Secretary, told Lady Frederick that the only subject on which Gladstone appeared to be without much knowledge or interest was Education.

Of private events in this volume there are only two of importance, the second marriage of Lord Lyttelton and the marriage of Lady Frederick's younger sister Lavinia. Her own childlessness continues to be her one sorrow. It sends her to Ems in 1868 and Kissingen in 1869, not very hopefully. Meanwhile she remains the most affectionate and admiring of aunts. It is not enough that her niece Meriel Talbot should be a nice-looking little person; her aunt repeatedly dis-

[1] Lord Frederick was 1st cousin to the Duchess of Argyll, the mother of Lord Lorne.

covers in her a remarkable resemblance to her very beautiful Talbot cousin, Lady Brownlow, one of the most beautiful women of that generation; so the infant Richard Cavendish is described as "very pretty"; and when she goes to Dresden she boldly declares that "the younger of the two cherubs" in the Sistine Madonna is "really like little Victor, only darker"! The most surprising thing in the volume, at least to those who knew either her or Mr. Gladstone, is that the entry for one Sunday in May 1869 states that he and she went to church together and "slipped out before the sermon." And, for those who know Oxford and particularly All Souls, it is at least equally surprising to learn that she as well as her husband slept in that College in June 1870, being "hospitably (and surreptitiously)" lodged "in his bachelor rooms" by "Mr. Clifford,"[1] presumably a Fellow!

[1] "Mr. Clifford" (a sort of relation of the Cavendishes, see page 78) was Charles Cavendish Clifford, M.P. for Newport. He succeeded to a Baronetcy late in life and was Senior Fellow of All Souls when he died in the nineties. The Warden of All Souls, who remembers him, writes to me that he was a "tall bent old gentleman of imposing appearance and fine old-fashioned manners: terribly gouty about the finger-joints, but always kindly to us young men." The Warden adds that he must have kept his own counsel about the enormity of letting Lady Frederick sleep in his room, or the story would have had a place among College legends of pre-1877 days; and the Warden "would have heard of it from some one on the old Foundation."

DIARY, JUNE 1868—JULY 1871

London, *June 8th*, 1868.—Governor Eyre has been acquitted before Judge Blackburn, the jury refusing to find a true bill. "Society" won't hear of Eyre being to blame, because the rebels were coloured whom he had to deal with; but, tho' he was a high-minded man and acted for the best, it does seem shocking that he should have sanctioned hanging and flogging after announcing that the revolt was over.

London, *Thursday, June 11th*, 1868. *S. Barnabas.* Girls, Agnes, and I went to All Saints' at 11. They make no pause after the Church Militant prayer, as they wish non-communicants to remain in the Church; this *may* be an innocent custom, (but ? as there is no hint in the Bible of the H. Communion being ever otherwise than a Feast to all attending it), but as its danger must be great, unavoidable, of leading people to believe in some sort of Sacramental good to be obtained by *merely* being present, it does seem to me very objectionable. We did not intend to communicate, so slipped out after the Nicene Creed, feeling very guilty. But it was interesting to see the vestments for the first time, the 3 officiating clergy all wearing them. I hardly thought I should like them, but I do, personally. Certainly I find I learn gradually to like much of the "advanced" ritual which I formerly should have been impatient at. It all depends on whether one sees, enters into, and *approves* of, the symbolism.

London, *June 12th*, 1868.—My horrid week of all the year began: my Fred going to Lancaster for the Yeomanry: a playing at soldiers which I cannot away with! Went with him to D. House early, and rode

with him at 12½. Very lonely and unked [1] without him. . . .

Dined at D. House, meeting Howards, Charles, and Lord Georges. Lou and Frank out. The unlucky little Eddy [2] is doomed to be called *Victor Christian William*: Duke says he would like Abraham better than Victor.

London, *Sunday, June 14th*, 1868.—Abbey at 3 for the sake of coolness, but oh! it took near 2 hours.

London, *June 20th*, 1868—I went thro' the horrors of giving warning to Parry; poor me, when shall I get a good creature who won't be tiffy with her fellows?

London, *June 23rd*, 1868.—We are all in a frightful temper, Spencer having been bowed out of the 11 before the Oxford and Cambridge match, for not playing lately in "good form." (N.B. He got 25 runs t'other day, and, when he offered to resign after N. Zealand, it was not accepted.) He bears it with matchless philosophy; but Papa says, "Such a thing has never happened to a son of mine before," and would have sunk under the trial, if he had not quite recovered his spirits and health.

London, *June 27th*, 1868.—The Duke's picture is well painted and a gentlemanlike likeness, but it does not do justice to his expression, and there is something to wrongs with the right foot.

London, *July 1st*, 1868.—Eastward and westward with Atie. P. With her and her girls at 5 to Holland House, the beautiful gardens very gay with all sorts of wonderful garments. This [3] is the kind of vagary one sees! And O the dazzling hues! Canary, copper tea-kettle, pea-green, strawberry-ice, and salmon colour. Longfellow was there, I believe, but I didn't make him out.

Brussels, *July 8th*, 1868.—It does seem bewildering to be on the Continent again: writing my journal in an inn (Bellevue) at Brussels—the very same where

[1] I cannot find "unked" in the Glynnese Glossary. Lady Frederick appears to use it almost in the sense of "uncanny."

[2] The present Duke of Devonshire.

[3] Sketches in the original.

we launched forth on our honeymoon 4 years ago. B.[1] joined us at Charing X. at 7.15; we had a perfect passage from Dover to Calais; and got here before 7. We feel rather unprotected with only English servants, viz., Head, the Grim one, and B.'s Wilkinson.

Ems, *July* 14*th*, 1868.—I had the privilege of seeing the King[2] at the spring in the Curhaus; an ugly red-nosed old gentleman.

Ems, *July* 24*th*, 1868.—We drove up to the Pavilion, whence the view is lovely. Argued a good deal on the way about High and Broad Church, B. contriving to be both in a way that a little aggravates me.

Ems, *July* 31*st*, 1868.—We had a jolly evening, supping with the Ashleys; Ly. Louisa Charteris was too delightful, becoming an asthmatic old Norfolk man *and* woman, besides crowing, purring, bleating, and gobbling to perfection. We laughed till exhaustion supervened, and did not act up to the name we have all given ourselves as lone lorn women, the reverse of Jolly Dogs, viz., the Dismal Cats.

Aachen, *August* 9*th*, 1868.—Not to be counted as a Sunday at all, a horrid fact, as one hasn't too many Sundays in even the longest life. We went into the curious Cathedral; crowded with dirty people: a sort of congregation that always makes one envious. . . .

We fitted in a fragment of our service in a horrible chapel, which had the pulpit jutting out of the wall above the altar, like the centre and object of worship.

Holker, *August* 11*th*, 1868.—Hot night, but rainy and overcast all day: a great comfort, as the burnt-up state of the country is really dreadful. Whole tracts of railway-embankments, heaths, moors, and even corn-fields have been set on fire by sparks from engines or *cigars*, and people in many parts are in distress from want of water. We got prosperously to dear old Holker; thank God. Find Lou, the Duke, Cavendish, and the D. of Buccleuch. All of course have the electionums; there is great fear for Cavendish's seat;

[1] Beatrice Lascelles, sister of Lady Edward Cavendish, afterwards wife of Archbishop Temple.

[2] The King of Prussia, afterwards the first German Emperor.

Frank's is pretty secure ; we as yet have no opposition. Dear England, you are not bad to come back to, with your nears and dears, your excellent washing arrangements, and your Tea !

Holker, *August 14th*, 1868.—Yesterday took place the 1st private execution within the prison yard, only officials and reporters being present. A thing to return thanks for, the doing away of the horrible mob-scenes.

Holker, *August 26th*, 1868.—Cavendish and all his gentlemen went off electioneering ; F. to Bradford to do the civil to *his* constituents. Emma and I drove to Grange Hotel to call on the Wilson Pattens, and saw Col. P. himself. He was quite moved at the notion of our calling upon them, apparently thinking his coalition with Captain Stanley against Cavendish would make bitter enemies of us all.

Holker, *September 2nd*, 1868.—My Fred came home to dinner, quite excited over Cavendish's success at his meetings near Preston (the heart of the enemy's country). He seems to have spoken capitally ; and was received with enthusiasm. I had the treat of telling this to the Duke, who was much delighted.

Hawarden, *October 1st*, 1868.—Uncle W. in shirt-sleeves and stick-up collar cutting down a tree was a pleasing sight this afternoon. He has an axe with W. E. G. on the haft, and is like a schoolboy over it.

Hawarden, *October 5th*, 1868.—Uncle W. has now written his address : a very dignified and downright one. He went off all the lighter-hearted for having it off his mind, to cut down a tree with Willy. Lord Napier of Magdala [1] came, and was received with volunteers, band, and cheers, and the village-people and school-children turned out in the park. He is very quiet and simple in manner, and is rather like a good-natured lion with its claws in.

Hawarden, *October 8th*, 1868. . . . Afterwards to the Rectory to hear Granny spout "Mansfield Park" ; I coaxed Fred to stay and hear a bit, and he was impressed

[1] Lately home from the Abyssinian Expedition and the storming of Magdala.

HOLKER HALL. [*Slingsby, Grange-over-Sands.*

with her beautiful reading. Her dear voice is as musical as ever; if there is any change it gets lower, instead of quavery as most old people.

HOLKER, *October 21st*, 1868.—Edith Campbell [1] is to marry Ld. Percy [2]! a nice, good, pleasant youth, just grown up; Presbyterian and Irvingite, Whig and Tory, I wonder how it will do.

HOLKER, *November 2nd*, 1868.—Splendid day of many colours and glorious W. wind. F. to Barrow, but came home to luncheon and rode with me quite late in a stormy afternoon to Grange; it was *very* nice! and I enjoyed a tremendous spatter of rain when we were *full go*. In the morning, Mary [3] and I went to Humphrey Head, and had a grand fight with the wind; the sea quite uppish; we went down to the extreme point and were such babies as to do a little paddling barefooted in the waves. I never saw this place in the full glow of autumn before, and it *is* a treat.

HOLKER, *November 14th*, 1868.—Enjoyed myself much, going with Cavendish (tête-à-tête killing! F. to Preston) to Ulverston, for his last meeting before the nomination. He spoke better than ever, said everybody, and indeed it was an excellent speech, exhaustive, well-argued, straightforward, spirited, and only just short of eloquent in parts, his only fault *on the stump* seems to be rather over-much gravity; but the Lancashire people don't dislike that. I got highly excited, and so did the meeting. The energetic Mr. Fell entertained us at luncheon; his little girls of 3 and 4 were over the moon, expecting to see a coach with bright-red flunkies; I fear they were sadly disappointed.

ESHTON, *November 20th*, 1868.—Our nomination was at Bradford, where, in spite of the borough having just ended its own desperate fight, about 2,000 people collected in front of the hustings. They were rather dull and silent during Sir F. Crossley's speech, but it was delightful to see them warm up into great enthusiasm during F.'s speech, which was the best I ever heard him make, vigorous, earnest, pointed, and with the sort

[1] Daughter of the Duke of Argyll.
[2] Afterwards 7th Duke of Northumberland.
[3] Mary Gladstone.

of eloquence which comes out of deep conviction. He was trembling, not with nervousness, but enthusiasm. I nearly burst! Afterwards came a big luncheon, when he was very warmly cheered. We got home for dinner, and were met by the capital news of Frank's and Mr. Strutt's victory.

CHATSWORTH, *November 21st*, 1868.—A grievous disaster! Cavendish beaten yesterday by 1,400 after all his hard work and F.'s canvassing and the indefatigable labours of friends and agents. We had not much hope, but didn't expect anything so hollow. The worst of it is, that it is as good as farewell, politically speaking, to N. Lancashire, after his 11 years' connexion with it and all the home ties.

CHATSWORTH, *November 25th*, 1868.—We heard just before dinner last night the wretched news of Eddy's defeat by 120; and we do feel small and miserable. The counties are outrageously Tory.

CHATSWORTH, *November 27th*, 1868.—The two beaten brethren, Cavendish and Eddy, came home; both cheery about it, but it was a great blow to both. Poor Emma much grieved; and we are all rather rabid. "No Popery" has served Dizzy well in the counties; the discoveries are remarkable anent it; Mr. Gladstone and his wife are papists, one of his daughters is an abbess, and the Cavendishes for years past have been the tools of the Pope!!!!

The Eddies delighted with their baby, who is indeed charming, always crowing and chirping with fun, and smiling all over his face like Eddy; while his kicks are untiring.

CHATSWORTH, *December 6th*, 1868.—Cavendish got a private letter from Uncle W. offering him the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, regretting that his being out of Parliament prevents his entering the Cabinet. The letter kind and cordial, but it is a considerable blow, as Cavendish's successful and steady work at the War Office in '66, and the Duke's 4 great contests just now, seemed to give him a claim. But there are many men of longer standing and higher claims, and this offer is of course a great compliment failing the Cabinet; only

it is far from suitable for a young bachelor! The thing was kept as nearly secret as was compatible with Freddy, Eddy, Lord George, and Lou being married people! Cavendish went up to London by the night train, intending to decline unless much pressed.

CHATSWORTH, *December 7th*, 1868.—He telegraphed "Ireland over; another proposed." This is exciting. I rode with Lord George, Louey, and Mr. Strutt. Empress chose to kick.

CHATSWORTH, *December 8th*, 1868.—Cavendish telegraphed that he has accepted the Postmastership-General, with a seat in the Cabinet; and he also wrote by post that Uncle W. had been very cordial, not pressing him to take Ireland, tho' saying that he thought it an important post just now, and showing that the want of a seat in Parliament was the only thing that made a difficulty about the Cabinet. This is supposed to be not insuperable, and the upshot was that he was offered the Home Office. But Mr. Bruce has evidently a higher claim to that, and Cavendish said that he would not stand in his way. Then the Post Office was settled.

HAGLEY, *December 31st*, 1868.—I believe nobody ever had the *dayums*[1] as I have; I feel low and pathetic to-day, and shall be in high spirits to-morrow!

HAGLEY, *January 9th*, 1869.—Darling Alfred took me to the station; he turns my head by *expressing* affection! and being so sorry I am going, in the most winsome way.

HOLKER, *January 25th*, 1869.—Horrible wet gloomy day. No outing. Little William began to crawl! I am reading Jeremy Taylor's "Liberty of Prophesying" and Lockhart with F., Senior's Journal (instead of "Greater Britain") to the Womankind, Hume, Cowper's Life and Letters and Mr. Suckling's Life to myself, and an occasional bit of Froude with B.

HOLKER, *February 3rd*, 1869.—Soft, grey, and pleasant with silver light upon the sea. There has been *no* winter, whatever we may be going to have by way of spring. Some rhododendrons are out in the garden.

HOLKER, *February 12th*, 1869.—Coursing came off

[1] Appendix A.

in the mosses and the park; Ld. R., Margaret, and I drove with Aunt Coque in the sociable, and the fat cockney coachman got so excited that he drove us down impossible places over the grass, to Aunt Coque's delight and Uncle Dick's terror.

London, *February 20th*, 1869.—Tallee came; 'tis a huge treat to see her; she is going shortly to Ireland, where Althorp is getting on famously; Charlotte is called Spencer's Fairy Queen.

London, *February 25th*, 1869.—I spoke to Head a day or two ago, asking him whether he had been confirmed, and to-day discovered, to my horror, that he has never been baptized! having been bred up a Baptist, and taken to church-going as he grew up, when the Baptists generally are baptized. Must try and induce him to have it done.

London, *March 1st*, 1869.—Workhouse. It is very wrong and shocking, how they allow poor people to die in the midst of a crowded ward, without even a curtain to draw round the bed. There was one woman dying to-day, but I think "earth was passed, and earthly pain," and that she was as much shut out from all around her as in the most carefully-guarded sick-room.

This moment, there so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars!

I drove after luncheon, and called on Ly. Trevelyan; then to the House, where Uncle William brought in the great Irish Church Bill, in a grand, elaborate, beautifully arranged and digested, speech of 3 hours which appeared to leave out no detail; and ending with one of his best and most heartfelt appeals, spoken with a voice wonderfully ringing and untired though full of emotion.

London, *March 2nd*, 1869.—Smart dinner at Mr. and Ly. Margaret Beaumont's; sat between Lord Clarendon and Mr. Trevelyan, and was too well off. I was dying to hear what was going on between Ly. M., Ld. Salisbury and Ld. Clarendon. People rave of the speech and of Uncle W.'s moderation.

London, *March* 12*th*, 1869.—Dined at No. 11 with the Great Man and his daughters (Auntie P. and Mazy in bed! resting); he was high-gee[1] a little old Dresden mug given him by Ronald Leveson,[2] sending for it at dinner to show off, and saying it was the fulfilment of the "dream of his life" to have such a shaped cup to drink coffee out of, but rather perplexed how to drink out of it at all, viewing[1] the lid, which *will* stick into one's cheek. (N.B.—It is an undeniable mustard-pot!)

London, *March* 13*th*, 1869.—F. and I larked off to the S. Kensington Museum on foot, and thence to Portland Road by underground Railway; my first experience of it. It was charming and wonderful, and far less underground than I expected. Walked from the station to All Saints' Workhouse.

London, *March* 19*th*, 1869.—Bright spoke grandly, rather like *Isaiah*! His voice is painfully hoarse, and he is astonishingly aged; but it doesn't mar the effect much.

London, *March* 20*th*, 1869.—Dined with the Bruces; I was luckily placed between him and Sir G. Grey. Mr. B.[3] said there was only 1 subject on which Uncle W. did not seem well *up* and interested, viz., National Education!! A large one.

London, *March* 21*st*, 1869.—Whitehall,[4] where Mr. Kingsley preached almost the most interesting sermon I ever heard, riveting one, in spite of ungainly delivery and harsh voice.

Chatsworth, *March* 28*th*, 1869. *Easter Day.*—A day that made me rather Hagley sick. All the morning there were howling snowstorms; however, we fought our way to church; but, O, the cold, frozen services, giving one the terrible impression that nobody cared, and the scanty congregation. About *15* communicants.

London, *April* 3*rd*, 1869.—Evening alone; we junketed off to the charming new theatre, the Gaiety, and saw a good comedy and a bad burlesque. The comedy, "Dreams."

London, *April* 10*th*, 1869.—Dined at Sir Ch. Trev-

[1] Appendix A.
[2] Lord Ronald Leveson-Gower, the author and dilettante.
[3] Afterwards 1st Lord Aberdare.
[4] The Chapel Royal at Whitehall, now the United Service Museum

elyan's, meeting the W. James's and daughter, etc. I wore a square-cut blue silk trimmed with lace, with full hanging sleeves and a little lace and blue top-knot; a new fashion for London and destined, I hope, to cut out low gowns! But alas! at Lady de Grey's afterwards I was the *only* person minus shoulders.

London, *April 15th*, 1869.—An invitation to Windsor for 3 nights!! the dear Queen hasn't seen me since I married. She won't have Fred; I feel sure she has never forgiven him for standing on one leg and forgetting his manners that courting time at Osborne. Dreadfully flustered am I. Went to see the babe [1] nevertheless. Drove with dignity, dropping cards with Auntie P., in the ducal barouche.

Windsor, *April 16th*, 1869.—Here I am the very same days of the month as that last Windsor waiting of mine. The Queen and her outriders clattered into the court just as I flied [2] up; and May soon turned up. I went to her room, and Florence Seymour's my successor, and was vividly reminded, not of Queens and castles and curtseys, but of my Fred and all I was then thinking about him! I dined with the Queen, who greeted me very kindly and affectionately, as did Princess Christian and Princess Louise. The company was the Christians, Ly. Gainsborough (in waiting), Lady Churchill, as engaging as ever, Ld. Normanby, and Gen. Seymour (*not* my friend). Col. Ponsonby, Sir J. Cowell, Gen. Grey, Ly. Bridport, and Lady Susan Melville were in the drawing-room; and I played at whist just as of old. But, before leaving the Queen, she talked some time to me after dinner, and so did the Princesses. I thought the Queen very well and cheerful, and as full of gracious charm and simplicity as ever.

Windsor, *April 17th*, 1869.—Unluckily it is chilly and stormy. The Queen, etc., went off in open carriages to a review at Aldershot. At 4½ we went to S. George's, where we had the great good fortune of coming in for "Sleepers, awake." Afterwards we drove together to Frogmore, and I had a long sit, first with Princess

[1] Lady Louisa Egerton's second son, Frederick; he died of wounds received at Ladysmith in 1899.

[2] I.e., of course, drove up in a fly.

Helena, then with both her and her husband. She sent for her two children : the little 2-year-old a very pretty, attractive dot, the baby magnificent, but plain. It's nice to see such complete Darby and Joan happiness ; the Princess told me all about her long ill-health before the baby's birth, and her husband's devotion and care of her ; and indeed he looks a thorough *bonhomme*. I screwed up my courage, and when the Princess began upon the subject, I talked about the great desirability of the Queen's being *near* London during as much as may be of the session ; the journey to Scotland in May might well be conceded, if she would but give up Osborne at this time. Princess Helena said she believed it was a thing the Prime Minister could speak to the Queen about, but that he had far better put it plainly upon her duty as head of affairs, and, above all, not use the " People say " argument, which, she said, " exasperates Mamma." I dined again with the Queen. Who should be there but Cavendish ! It was great fun meeting him for the 1st time on his good behaviour. He enlivened the dinner a good deal. Whist.

WINDSOR, *April 18th*, 1869.—Mr. White, of the Savoy Chapel, preached beautifully in the private Chapel, S. George's ; they sang " I beheld, and lo." The Christians were there, and Princess Louise, but she was *sub rosa* in the Queen's gallery. We saw all the Wales children in the corridor ; the eldest is generally called " Prince Eddy," which gives one hopes of having a King Edward again some day. He is like the Princess and very pretty ; all have the most dazzling fair complexions. Prince George, however, is hardly pretty, but looks a wag ; Princess Louise a tiny edition of Princess Alice ; and the baby a placid white creature, with prominent bright blue eyes, exactly like the Queen. All are terribly tiny and miniature in scale. I dined with the Queen ; the d'Alençons came, and we were very stiff and dull.

WINDSOR, *April 19th*, 1869.—At 4.30 I drove with the Queen and Princess Beatrice, and she took me again into the mausoleum, showing great pride and delight in it. The little Princess is very taking and

intelligent, and rather pretty. We drove by Clewer and came back by the kitchen garden, where we had tea, the Queen making it and the little Princess jabbering away. My head is quite turned by the Queen sending me her 2 books (" Early Years " and " The Highlands "), with my name written by herself, " dear Lucy Cavendish." Dinner very pleasant, the Dean of Windsor [1] and the Ponsonbys coming; the Dean talks straightforwardly and bluntly to the Queen, which she seems to like, and the conversation was animated. The Dean tries to get any notable preacher to preach before the Queen, and he said he had been much struck with a sermon of Mr. King's, the Cuddesdon Principal, and meant to get him. Talking of someone calling himself a Churchman because it might be supposed to answer better, " Humph," said the Dean, " it doesn't seem to answer particularly well nowadays ! " The Queen saw the allusion at once, and laughed extremely. After dinner she and the Dean had a long confidential talk on the Irish Church. She told Cavendish, " Mr. Gladstone and I do not agree about the Irish Church, and he does not talk much to me about it." Nevertheless I know he has been pleased and struck with her conduct to him.

London, *April 20th*, 1869.—Princess Louise saw me to say good-bye, and so ends my new experience of Court life. Got back before 12. Went to see Lou.; Cavendish came to dinner, and was a little cross and disloyal, I think on purpose to aggravate me.

London, *April 22nd*, 1869.—Mr. Charlie Wood [2] married Lady Agnes Courtenay: they received the H. Communion afterwards and the service took an hour and a half.

London, *April 24th*, 1869.—Drove with the girls card-dropping; *they* shopped, *not* I, viewing Saturday.[3] The shops in Regent Street are very generally closed. Dev. House late. F. and I went to a private view of the newly-arranged National Gallery, which now takes up the R. Academy rooms. It is delightfully well done.

[1] Dean Wellesley. [2] Now Viscount Halifax.
[3] She was active in the movement for closing shops on Saturday afternoon.

Dined at the Clarendons'; meeting Seftons (O dear! he nearly drives me wild with his wonderful noise and bad style), Brunnows, Sir H. and Ly. Howard, Lord and Ly. Grey, Miss Lister, etc. The Clarendons in high delight at Lord Hyde's victory at Brecon over young Lord Claud Hamilton; both had been beaten before. Drum at Ly. de Grey's with Lavinia.

London, *April 27th*, 1869.—It was a day of a great event; Papa's engagement to Mrs. Mildmay, née Clive, was settled. I have said nothing about this before in my journal, but for months some of us have known and thought about it; and now, thank God, we can all feel thankful that it has been brought to pass. There has been no managing or interference; it has come about quite rightly and naturally, and so one can rest in the certainty that it is God's hand that has led dear Papa to this "evening-time light." He is very happy. She seems to be the very person one could have wished for; we do not know her, but there is only one voice as to her goodness and gentleness and sense; she is also very clever and accomplished.

London, *April 28th*, 1869.—Meriel, the girls, and I and Charles, all saw Mrs. Mildmay for the 1st time at George St., Papa bringing her. It must have been even more awful for her than for us! We all liked her much; she is not in the least pretty, and looks some years older than she is (33), but she has a dear good face, and nice, steadfast-looking, kind eyes; a very sweet voice, and a manner at once dignified and gentle. The children were brought down for her to see, which was a great help in the desperate stiffness and shyness of all parties. She first saw the girls alone and was very nice to them: begged them to think of her as a sister and to call her Sybella; and to tell her everything Papa liked.

Chatsworth, *May 18th*, 1869.—Finished "Phineas Finn" [1]; it has cleverness and some successful characters, but is a disagreeable, sham sort of book.

[1] Anthony Trollope's novel. I have heard it described by a Cabinet Minister as the truest picture of Parliamentary life in English fiction. And he quoted a Prime Minister who shared his opinion.

CHATSWORTH, *May 24th*, 1869.—I wrote a solemn appeal to Uncle Wm. to talk to Auntie P. about her overwork.

CHATSWORTH, *May 25th*, 1869.—It is a sad blow having to wear one's winter things and have regular fires at this time of year. It was pretty fine in the afternoon, and even E. winds can't help things smelling sweet; the white May is coming out at last. May and I rode with F., who came back to luncheon; I on Salvolatile, a charming little beast. China [1] went on merrily, specially the clearing out of a wonderful ménagerie of odds and ends, knick-knacks and gimcracks, from the cabinet in the 1st state-room.

LONDON, *June 2nd*, 1869.—Workhouse with Lavinia. Spencer breakfasts every morning with us. We had some snug reading, and went together at 5 to the R. Academy in its fine new rooms. Some good Millais and Landseers. Dined (dullissimus major [2]) at Ly. Milton's; I was lucky enough to sit by Aunt Fanny, or I should have gone to sleep.

LONDON, *June 10th*, 1869.—Papa and Sybella were married at her parents' place, Perrystone in Herefordshire.

LONDON, *June 17th*, 1869.—Oh dear, dear! political life has quite dropt out amid this excitement [3]! On Tuesday afternoon I had what was a huge treat in spite of other thoughts: a place with Mrs. Byng at the H. of Lords. They are debating upon the second reading of the Irish Church Bill, and we heard the Bp. of Peterborough (Magee) speak splendidly: wonderfully eloquent, brilliant and witty, and almost persuasive in spite of the badness of his case, for he is dead against the 2nd reading, and ended his speech with a fiery appeal to the Lords to run their heads against the wall by turning out the Bill. We also heard Ld. Grey;

[1] This was china brought from Chiswick and now being placed at Chatsworth. Chiswick was not inhabited by any of the Duke's relations after the Duchess of Sutherland's death.

[2] Appendix A.

[3] I.e. of her sister Lavinia's engagement to Edward Talbot: and her younger sister May's very brief engagement to Edward Denison. The latter had to be broken off, as his uncle, Speaker Denison, would not consent.

it was good but difficult to hear; he is a "leveller-up." Archbishop Trench was so fearfully grubous and grim, it was like nothing so much as a passing bell, and he is said to have called the House "my brethren" more than once!

LONDON, *June 18th*, 1869.—All this time it is so cold we have been driven back to fires.

LONDON, *June 21st*, 1869.—Eastward. I tried to talk to a miserable girl who knew absolutely nothing of religion, but it was bewilderingly difficult, having nothing in common to start from, and no time to go really into it. O how it made me feel my own impotence! Generally with the poor you feel an intense *sympathy* in common: indeed they leave one far behind in strong personal faith: and *then* the Bible words are a consoling harmony.

LONDON, *June 28th*, 1869.—The Queen held a breakfast [1] in Buckingham Palace Gardens, so brilliant and pretty it was; gowns of every colour of the rainbow; *canary* from head to foot amongst others! Papa and Sybella were there; how it is one takes that so calmly I can't tell, but so it is. The 2 new romances swallow it up, and it is *restful* to see Papa so happy and peaceful. She was presented to the Queen, who kissed her. Also H.M. kissed *me*, and asked which was the sister going to be married. Drum at Stafford H. in honour of the Viceroy.

LONDON, *July 1st*, 1869.—The great news of Edward Talbot's appointment to the Headship of "Keble College" at Oxford is given out now, and is delightful: such a compliment to a man of 25! Mr. Liddon was privately asked to take it, but refused.

DUFFERIN LODGE, *July 4th*, 1869.—Church. At Miss Coutts's new church in the morning. Bishop Harris of Gibraltar preacht well. Responses and singing spiritless and sleepy to a degree: it seems impossible in England to have a full *sound* without a choir. Why don't people learn Public Worship from the Psalms? "Sing praises lustily with a good courage." "Sing we

[1] I.e. a Garden Party.

merrily . . . make a cheerful noise." I believe there is a wretched prim notion among "respectable" people that it is improper to speak above one's breath.

London, *July 7th*, 1869.—Drove with Lou to a breakfast at Holland House. Wasn't smart enough and so felt rather unhappy, such is human weakness.

London, *July 9th*, 1869.—The Lords are making a dreadful hash of the Bill, such as permitting the present Irish Bishops to sit on in the House of Lords after the disestablishment, like ghosts.

London, *July 20th*, 1869.—There was an odious reckless debate in the Lords, Lord Cairns, Lord Grey, and *Lord Salisbury* (which was unexpected) all making violent speeches against concession or compromise, and a majority of over 70 decided on sticking to their own preamble, which cuts out the words by which the surplus is excluded from religious uses. Hereupon Lord Granville adjourned to "consult with his colleagues." . . .

Uncle W. dined. . . . He was very unhappy, dreading worse terms being imposed on the Church hereafter, and foreboding danger to the H. of Lords.

London, *July 22nd*, 1869.—The political thunderstorm has entirely cleared the air! Matters are all arranged by certain small concessions on the part of the Govt. and much repentance on the part of the Lords; Lord Cairns amenable, *Lord Grey apologetic*!!!! And so the great measure of justice is passed. I never felt so strongly the beautiful balance of the Constitution, which has been like a grand ship straining fearfully in a dangerous storm, and righting herself when all seemed lost. Both sides are glad and relieved. One can only thank God and take courage. Uncle W. came home absolutely overcome. He said he wished to go straight to church! The Archbishop of Canterbury has been the moving spring of influence that has brought it all about: it is immensely to his credit, as he is no lover of the Bill.

Boat to Ostend, *July 23rd*, 1869.—We left London at 8, and travelled right through to Cologne, crossing from Dover to Ostend. Lovely peaceful night passage;

none of us ill. We slept in a deck cabin for 3 hours or so, but dead tired was I nevertheless when we got to the Hotel Bellevue at Deutz at 4. Lazy till early bed. We have a handsome courier called Kern.

KISSINGEN, *July 27th*, 1869.—Got up soon after 6 and went out to drink half-tumblers of Radosky. It is cold and fizzy and far from nasty, but I find 3 glasses hard work as I am never in the least thirsty before midday. Everything very Emslike; crowds of creaky people with every shade of bad complexion —the pasty, the muddy, the green, and poor Mr. Joddrell who is purple. Also varieties of quizzes, but not such pronounced ones as at Ems. This place has no gambling-hall, and is reckoned dull and respectable; so much the better. We met Lord Walter Scott, and F. shot [1] a German Jew from Bradford, one of his constituents, a wonderful, round old fellow with no neck, in a velvet coat.

KISSINGEN, *July 27th*, 1869.—Had a touching letter from Henry Tuckley, a young man who was taken to St. Martin's workhouse in a half-mad state, and whose story of running away from his employer in consequence of a love disappointment, with £40 of his father's money, while drunk, and spending about a month in London not knowing what he was about, seems on inquiry to be true. He was evidently respectable, and, as it was a first fall, tho' such a terrible one, the good Master of the Workhouse took interest in him and told me about him and I got him under Mr. Shaw Stewart at the Newport Market refuge. We have got the money for him to emigrate to Canada, and it remains to be seen how he turns out. If *well*, it will be a joy and encouragement all one's life long, amid the evil and humbug of the world. (Heard startlingly soon that he had become a Wesley minister!! Wrote to caution him.)

KISSINGEN, *August 2nd*, 1869.—We are destined to make a "fiasco" of the stupid gas bath. I took my seat in one with great pomp this afternoon, and was shut up in it for a quarter of an hour, sitting tight for

[1] Appendix A.

the gas to arrive. I looked like the old woman who lived in a shoe, and can only hope the resemblance may go further! but as to the gas it never came at all!

KISSINGEN, *August* 19*th*, 1869.—We saw perched on the inside of my umbrella a most beautiful winged grasshopper, the size of a large dragon-fly and of the most vivid green. We could study his countenance and see the Biblical likeness to a horse in the shape of his head.

WURZBURG, *August* 24*th*, 1869.—The cathedral, though of the 11th century, looks like 1700 personified, having been done up with frightful white plaster—cherubs and sprawling figures all over the roof; the monuments and altars out-Herod Westminster Abbey. There was one charming monstrosity: a woman with an air unveiling a bust of a quizzical James I style of Bishop in a curly wig, who looks up complacently at finding himself unbonneted; close by he appears again heaving himself out of his grave. I am truly delighted at finding this style of thing is not peculiar to English Protestantism.

DRESDEN, *August* 31*st*, 1869.—I had to take Shepherd [1] with me to the picture gallery. She was delighted. The younger of the two cherubs in the San Sisto is really like little Victor, only darker.

HOLKER, *September* 19*th*, 1869.—I have heard from my poor workhouse hero, who is safe in Canada, and has an appointment as Wesleyan minister! ! ! !

HOLKER, *September* 22*nd*, 1869.—There is actually a baby expected—stupid of me to feel this a pang, but O dear! if it *could* but be me instead! for it is an anxious thing for poor little Louey.[2]

CHATSWORTH, *November* 10*th*, 1869.—William and Victor [3] are increasing in charms; they continue to be entire contrasts to each other. William as quick and sharp as a needle, impetuous, eager, and imitative, his

[1] Lord Frederick was ill.

[2] Her husband's cousin Louisa Howard, married to Hon. Cecil Foljambe, afterwards 1st Earl of Liverpool.

[3] William Egerton and Victor Cavendish.

little person wiry and long-legged, and his small trotting feet always in a hurry; Victor fat and meditative, hardly ever seizes the point of one's remarks to him at the moment, but by and bye one catches him doing the thing he was told; waddles with feet wide apart and is still bigger than Wm.; sometimes very merry with jolly jokes of his own, but never hurries himself. Both are very fond of each other, and have taken to dancing together, holding hands—spasmodic little jumps delightful to see.

CHATSWORTH, *November 16th*, 1869.—The Kitty Clives[1] came yesterday, and I walked with her. She is in raptures over the place, house, pictures, sketches, etc.

CHATSWORTH, *November 17th*, 1869.—Old Lord Westminster is dead (some time ago), leaving the oddest will: one place to the *Shaw-Stewarts*, another to Lord Dicky, *after* his mother's death, who has besides the whole of the personalty. Lord Grosvenor is immeasurably rich, but probably short of ready money.

CHATSWORTH, *November 18th*, 1869.—Kitty delighted; also she sketches things, and pounces upon books, "Liber Veritatis,"[2] etc., all over the house.

CHATSWORTH, *November 21st*, 1869.—I went with Madge to see Ly. Paxton, who is very shaky; makes her curtsey and calls one Your Ladyship and is as simple as if she were still the housekeeper's niece courted by the gardener's boy as of old.

CHATSWORTH, *November 22nd*, 1869.—A mighty brigade of folk arrived (13 of them at once), viz., Aunt Caroline, May and B., the American Minister, Mrs. and 2 Miss Motleys, Mr. Montgomery and daughter, the St. Albans', Messrs. Cowper, W. Coke, etc.

CHATSWORTH, *November 23rd*, 1869.—We took the folk over the state-rooms. The arrangement of Chiswick china in the little ante-state-room, which has been hung with red-lining paper and turned into a regular china-closet, is generally admired.

CHATSWORTH, *December 7th*, 1869.—The quaintest

[1] Meysey Clive of Whitfield and Lady Katharine, daughter of the 7th Earl of Denbigh.

[2] Claude's "Liber Veritatis," one of the treasures of Chatsworth.

little old children's carriages have been found in a corner, which must have been made for the late Duke and his sisters, or for his left-handed brethren, the Cliffords : one is shaped like a cockle-shell ; mounted on high green and gold wheels, and fitted with single and double harness for *dogs* ! The shafts and pole are twisted snakes, and there is a comical hood. Also two spotted rocking-horses.

Chatsworth, *December 8th*, 1869.—At Rome the Bishops of the Roman Church are mustering for the so-called Œcumenical Council. The Ultramontane Italian party are said to be firmly resolved on decreeing the " personal infallibility of the Pope "—a monstrous new dogma, which one of their authorized catechisms now in use puts down as a " Protestant invention." There have been protests from the German clergy, and one Père Hyacinthe in France ran such a tilt against the Ultramontanes that he has been forced to throw up his position, and has been excommunicated. The Roman party affect to ignore these protests, but lately Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, a strong Catholic, has written an earnest appeal against such a decree being passed ; and they can hardly ignore him. It seems a desperate turning to bay.

Chatsworth, *December 11th*, 1869.—Exeunt the Listowels, and the " company time " is over ; 3 cheers ! Not that it has not been pleasant, and successful, but O to be on one's own hind legs for 6 weeks !

Holker, *January 19th*, 1870.—Poor George the footman has rheumatic fever : such a sick house never was.

Holker, *January 20th*, 1870.—George grew so much worse, that late in the evening (unknown to us) the doctor came and bled him—such an unheard-of thing nowadays, that we telegraphed

January 21st, 1870.—for Dr. de Vitre, who thinks very seriously of his case, and also of poor Porter, the groom of the chambers, who has a very bad throat.

Holker, *January 22nd*, 1870.—The 1st thing we heard in the morning was the sad news of George's death at 1 o'clock. . . .

HOLKER, *January 28th*, 1870.—William and Victor met downstairs for the 1st time for a fortnight, and it was the prettiest sight in the world. William was quite crazy with delight (reminding me in the most whimsical way of Friday's joy at seeing his father, in "Robinson Crusoe"!). He would never leave him, and all his tyrannical ways disappeared as he evidently thought him a tender little invalid who must be petted: called his name over and over again in a darling little soft voice, peering up into his face; showed him pictures, picked up what he dropped, and kept breaking out into squeaks of bliss and laughter. Meanwhile Victor received all demonstrations with dignity, slowly thawed into smiles, and finally they trotted about the room together. It was the more comical, that Victor, tho' thinner than he was, is still far the biggest of the two, having again gained upon W. in height during his illness.

LONDON, *February 16th*, 1870.—We went to a drum at No. 11, and I talked a little to Mr. Goschen. Johnny had asked him a question about the poverty of London in the House, "if his attention had been called to it," and poor Mr. Goschen answered that you might as well ask a man engaged in a terrible struggle whether his attention had been called to the fact that he had an enemy in front of him. But what is to be done? There is a movement for making charitable agencies and the poor-law work together, which would be admirable; but the difficulties are said to be enormous. The Bp. of Exeter [1] was at the party, to B.'s intense delight, for she worships him. He told her he had no hope but that opposition would follow him to his dying day; and that it was a great grief to offend so many good men. He looks brave and cheerful nevertheless.

LONDON, *February 19th*, 1870.—Our coachman being unkind enough to have laid himself up with influenza, we had to go in a hired tub to dine at the Palgraves'. Met Professor Max Müller; a very quiet, unaffected, pleasant man, with a decided German accent; he thinks himself quite English. We talked arts and sciences

[1] Dr. Temple, whom "B." (Beatrice Lascelles) afterwards married.

and Mr. Palgrave lent me Ruskin's book on Landscape Painters, on my saying I had been unlucky enough never to have read him. Drum at Ly. de Grey's.

London, *February 20th*, 1870.—I am much bewitched with my 1st dip into Ruskin.

London, *February 24th*, 1870.—Last night we dined at No. 11 to meet the Wales' : it was horrid for poor Auntie P. ; was all settled before the scandal got into the papers. However, to everyone's relief, the Prince appeared voluntarily to-day as a witness,[1] gave very straightforward evidence, solemnly denied being guilty, and is generally believed to be quite cleared. The dinner and evening went off very well ; the Princess looked lovely, but *very* sad when she was not exerting herself.

By way of contrast, Agnes and I went off to-night to tea at Limehouse, which was a great success.

London, *February 26th*, 1870.—A poor dressmaker to whom I gave some old clothes on Tuesday, having reason to believe her story true, came overcome with gratitude to-night to say she had got work the very day after. Such a contrast, in the decent clothes and with a brightened face, to the poor, ragged, starved tramp who tottered into the room on Tuesday, crying helplessly and yet giving me the impression of respectability. I keep thanking God over and over for letting me do this.

London, *February 27th*, 1870. *Quinquagesima.*—I went to the early Communion, which we think of beginning regularly.

London, *March 8th*, 1870.—We went to hear Dickens read " Boots at the Holly Tree Inn," a bit from " Oliver Twist " and from " Pickwick " : the first was much the best, tho' Fagin was wonderful. (He died very soon after.)

London, *March 22nd*, 1870.—I went to the Drawing-room, and the Queen asked anxiously after Granny.

London, *March 27th*, 1870.—B. was in great excite-

[1] In the Mordaunt divorce case.

ment over Mr. Liddon's sermon in S. James' : the crowds to hear him are tremendous.[1]

London, *March* 31*st*, 1870.—Papa 53. Meriel and I have clubbed to give him an arm-chair for his office,[2] which the stingy Government don't allow him.

London, *April* 5*th*, 1870.—Missed church these 2 days, alas ! To-day was busy looking over the Woodford report.

Hagley, *April* 18*th*, 1870.—It was a glorious sunny weather, such a help and blessing. Dear Granny was laid near her husband in the vault which was opened under the S. wall of the chancel. A long train of children, grandchildren, and others and nearly all the servants followed (*not* her, only the worn-out tabernacle that her dear spirit must so gladly have left behind). I felt heavy-hearted, as I thought of that last " going to church " and called up the sight of her familiar, steady, dignified walk down the old path. If we could but realize the blessedness of the change to the Better Land where they need no Temple ! But I *can't* as I ought.

London, *May* 12*th*, 1870.—A little half-sister was born to the poor old dozen at Cavendish Sq. this morning —30 years after May. Sybella was frightfully ill, and the poor little thing suffered much in the birth, but all went well, and she is comfortable. It is rather a pretty little baby.[3]

London, *May* 23*rd*, 1870.—Dear old May dined with us, having been to the House to hear the University Tests debate. Of course the motion was carried by a huge majority, whereby fellowships, tutorships, everything except headships of colleges, are thrown open to Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics. I can *not* like it, do what I will !

London, *May* 31*st*, 1870.—The excellent Briggs, F.'s W. Indian friend, not content with giving him a

[1] I myself can remember that it was necessary, when Liddon preached at St. Paul's in the late eighties, to be there by 1.30 if one wished to have a seat for the service which began at 3.15. Many stood all through the service and an hour and a half before it began.

[2] Lord Lyttelton was Chief Commissioner of Endowed Schools.

[3] Sarah Kathleen, now Mrs. John Bailey.

turtle, and me an ivory work-box, now offers to present the Convalescent Home with hogsheads of brown sugar off his own plantation!—break major.[1] He and his wife (a brown-parchment little wizzy person) dined with us, likewise the P.M.[2] and Grande Dame, Willy and Charles. It was necessary to "make a house" at the unpleasant hour of 9, accordingly the P.M. poked the 3 youthful M.P.'s into his brougham (thereby obliging poor Willy to leave behind half his help of cherry-pie which he was deliberately discussing), got up himself on the box, and so *exeunt*. All came back to dessert.

CHATSWORTH, *June 3rd*, 1870.—Heavenly delicious weather. Summer colouring and warm air here are always a sort of *surprise* to one, knowing the place so much better in the winter—that penance time of poor lovely Nature. F. and I had an enchanting ride by the Stand Wood to Bunker's Hill. In the afternoon we all devoted ourselves to infant pheasants.

CHATSWORTH, *June 9th*, 1870.—Dickens has died suddenly of apoplexy, which struck him down yesterday evening after a day of literary work. (He was in the midst of a new novel: "Edwin Drood.") He never recovered consciousness, and died early this morning.

I have been reading "Little Dorrit" here, and enjoying the humour and observation of it, tho' it is one of his least good books. One feels a great blank in the world; in some ways I should think he was an unsurpassed and unsurpassable novelist. Allowing for his irresistible *genius* for caricature, which prevents any one of his characters from being *quite* a possibility, can anyone ever come near him as to creativeness, knowledge of men, the humour which springs from close observation and sympathy? But there is one noble merit about his books in which I should fancy he stands absolutely alone among satirists, their perfect freedom from all impurity and irreverence. He and Mark Lemon (the Editor of *Punch*, who is also lately

[1] Appendix A.

[2] I.e., of course, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, who was often called the Grande Dame by her intimates; I suppose as a sort of feminine of the "Great Man."

dead) were friends; and all English people may be proud to think that the wit of two men who so influenced the country has ever been high-minded and unstained.

London, *June 17th*, 1870.—Mrs. Talbot came to see me, and we went across to see Lavinia's [1] presents at No. 11. Hearing my voice in the hall, who should call me into his study but the Prime Minister! to ask me what I thought of the Government proceedings last night about the Education Bill. Things have been going very *ticklishly* with it lately. First, there was a determined push for secular education in all rate-supported schools; then for undenominational and unsectarian religious instruction. Thank God, both these have gone overboard, and it has been cheering to perceive the strong wish through the country for religion in all schools. It would be a bitter humiliation for a Christian country to be driven by its wretched divisions to give up the very name of religion in its great national schools; and, as to the other plan, anybody who knows anything of teaching knows that it is an impossible absurdity to define such a thing by law, and a gross tyranny to impose it upon any school teacher who happens to have distinct religious convictions. Next has arisen an outcry from dissenters for the exclusion of all "distinctive formularies" from the rate-supported schools. This also is an illogical piece of blind prejudice, for the masters are to be (rightly) left perfectly free to teach what they believe, subject to a strict Conscience clause; and the result must be, that instead of wise, sober old formularies, any cocky, irreverent, bigoted, or lax master may instil his own shallow, crude, or narrow ideas. However, the Government have conceded it, giving, however, a great pull to the old-fashioned denominational schools (even when state-*aided*) by increasing the Government grant considerably. It seems the best plan that could be hit upon.

London, *June 22nd*, 1870.—I was up with the lark, to join Papa at Cavendish Square, and go off with him

[1] Her sister Lavinia was about to be married to Edward Talbot, afterwards Bishop of Winchester.

from Paddington by a special 8.45 train for Commemoration at Oxford. Wonderfully like poor dear old maid days! The heat tremendous even so early, and although the sun was not *full* blaze all day, Mr. C. Clifford came with us, and is so good as hospitably (and surreptitiously) to lodge F. and me in his bachelor rooms at All Souls', by dint of sleeping on a sort of shakedown himself. Papa and I joined the girls and Mrs. T. at the Cradocks', then to the theatre. The new Chancellor, Lord Salisbury, did his part beautifully well; looked dignified, spoke with a fine clear utterance, and is said to have paid the most graceful and varied compliments to the successive D.C.L.s in Latin. Papa was received very well, considering he is Cambridge; the Speaker (odd to say) came next him in the procession and they sat together and made friends, after the long estrangement.[1] He met Mrs. Talbot later in the day and asked to speak to May; to whom he just said, "I wished to shake your hand." It deeply touched and pleased the poor child. By the strangest coincidence it is the *very day year* of her engagement —when she and E. Denison had that one short sight of each other as betrothed lovers; then came the hurried meeting in the afternoon when dear Granny was with them—and then the happy sunshine was all eclipsed, and they never saw each other again. The poor Speaker! one can never feel anything but grief and pity for him now. The cheers for Canon Liddon were splendid; he was overpowered. Mr. Lowe's name produced uproar and "non placets," and a shout of laughter when the Chancellor called him "frugalissimus." Lord Salisbury's 2 little boys held up his train, arrayed as pages in black velvet. A big luncheon in All Souls'; afterwards Mr. Clifford took May and me into Wadham gardens. Later we all sat in S. John's, and finally F. arrived and Mr. C. took us both a most enchanting row on the river, not getting back to a recherché tête-à-trois dinner in his rooms till near 9. The intense

[1] There had been question of a marriage between the Speaker's nephew and May Lyttelton, and the Speaker had refused to allow it. Edward Denison, the nephew, died soon after the engagement was broken off.

heat all day was *almost* more than *I* like! but on the river it was the height of luxury to contrast our condition with that of poor dining-out Londoners.

OXFORD, *June 23rd*, 1870.—After breakfast at good Dr. Cradock's (who was much exercised in mind by a tipsy row last night, in course of which May overheard an undergraduate conferring a degree on a policeman as follows: "Bobby, admitto te ad gradum," etc.) we all went to Keble College. The quad was all dotted over with pretty bright groups of people; old Edward was plunging about 50 ways at once, and enthusiastic friends kept turning up. I saw Uncle B., Uncle H., the James's, Mr. Wood, Sir W. Farquhar, Mr. Hunt, etc., and was shown Miss Yonge the Great! a striking-looking grey-haired woman, with beautiful eyes and an expressive face.

Considering the College is now nothing but rooms, being minus chapel, library and hall, it is very well-looking; original and as little monotonous as possible.

Towards 11 the procession formed; and, after securing places in the temporary chapel, we flew to the door to see it streaming round the quad. Beautiful it was, with its white clergy and choir, its scarlet Doctors and Bishops, its golden-robed Chancellor. We had but a glimpse and went back into the chapel. But then came the loud, joyous chanting nearer and nearer, and so they entered the chapel, where a solemn little service was held. At the early Communion, we heard that £320 had been given. *This* service was a special one, closing with the Te Deum. The great moment was Edward's kneeling at the altar, while (all kneeling too except the choir, who stood) the Veni Creator was sung in Latin. Darling Lavinia was close to me—what a never-to-be-forgotten thing this day will be to her! After, we most of us managed to get on the platform in the quad, whence many good hearty speeches were made. Lord Salisbury excellent; Dr. Pusey, venerable and touching; Mr. Liddon, glorious! And dear Edward himself spoke with great earnestness and vigour, and also with true deep modesty and humility. Dr. Pusey brought Lavinia gracefully and kindly into his speech, which nearly did for poor little pussy-cat.

In short it was a beautiful day in one's life: a day of bright sunshine and hope, and also of earnest prayer and solemn looking forward.

London, *June 24th*, 1870.—I drove with Lou to poor, silent, altered Chiswick. The Prince of Wales has it for the present, and is going to give a big breakfast there to-morrow; but all was deserted to-day. His children come and play here constantly; we saw their little brooms, spades, etc. Visited schools. Also at Chiswick I went to the dear rooms where we spent our first happy days together, and recalled that golden time.

London, *June 26th*, 1870.—At 7 we went to a most striking service at S. Mary's, Crown Street, Soho: congregation of really poor, crowded; splendid hearty hymns sung most fervently and intelligently; the rough people outside coming to the open door to listen; procession with singing, cross and banners. Nothing to go against one, except the *crowned* Virgin with the moon under her feet on one banner, and a preposterous sermon by a very young man who told the doubtfullest legends as if they were Gospel.

London, *July 1st*, 1870.—Drove with Lady Burrell to see Elizabeth Hall, my little Limehouse girl, at Chelsea, and my door-step boy, whom we have just set up, and who had to be lectured on the art of whitening.

London, *July 4th*, 1870.—Went to the House to hear F. move his amendment. Parenthetic dinner at J.G.T.'s, where were Sir Walter and Sarina James. I scolded F. for his speech which he thought fit to gallop through as if somebody was behind him with a pitch-fork; but he got the thing triumphantly thro' without a division. It was to give cumulative votes for the election of the School Boards.

London, *July 9th*, 1870.—F. and I were at Lord's from 12.30 to the end; the Eton 2nd innings was scrubby, all but the 1st 4 scores, and Harrow had 136 to get; to my infinite delight and excitement, they were beaten by 21 runs, the last wicket falling about 6 o'clock. The really beautiful fielding of Eton (Arthur

at long-leg one of the best) had a good deal to do with it; 6 men were caught out. One bowler (Tollemache) was good; not so the others. The Harrow bowling and batting both excellent, tho' I could not admire the style; their fielding, Papa would say, was "fishy." Said Papa stalked off at the end of the Eton 2nd innings, when Arthur took his bat for only 5 (including a good hit for 3), thinking defeat inevitable.

London, *July 11th*, 1870.—Princess Louise and Comte de Paris came to breakfast with the Gladstones; also the famous M. de Lesseps. I went and heard Mrs. Weldon sing beautifully. Sat by Princess Louise who looked very pretty and was charming and well-mannered as usual.

London, *July 12th*, 1870.—We dined at Mr. Leveson's, meeting Ld. Castlerosse, Ly. Airlie and a daughter just out, Ly. Alwyne and Lord William Compton, etc. Lord Castlerosse, an old-fashioned, Liberal R. Catholic, talked to me about the Infallibility dogma in a most astonishing way. He, in common with most of his sort, dislikes the definition, and thinks it different to what has hitherto been held; but he says that it *will* be defined, and that all the gallant minority, who have hitherto been so fearlessly opposing, will of course submit! The question whether the thing is *true* or not does not appear to be the point at all!

London, *July 21st*, 1870.—I saw Mr. Mason the landscape painter at Mr. Richmond's; poor man, he looks dying of consumption. Mr. R. told me his terrible strange story. He was brought up as heir to a good fortune, liberally educated, and sent on the "grand tour." At Rome he heard of his father's death, and that he was left penniless. He took up painting for a livelihood, and lived for a year in a cave outside Rome, on *dried chestnuts*. At last, Leighton saw and admired his pictures, and brought him into notice. Now, in spite of his state of health (induced by starvation), he makes £1,000 a year.

Fox Warren,[1] *July 24th*, 1870.—We find here the Forsters, the Russell Gurneys, and Baron Macai (good-

[1] The house of Mr. Charles Buxton, father of Earl Buxton.

ness knows how he spells his name !) : very pleasant little party. Four white little daughters of the house ; 1 called Richenda. We drove to Hatchford Church in the morning ; walked there in the evening. Mr. Forster, rugged odd bear as he is, is excellent company and one likes and respects him. He was deciding to shirk Church along with Mr. Bruce ; but Mrs. F. [1] came it over him !

Holker, *August 4th*, 1870.—Bathed again. Paid a little visit to Their R. H. the cows. There has been a skirmish at Saarbrück,[2] in which the French had the better of it. The Emperor and the Prince Imperial had joined the army just before. The newspapers are studded with panic-stricken letters and questions in Parliament about the deficient state of our army, navy, and artillery. However, 2 millions have been voted to get them up. I can't help feeling rather Quakerish about war : it is such a wicked thing that it seems right to make what protest one can as a nation against the horrible continental system of chronic cap-à-pie. And our having, thank Heaven ! no " frontiers " to embarrass us, makes it surely justifiable for us to run some risk.

Bolton, *August 14th*, 1870.—The babies are a delightful new element at Bolton, and enjoy themselves immensely : early shouts are heard from Victor's apartment over the back entrance, and he and William trot opposite ways round the flower-beds, and meet and embrace like Henry VIII and Francis I at the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Bolton, *August 23rd*, 1870.—The tiny boys assist at the departure of the gentlemen every morning with triumphant shouts and hat-wavings. William screams, " Good-bye, Gappa—Good-bye, Bobo " (Grandpapa and Bogle—for that name sticks to Lord Shannon). As soon as the ponies come round, both little fellows go and look up everybody, saying " Gee-gees 'eady," and William is to be seen taking Charles round the leg

[1] Mrs. Forster was daughter of Thomas, and sister of Matthew, Arnold.

[2] The Franco-Prussian War had just begun.

to hurry him (sanguine !). One wonders if the Duke will ever inspire the awe into these creatures that he does into other folk ! at present they make no bones of poking him up in the midst of letters, grouse-book, etc., and ordering him about generally. Pleasant Brass Castle day, with one drive to see : I went with Charles and saw him kill 20 birds out of 22 shots : never firing his 2nd barrel once at the same bird.

Bolton, *August 26th*, 1870.—Luncheon at the gate before you quite get to the Roggan House. I saw Charles shoot 37 birds in one drive. He got 2 out of a pack that flew *at* him, as he was comfortably sitting with his back to the wall. He killed them as he sat.

Bolton, *September 3rd*, 1870.—A telegram was sent to Cavendish, which was taken up to Thorpe Fell, with the astounding news that the Emperor has capitulated with all that is left of MacMahon's army, viz. 80,000 men ; giving himself up to the King of Prussia. So falls the Empire, and surely with it the last of Napoleonism for ever. The skirmish at Saarbrück which began the war was on August 3rd ; the capitulation on September 1st. On this same day old Count de Flahault died, having thus just seen the rise and fall of both Napoleons. Poor Bazaine has been making furious and repeated attempts to break away northwards and join MacMahon, but has invariably been driven back upon Metz, which is surrounded. In one night repulse the Germans fell upon him with the bayonet and the butt-end of their rifles. Strasburg is being battered to pieces ; the inhabitants taking refuge in cellars and sewers. Paris as yet has been told nothing of this final catastrophe.

Longford,[1] *September 6th*, 1870.—Di took me about her delightsome, lovely garden ; and we went to the cheese factory, which Mr. Coke is much agog about. It is the first opened in England on the American plan, and they have an American manager, Schemmerhorn. The people send their milk, and are paid at once for

[1] The house of the Hon. Edward Coke, who married the Hon. Diana Agar Ellis, daughter of Lord Dover and first cousin of Lord Frederick Cavendish.

it *by weight*, getting some *cheese* advantage besides. A great batch of cheese is made with only 4 hands employed, in 2 nights instead of weeks ; and the whole thing is beautifully clean and complete. Di is grieved because they *will* colour the cheese.

Holker, *September* 19*th*, 1870.—There was a Confirmation of about 200 in Cartmel Church : the new Bishop (Harvey Goodwin) made good charges, earnest, simple, and to the point ; it was altogether a very solemn and touching sight. Reminded me of my own never-to-be-forgotten Confirmation, sadly and vividly. That recollection must always be a true strengthener of my faith, but I cannot feel as if I had the blessed fervour of that " time of refreshing." The school played in the park in the afternoon.

Holker, *September* 21*st*, 22*nd*, 1870.—One of these days I rode with F. on the sand to Chapel Island. He rode " Republic," a new hunter got by Eddy t'other day, chestnut, without a white hair, and so named in honour of the events in Paris.

Holker, *September* 23*rd*, 1870.—The great war so absorbs one that an event probably far more enduring in its effects hardly excites talk. The King of Italy and his army, after some fighting, *have taken possession of Rome as the capital of Italy* : the Pope being of course no longer defended by French soldiers. Can this really be the Fall of the Temporal power ? It seems so ; one might hope something from it, but the miserable silence and submission of the Opposition Bishops since the Infallibility decree was passed disheartens one altogether as to any Catholic reformation.

Stetton, *September* 30*th*, 1870.—We left Holker and came here with the Duke for the opening of the splendid new Mechanics' Institute at Keighley. Same weather. A most fatiguing day ! Two meetings, one lasting an hour ; the evening one 3½ hrs. and a mighty cold collation, all in the new Institute ; on one's hind legs all day. But I was well amused : have hardly ever heard the Duke before. He hesitates and repeats, but the matter is excellent and *reads* well. My Fred

spoke capitally—if only he could learn less ungainliness and fierceness of manner! He ran a-tilt against an old endowed "charity" which distributes nearly £800 in small doles—suggesting the application of the money to the furthering of the education which is a chief object of the Institute. It was well taken in the hall; but is likely to cause controversy in the town. All the functions took place in the building, which is really beautiful. Lord Houghton spoke and sat by me at luncheon: he showed off one of the new "halfpenny cards" [1] (which are to come into use to-morrow) on which he had written a note in Italian to his sister. They are neat little articles, with the stamp printed on the back: you send them open through the post.

HOLKER, *October 6th*, 1870.—The only communication with Paris is by *balloons*. The citizens are said to be orderly; but O how French the French are! The papers say that Jules is always hugging Jacques, and all the talk and jabber and martial struts and "manifestations" and offerings of bouquets to the Strasburg statue sound unearthly and babyish.

HOLKER, *October 13th*, 1870.—The astonishing news came to Emma from her sister May of Lorne's engagement to *Princess Louise*!! It is a really good *precedent*, I do believe; but, as a first experiment, they had better have chosen somebody with fewer belongings and more money. Fancy Princess Louise with such a tribe of brothers-in-law, one of them a Liverpool merchant! . . . They are said to be much in love, specially *he*, and we must hope for the best. The Duke and Duchess are pleased, which is wonderful.

CHATSWORTH, *November 10th*, 1870.—Endless are the gossips and conjectures about the future of "Prince and Princess Lorne": what is to be done with her rank and his; will she have a "lady"; will he have a peerage; will she go after Royal Duchesses; will he be allowed to go on with politics? etc., etc. My notion is that the only chance of matters running smooth is her taking his rank and giving up her own as completely as possible.

[1] The first post-cards.

CHATSWORTH, *November* 16*th*, 1870.—Ld. and Ly. Howard of Glossop came. The Sandwiches and Mr. Cheney went.

CHATSWORTH, *November* 17*th*, 1870.—I drove Ly. Howard round the Stand wood: she is a most striking example of what I have never before met with—a Liberal Rom. Cath. Told me she approved of the occupation of Rome by the Italians; that she totally rejected the "Infallibility notion" as false and against reason; that she deeply regretted the minority at the Council not voting; that Manning was unscrupulous and slandered Newman to the Pope, by which he prevented Newman being allowed to set up at Oxford; that the next Pope would probably submit to the Occupation and rescind the dogma; that modern Roman books of devotion were bad, seeming actually to inculcate the worship of the Virgin; that priests were to be distrusted; and finally that she believed in the validity of our Orders! In all this she only followed the footsteps of Döllinger and Lord Acton. She is an acute little lady.

CHATSWORTH, *December* 3*rd*, 1870.—There is a strong feeling now against the Prussians who, if they had ceased offensive measures after Sedan, with the full glory of that splendid campaign in which the French pride was humbled for ever—Germany united, and an absolutely unsullied cause—how grand would have been their position! Now they are fighting for blood-thirst and ambition and one cannot but admire the holding out of poor gallant Paris, in the teeth of disaster, privation, and defeat.

HAWARDEN, *December* 10*th*, 1870.—We came to dear Hawarden with May, who goes to the Rectory. Find, alas, that Auntie P. has been summoned off to-day to poor little Herbert at Eton, who has a serious attack of peritonitis. Are here Ly. Meath and daughter, Ld. E. Fitzmaurice, K. and C. Gladstone, Messrs. Balfour,[1] Strutt (Rayleigh), Wade, Max Müller, Uncles W. and Stephen, the girls and Willy. Willy and Kathleen both ill in bed with cold.

[1] Now the Earl of Balfour.

HAWARDEN, *December 12th*, 1870.—The party here is very pleasant: Mr. Wade sings delightfully and there are choruses; Mr. Balfour is a very pretty quaint tall boy, clever and funny; Mr. Strutt,[1] a senior Wrangler, very taking and gentlemanlike; Lord E. grave and political, a "rising young man," and likeable; Mr. M. Müller brilliant, but O such a bloodthirsty German! going in for "rectified frontiers" and endless wars with that view: sickening and disgraceful! *I* have not heard him declaim, however, and on other points he is charming.

HAGLEY, *December 24th*, 1870.—The King of Prussia has proclaimed himself (or some such ceremony) Emperor of Germany at Versailles. All very fine, but F. thinks that if Paris continues to hold out, and forces him, after all the expenditure of men and money, to raise the siege, the German States (other than Prussia), which don't care about the Hohenzollerns, will overthrow him and go in for a republic.

HOLKER, *January 5th*, 1871.—Cavendish has been violently sat upon (sent for to Hawarden for the purpose) by Uncle W. to take the Irish Secretaryship, and has consented, very unwillingly.

BRADFORD, *January 14th*, 1871.—We went to see the famous "Saltaire," a complete settlement built by Sir Titus Salt for the work-people employed in his mighty factory (woollen and mixed fabrics). There are numbers of pretty almshouses, beautiful schools and cottages, a great self-supporting dining-hall, an infirmary, a splendid Mechanics' Institute in course of building, and a big heathen temple in the midst, serving as Independent Chapel. We saw as much as we had time for. 1,000 looms at work. The inside of the chapel surprised me, for I fancied the Independents did not differ much from the Church in doctrine and Liturgy; but the arrangements did not look like this: the organ presides over the E. end, with the singers' seats in front of it, and in front of *them*, the marble slab that serves for Communion table. However, Mr.

[1] Afterwards Lord Rayleigh, the great man of science. He married Mr. Balfour's sister.

Law says that his sect would join the Church if she was disestablished.

Holker, *January 25th*, 1871.—*The Times* announces the *surrender of Paris*, after a very gallantly-borne siege of over 4 months. The news reaching them of the utter defeat of all the "relieving" armies, under Chanzy, Faidherbe, and Bourbaki, must have brought them to it.

Holker, *January 30th*, 1871.—The surrender of Paris is finally accomplished; the Germans occupy the forts; the garrison to be disarmed, and a heavy "requisition" made. The starvation point must have been all but reached, for the very bread that was doled out was made of nasty odds and ends, and fuel was very scarce. The cold has been the cause of terrible sufferings thro' out the country.

London, *February 7th*, 1871.—Darling Alfred strikes 14 to-day: God bless him. He is wonderfully nice and dear: only *too* perfect in disposition: the sunbeam that he always was, without a cloud.

London, *February 9th*, 1871.—It seems to me the strangest thing about this war, that the French have done worst in what they generally do best, viz., fighting, and have excelled in what one supposed them least capable of, viz., long endurance of monotonous privation and suffering, with hardly a complaint or a riot until extremity of famine. In the city, not only were the people quiet, but ordinary vice and crime had nearly ceased. It has been a noble example.

London, *February 16th*, 1871.—Dined at the George Howards, meeting Granvilles, Amberleys, Minny Labouchere, and young Mr. Sartoris: various M.P.s failed, being kept at the House to hear Mr. Cardwell's Army Estimates and vote for Princess L.'s dowry, upon which Mr. Taylor thought fit to divide, with the pleasing result of being what the *Spectator* calls in the "immense minority" of 1—viz., tiresome, obnoxious Mr. Fawcett, who has long since fallen from the peg of esteem we used to hang him on, by making it a rule to hamper the Government and get up cross divisions whenever he has a chance.

LONDON, *February* 21*st*, 1871.—We dined at No. 11; found Uncle W. agog about another piece of *Fawcettism*: cross division anent University Tests, the abolition whereof was going smoothly thro' the House; viz., for the sweeping away of clerical fellowships. Uncle W. very Conservative in heart on the subject; rather more than I am! as I have always heard that clerical fellows were great failures as clergymen; but the whole question ought to be looked into, not a fragment of it pulled neck and crop across the Tests measure.

LONDON, *February* 23*rd*, 1871.—A short time ago, judgment was pronounced in the Privy Council against Voysey, a miserable clergyman who published a book called "The Sling and the Stone," in which he very distinctly repudiates every article of the Christian Faith except the 1st clause of the Apostles' Creed.

LONDON, *February* 23*rd*, 1871.—It is a blessing in these days to find that, in the eye of the law, there is *some* line still recognised dividing the Church from heresies. I have slowly and after many difficulties come to the conclusion that *legal definitions* as to sacred doctrines are neither possible nor desirable; but one thing seems clear to me (it sounds a truism! but it is not nowadays), that the great doctrines of the Creeds must in the eye of the law be accepted *in some sense or another* by all professing Churchmen. The various *views* taken by individuals must, it seems to me, be permitted *by the law*, however widely they may differ from each other, always provided that no such doctrine is *denied*. More and more I believe that definitions, more detailed than they are in the Prayer Book, cannot be right for us. Each for himself may strive to define in humility (and can never think out these things too deeply, if he can keep a sober mind), but not for others —not, I mean, to impose his definitions upon others. In this way, it seems to me, we may keep the faith once delivered to the Saints, and yet be wide in our embrace of many schools of thought. Of course I am only speaking of what ought or ought not to be permitted *by the law*: one is bound to teach and preach with more dogmatism than ought to be the case with legal judg-

ments. I hope I am not all wrong, but the whole tendency of the thing seems to *force* upon one the duty of comprehension; lest we should lose earnest, religious, sincere men, who *do honestly* hold all the Articles of the Faith, tho' interpreting them variously.

London, *February 27th*, 1871.—Unluckily Dr. Clark pounced down upon me with a prohibition against going East to-day, and also against the H. of Commons where I had a place to hear Cavendish's 1st speech as Irish Secretary. Lou went instead. It was rather a thorny occasion. The general state of Ireland is improved and on the whole satisfactory, but there is a regular Riband conspiracy rampant in Westmeath, which has reached such a point that universal terrorism prevails, and murders may be (and many have been) committed with impunity, nobody daring to bear witness. Government decided that this was "intolerable," and (I think I may confide the dead secret to my faithful journal) Cavendish was desirous of an immediate suspension of Habeas Corpus. Uncle Wm., however, greatly hates this extreme measure, and decided, in consequence, on asking instead for a Special Secret Committee, intending afterwards to take the necessary steps. Nobody is pleased, and I should suppose it was a mistake.

London, *March 1st*, 1871.—Peace is signed at Versailles; the terms are indeed the "pound of flesh," blood and all! and it is hard to foresee anything but inextinguishable thirst for vengeance on the part of the French, until they struggle back into a position to fight again.

London, *March 11th*, 1871.—My precious Fred sent me a full account.[1] Something in his dressing-room chimney did the mischief, but he suspected nothing till he was woke about 5 by a loud crash, and looking into the dressing-room, was driven back by suffocating hot smoke. He groped as fast as he could (no possibility of putting any clothes on!) to the other wing, alarmed the house, and set everyone to work saving pictures and books from the rooms below. The Duke and Uncle Richard worked hard, but when F. came down again

[1] There had been a fire at Holker.

from an expedition (commanded by the Duke in the advancing dawn!) to get on some borrowed clothes, the drawing-room and library were ungetatable, and alas! some good pictures were lost: the Vernet (calm sea), the large Ruysdael, the Van der Cappelle, the Canaletto, and the S. Christopher by either Memling or Albert Dürer; engines came one after another and were efficacious in preventing the fire spreading to the old wing, which however was hardly to be averted except by the providential change of wind at the critical moment when the very doors of communication between the 2 wings were burnt. All is utter ruin of the new wing.

London, *March 17th*, 1871.—Little awful drum of *seated* matrons and subdued peers at Ly. Cowper's.

London, *March 22nd*, 1871.—Read at the Ophthalmic Hospital (N.B. it is *not* Ophthalmic except exceptionally) and chose the *Guardian* accounts of the wrecked suburbs and wasted lands round Paris; winding up with the description of "Prince and Princess Lorne's" marriage in S. George's Chapel yesterday. It brought vividly before me the tremendous contrast between our sunshine and stability, and French misery and confusion.

London, *March 24th*, 1871.—Took my old May to Lady Cowper's, which it was nice to do: Ly. Dufferin was there, a lovely sight, in a gown of old chocolate and gold brocade over a blue quilted petticoat.

London, *March 28th*, 1871.—The bill[1] for the "Abolition of sisters-in-law" (a nice name for it) thrown out by a good majority in the Lords.

Holker, *April 22nd*, 1871.—A certain article in a Quarterly of 1843 makes me feel very old; so immense are the changes in my life-time. The writer evidently has a *leaning* towards the "Tractarians," yet one rubric reform that he highly disapproves of as an unwarrantable novelty is the clergyman "giving out" the *metrical psalms* (hymns apparently not dreamt of) instead of the clerk. Also the surplice in the pulpit excites great horror, and still more the placing the elements on the

[1] I.e. the bill for legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister of which Lady Frederick was to the end an ardent and active opponent.

ır at the time commanded by the rubric, because the unbearable credence-table entailed thereby. n Edinburgh article, of an older date, makes the stounding assertion that the Reformation in England was a mere arbitrary act of the King and court, there being *no popular* feeling for it whatever! Likewise it announces that the Low Church party invented the expression " means of grace " ! ! !

London, *April 28th*, 1871.—The rest of the budget withdrawn, and a 2*d.* income-tax clapt on to cover everything. I don't think it is fair to put the whole weight on the upper and middle class.

London, *May 2nd*, 1871.—The miserable Parisians seem to carry on their rebellion, tho' they arrest one after another of their own leaders; as worms wriggle when they have lost their heads. Cluseret and Dombrowski (neither of them French) have been at the top of the tree lately; but they have just tumbled Cluseret down!

London, *May 6th*, 1871.—Academy with F. at 1.30; not *frightfully* full. . . . There are 2 splendid portraits by Watts of Millais and Leighton. Said Leighton's pictures I don't care for; and young Richmond has painted one of the same type: ancients playing at bowls with nothing on, which I can't appreciate.

Keble College, *May 14th*, 1871.—There was early (weekly) Communion at 8, but we did not go to that: breakfast afterwards, Edward and F. breakfasting in Hall. This is one of the peculiar rules of the College with a view to economy—a common breakfast—and the men seem to like it. Matins and Litany at 9.30, and then we saw, I suppose, the whole College: 31 undergraduates, 2 tutors, the Bursar, etc. Next October they expect to double their numbers, and the following October to be full; so at all events the College supplies a strong demand. At 11 to S. Mary's, where Pusey preached the University sermon. He coughed and was rather confused at first, but warmed up, and the end of his sermon was grand and eloquent. But being a technically controversial argument upon the Real Presence, it pained and bothered me rather; for more

and more I desire *silence* upon that Divine Mystery, with simple faith in the promise, and no human definitions. I don't mean that this can suffice always, but it is best and safest as a rule. Evensong in Keble Chapel.

London, *May 16th*, 1871.—The last exploit of the "Commune" has been to condemn the poor beautiful Place Vendôme column as an insult to international feeling! and one of these days it was pulled down with a crash. A strange making clean of the outside of the cup and of the platter, when the inward part is full of ravening and wickedness. The nations would not be much aggrieved by the monument to French triumphs if the French themselves were not an outrage to Europe. And yet there is a fine feeling in the thing which only makes one the more angry at its childishness.

London, *May 17th*, 1871.—The Versailles troops have at last entered Paris, and met with but little organized resistance.

London, *May 25th*, 1871.—It is too true that Paris is being destroyed by the miserable insurgents, who have deliberately fired the glorious public buildings with *petroleum*. The Tuileries is burnt to ashes; also the Hôtel de Ville and a large part of the Louvre; other buildings, including S. Eustache, are more or less injured, and the mad people are constantly being caught flinging petroleum into houses—a body of firemen were found pumping it upon the flames instead of water. There is fearful exasperation, and endless bloodshed seems certain.

Chatsworth, *May 27th*, 1871.—The most hideous murderous fighting is going on inside burning Paris: the regulars dragging out and shooting everyone found with arms in their hands, and putting to death women and children who fling petroleum into houses. Many women fight, and the insurgents make considerable resistance behind barricades. But they are nearly stamped out now. Shells (including petroleum ones) are thrown all over the town from the positions still in the hands of the wretches; however, the fires appear to have been got under, as, after gratefully accepting the offer of the London fire-brigade to go over to Paris,

the Versailles Government have telegraphed that it won't be wanted.

Fine day between showers. We rode amid "the hyacinthine woods" and felt what blessed English peace and security is.

CHATSWORTH AND LONDON, *June 5th*, 1871.—Farewell! glorious place! The last evening or two I have sat in the little state-room about 7, rejoicing in the perfection of things seen from the window. The lovely stretch of lawn, the stately trees on either side of the Emperor pond, the park sloping steeply up; and the grand crown of woods, all in "various green." London; and East London! blocks in Cheapside, grimy streets, roaring crowds, Hospital wards.

LONDON, *June 10th*, 1871.—Uncles twain[1] had an interesting argument upon whether the admission into English Orders ought not to be allowed under less stringent terms of subscription. Uncle W., true to his old Church colours, strong *against* further relaxation, and cleverly maintaining that the Low Church party had never in old times been a genuine growth within the Church. . . . He would cease having recourse to legislation in Church matters, and trust to subscription, and moral influences.

LONDON, *June 14th*, 1871.—Dined with the Wortleys; he looks wonderfully better. No less (and no bigger) a person than Lord Russell took me in to dinner, and was delightful, with his dry humourous anecdotes. Said his 1st political recollection was Pitt's going out of office; also said Lord Castlereagh used to be very kind to him, but, on his displeasing him once, told him he ought to be whipped! He remembers Princess Amelia whom he used to be very fond of when he was 7 years old; told me, what I never knew, that she married a Col. Fitzroy. Drum at Devonshire House; rather dull and frumpy.

LONDON, *June 20th*, 1871.—We had a portentously dull dinner party, F. not arriving till afterwards and Sissy Ashley coming minus husband. Unmitigated boys and girls don't do! and we had no couple. Even

[1] I.e. Mr. Gladstone and the Rev. the Hon. William Lyttelton.

Gertrude was struck with sotto-voce shyness; Mary Howard, Messrs. Strutt, Sturgis, and Willy held their tongues; Beilby Lawley made fitful conversation with me, Edith asked questions and I prosed.

London, *July* 1*st*, 1871.—Treat of all treats, F. took me to the "Théâtre Français" play, at the new house; Opéra Comique. Two acts of "Le Menteur," and "Le Malade Imaginaire": perfectly done.

London, *July* 6*th*, 1871.—I can't take any interest in this dull, cross Session, with its endless powder-of-post [1] talk. A fragment of the Army Bill has passed, and does duty for the whole; the Ballot (which I hate) is now on the stocks. The only measure I liked, the Licensing Bill, was dropped long ago. The worst of the whole business is that people begin to say the House of Commons can't or won't work, and that it is becoming unworthy of exercising its high functions. Oh for working sub-committees, such as we work Woodford with!

The Coppice, *July* 8*th*, 1871.—I partook of no less than 3 teas: Sir J. Lefevre's, Auntie P.'s at Downing Street, and Charlotte Spencer's to Ly. Superintendents. At Downing Street I was introduced to Tennyson, a dirty man with opium-glazed eyes and rat-taily hair hanging down his back. He asked if Papa still translated, and when I said his only original compositions were comic, said he had never seen them. It tickled me, the notion of "The Tale of the Sewers," "Gongenbühl, Gig-and-Bühl," etc. in print. He rhapsodized about various waterfalls. At Spencer House a lovely sight was the Faerie Queen receiving the good dowdies with all her gracious bright courtesy.

London, *July* 10*th*, 1871.—Dined at the Arkwrights' and played a rubber with old Lord Bathurst dressed *à la* George IV.

London, *July* 11*th*, 1871.—I dined at No. 11. . . .

Smart 5 o'clock tea there, for the Crown Prince and Princess, lately arrived at Prussia House. It was nice to see our dear little Princess Royal again: her

[1] Appendix A.

face and whole self the most loveable and winning that can be imagined, considering that she is just a little bunchy German woman. But it is the Queen's grace, dignity, and straightforward kindliness of manner exactly. She came into the room asking eagerly for Agnes, to whom she spoke affectionately of Meriel; but, to my grief, never made me out. The Crown Prince was always attractive-looking, but now he is most noble! such a powerful brow and eye, he must be destined to do great things.

London, *July* 14*th*, 1871.—Went to Lord's for the Eton and Harrow, and had the delightful excitement of seeing Bob get 29 in a very masterly manner, he having only just scratched into the 11. It is only lately that he has begun to do at all well at cricket, but his batting is now very good: like Spencer's. A proud old grandmother of a sister I felt watching my Bob play! the 5th brother who has been in the 11; poor old Albert's accident prevented him, or there would have been 6. Dined at the Stratford de Redcliffe's: I sat by him, and he was as agreeable as ever. Heard both Pitt and Fox speak when he was a boy.

London, *July* 22*nd*, 1871.—I went with Miss Oldfield to Limehouse, where we visited good Miss Lilley, who took us to see Sarah Dorrington, a young woman who was once a mission woman in the parish, now dying of internal disease. She is beautifully tended out of pure love by a girl whom she had been the means of helping to be good, and who supports her and an old mother by hard work. The room and all about it as clean and fresh and pretty as possible: and Sarah herself beautiful to look at from spiritual expression, gentleness, and resignation. God help me to learn from it all.

Wrest, *July* 25*th*, 1871.—To Wrest this evening; find Ly. Cowper, Florence, and Annabel; Florence (Dolly) engaged to Auberon Herbert (rather she than I!); a very nice brother of said Auberon, Alan, who was in practice as physician in Paris and staid there thro' the siege; Mr. Dicky Doyle; Lord Ralph Kerr; the Cowper-Temples; Mr. Newton of the British Museum; Mr. W. Harcourt, as disagreeable and sardonic as usual.

BOOK XII

AUGUST 1871—NOVEMBER 1874

INTRODUCTION TO BOOK XII

Lady Frederick's life in this volume gets more and more occupied and crowded. Social pleasures and duties still occupy a great deal of time, especially as she frequently undertakes the duty of chaperoning not only her younger sisters but also her cousin, Gertrude Glynne. This, with political and other parties, in itself makes a fairly full life. Here is the record of a single week, chosen at random, in May, 1872. Monday, Ball at Mrs. Ralli's. Tuesday, party at the Gladstones' in the afternoon to hear a Mr. Pennington read Shakespeare; another party later at Buckingham Palace to meet the German Empress. Wednesday, dinner at Lord Brownlow's; evening party ("drum") at Lady Louisa Mills's; ball at Lady Bristol's. Thursday, breakfast at the Gladstones' to meet the King of the Belgians; "drum" at Devonshire House. Friday, ball at Bridgewater House. Saturday, dinner party at her father's house. And these things were only one side of her activities. She rides in the park with her husband most days. On the Monday of this week she went to St. George's in the East Workhouse and to the London Hospital. The Thursday was Ascension Day, and she and her husband went to church in the morning, and she again by herself in the evening. On the Saturday she went to the Academy. The only thing uncharacteristic in this week is the small amount of charitable work it includes. The Monday East-End engagement is invariable, but there are generally others beside. In many or most of these good works she was a disciple and colleague of her beloved and wonderful aunt, Mrs. Gladstone, with whom of course she also shared family and political interests and activities. They were in

some respects remarkably alike, though Lady Frederick was not quite so unmethodical and haphazard as Mrs. Gladstone, whose doings of all sorts were a series of erratic surprises incalculable beforehand even to her nearest friends. Her daughter, Mrs. Drew, has expressed the wonder that they did not drive wild a man so busy and so methodical as Mr. Gladstone. But somehow or other, as is well known, the harmony between the husband, whose life was built on order and exact information, and the wife, whose life may almost be said to have been built on disorder and inaccuracy, was always beautifully perfect. And between the less contrasted aunt and niece there was an almost equally wonderful union. Mrs. Drew once wrote in a letter to Lady Frederick: "But what strikes me afresh and anew is how marvellously, miraculously, you jumped with her, crept with her, flew with her. Whatever her pace, you kept up; whatever she needed, there you were, living, so to speak, in her pocket, always ready to fall in with her, and dovetail, and swap butlers, and supply meals, beds, cooks, or carriages at a moment's notice. Was ever a miraculous aunt so blessed with a miraculous niece? And Freddy, who might have been driven crazy, loved it, revelled in it, enjoyed it to the hilt. Can't you see his wink and hers?"

This miraculously dovetailing intimacy in private affairs and public is written all over the later volumes of the Diary. In some ways, of course, the aunt and niece were very different. Lady Frederick possessed a hundred times as much of the knowledge that is to be got from books as Mrs. Gladstone. Mrs. Gladstone could not for her life have written such pages of this volume as those, for instance, which state the case against public recitation of the Athanasian Creed, or, where Lady Frederick was still more at home, the case, partly political and partly ecclesiastical, against the Nonconformist position on the Burials Bill, or that against the Radical and Secularist as well as Non-

conformist attitude towards the Voluntary Schools. If political issues were decided by reason and logic, it seems to me, at any rate, that no one can read what she says so clearly and forcibly on these questions without feeling that her case is unanswerable. But of course political issues can never be decided by reason: only by so much reason as the prejudices of unreasoning people will submit to. And Lady Frederick could not even convert her own husband to the policy of resisting the Burials Bill: nor has the unreason of passing it led to any particular trouble, whereas the reasonable course of not passing it would almost certainly have produced mischievous results.

Lord Frederick is seen in this volume beginning his official career. He became private secretary to Mr. Gladstone in July, 1872, and a Lord of the Treasury in August, 1873. It is characteristic of the patriarchal manners of those times that Lady Frederick writes: "Of course F. can't accept without asking the Duke, so went off to Holker this evening." He was then nearly 37! Gladstone at first thought of making him Whip; but Lady Frederick was no doubt wiser than her uncle when she judges him to be not quick enough for the work of a Whip, beside being too scrupulous and perhaps too inclined to enthusiasm; neither of them qualities convenient in the Whips' Office.

The three years of this volume show the Gladstone Ministry in ever-increasing difficulties, deserved and undeserved, till they culminate in the defeat of 1874. At that election Frederick Cavendish was for the first time opposed; and Lady Frederick seems greatly to have enjoyed the excitements of the election, though the wives of modern candidates will greatly envy her the little or no part she was herself, in those unfeminine days, called upon to play. Her only grievance was that in the hospitable and well-feeding manufacturers' houses in which they stayed there was never an easy-chair in her bedroom and seldom a book anywhere!

The private events recorded in this volume include the deaths of her two Glynne uncles, and of her husband's uncle, Lord Richard Cavendish, to whom—partly because, unlike most Cavendishes, he was a strong High Churchman—she was greatly attached; and the marriage of her cousin, Agnes Gladstone, to Dr. Wickham, Head Master of Wellington and afterwards Dean of Lincoln. Sir Stephen Glynne was the last Glynne owner of the Hawarden estate. When the estate, years before, had become involved and was in danger of being compulsorily sold, Mr. Gladstone had made an arrangement with his two brothers-in-law to purchase the reversion, "not for himself but for one of his sons," as Lady Frederick says; "it being a hobby of his not to deprive a father of a hold over his sons"; and accordingly the property[1] now passed to W. H. Gladstone, on condition of his giving the use of house and grounds to his mother for life: and, as is well known, both Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone lived there to the end of their lives, long outliving their eldest son.

Other social and personal details to be found here are a Royal visit to Chatsworth and several Royal functions in London; a long visit to the West Indies paid by the diarist and her husband, in which her delight in the scenery is not more conspicuous than her constant interest in all she could learn of the progress of the negroes and of the educational, religious, and philanthropic institutions of the islands; the appearance of the game of lawn tennis, which begins to be frequently mentioned; and a visit to Scotland, where she had never been before, during which they stayed at various great houses, including Inveraray and Dunrobin, at the latter of which they found an uncongenially smart party, so that she wrote to her sister Meriel: "Do you know, or don't you, a gaunt feeling of being an odd sheep in a party and of being blunt-nosed and

[1] The whole transaction is fully related in Morley's "Life of Gladstone," vol. i, p. 340.

ill-dressed, and not as high-bred as one could wish ?" Here again, as in the last volume, we get some details about the grouse at Bolton which may interest shooters. The grand total of grouse killed in 1871 is given as 14,278 ; in 1873, on the other hand, she mentions on August 12th that "all the grouse are dead." She records to the glory of her brother Charles that in 1871 he killed 1,000 birds all but four ; and to the shame of others that on August 22nd of that year her husband shot his father, and on August 23rd Colonel Sturt shot Mr. Cowper ; in view of which one is not surprised to read that she and Lady Edward were extremely alarmed a few days later when they were caught in a fog close by the shooting party and heard guns popping near them. A final tiny detail is that in this volume a "breakfast" is at last called, what it had long been, a "garden-party."

DIARY, AUGUST 1871—OCTOBER 1874

LONDON, *Tuesday, August 1st,* 1871.—My Fred and I had a nice galloping ride in the cool of the day after 7.

LONDON, *August 2nd,* 1871.—Our last tête-à-tête dinner. Eye Infirmary: farewell reading. Abbey. Drove with Atie. P. to Ld. Townshend's school at Chelsea, where I have a Limehouse girl; thence to an Infant School treat of Stephy's in Lambeth: 200 children to tea at a total cost of abt. 30*s.*!! Yesterday the faithful Briggs drove Atie. P. and me to see the Clapham Incurable Hospital.

BOLTON ABBEY, *Monday, August 14th,* 1871.—Great Crookrise day: marvellous shooting. Frank had 102 birds at luncheon time: total bag, 948 birds.

BOLTON, *Monday, August 21st,* 1871.—Saw the dear old Jenkinson couple, who always remind me of the "Hampshire Cottage"—the old man bent stiff and double, the old woman entirely crippled and helpless with rheumatism, but both cheerful and wrapt up in each other.

BOLTON, *Tuesday, August 22nd,* 1871.—We all went up to luncheon at Lords Stoup, but cd. not come in for a drive. Had a hideous adventure coming home with an unfortunate wounded grouse whom in Christian charity we were forced to kill, and which had more lives than a cat and more blood than an ox.

BOLTON, *Friday, August 25th,* 1871.—Sarina James is engaged to be married to Arthur Godley,[1] son of

[1] Afterwards Mr. Gladstone's private secretary; and now Lord Kilbracken.

Papa's dear old friend, and a brilliantly clever, delightful fellow.

Bolton, *Tuesday, August 29th*, 1871.—Dear old Charles went, having killed 1,000 birds all but 4.

Bolton, *Wednesday, August 30th*, 1871.—Poor Cavendish is not in good shooting trim after his endless grind in London and Ireland, and left off after luncheon.

Holker, *Wednesday, September 6th*, 1871.—A great Holker day indeed !—the thought of which must long have haunted Mr. Drewry's dreams by night as it has absorbed his [thoughts] every day—a great sale of shorthorns. We got ourselves up beautifully, and all the place was alive with visitors ; amongst others in the " ring " were Lds. Bective, Feversham, Skelmersdale, and Dunmore, and all went off with flying colours. Forty-five animals were sold for over £10,000—averaging more than £200 each. One cow went for 1,005 gs., one bull for 1,000—the bulls were the worst to sell. The Speaker (who came here last night) bid with great solemnity, and got two creatures. The poor ghost of the burnt wing has vanished into heaps of rubbish, which the workmen are sorting.

Holker, *Thursday, September 7th*, 1871.—The Eddies, the Duke, and we went to pay our respects to Barrow and show it off to the Hugh Smiths, whom we pickt up at Furness Abbey. The jute mills are roofed and 60 machines are already up in the weaving shed, to be at work next month. We went on to Barrow Island, where shipbuilding sheds are getting up, and a keel is actually laid down. Rows of wooden huts for workmen have had to be run up here, as cottages were badly wanted to lodge masons, and masons to build cottages ! Mr. Smith in the wing made our blood run cold by describing the awful inflammableness of jute which generates heat in the core of each bale to a horrid extent, unbeknown, of course.

Holker, *September 10th*, 1871. *14th Sunday after Trinity.*—A terrible tragedy has happened, the death of the young Duchess of S. Albans of fever a fortnight after her confinement. The brightest and most winning

of creatures in the full tide of earthly happiness. She was everything to poor Mrs. Grey [1] and her young sisters—herself only 22. And that poor little Duke left with 3 tiny children.

LISMORE, *September 24th*, 1871. *16th Sunday after Trinity.*—Lovely and delightsome weather. The meagre be-stuccoed Cathedral, with its frightful pews placed all sorts of ways, but principally so as to turn people's backs on the altar, the pulpit elevated like an object of worship at the end; the scattered genteel congregation, the ranting clergyman with his two insufferably bad extempore prayers, and the dumb and dead service: all this was very painful. Thank God, the Prayer Book is the Prayer Book, however! Also there were one or two pretty hymns. Two unsatisfactory clergy have to be kept on here till one or both die or go, when the new arrangements will come into force, and supply the Church, it is to be hoped, with one good man, which is all that is wanted. What a confusion one gets into trying to think what ought to be the National (I don't mean the Established) Church. There is none at present. The Roman is an usurpation, as it is everywhere, and here especially dating from Henry II, on whose behalf the ancient Irish Ch. was clean stamped out by the Pope. Ours is equally alien; and it seems to me that the best thing to hope is that the Roman Cath. priesthood in Ireland will follow in Döllinger's steps, throw off the Papal tyranny and gradually reform itself. But what a dream that is!

HAGLEY, *October 8th*, 1871. *18th Sunday after Trinity.*—I went to the Early Communion, which I do not often do; it is strange, but personally I do greatly prefer the noon-day celebration. My health is so good and I am so entirely unaffected one way or the other by food and hours of meals that it is no help to me, spiritually, to communicate fasting; and the long morning service is what I seem to want to put my mind and soul in tune. And here there are so sadly

[1] The Duchess was the daughter of General Grey, Private Secretary to Queen Victoria. She was a first cousin of Sybella Lady Lyttelton, their mothers having both been daughters of Sir Thomas Farquhar, Bart.

few at the early Celebration that it was all over in too short a time.

HAGLEY, *Saturday, October 14th*, 1871.—Darling old Tallee and At. Y. came. Tallee has been looking at old letters at Althorp; found strangely few of Granny's, but, among others, one from the Beautiful Duchess of Dev.[1] to her parents, written soon after her marriage, from Hardwick, speaking in a childlike way of her enjoyment of the place, and how there was no fear but that she would be happy in a simple country life. Poor creature! how different was her future! Her wretched profligate husband living openly with her own friend, in her own home; she herself driven into gambling and at last into terrible sin; but I believe sincerely repenting at last.

BOLTON, *Saturday, SS. Simon and Jude.*—Old Nevy 26 to-day. Rained steadily and nastily with little cessation. The Dauntless Duke and his faithful few went up manfully to the moors nevertheless; but first Eddy, then Frank and Mr. Strutt, sneaked home! Mr. S. had lamed his thumb; N.B. Charles and Mr. Coore, I verily believe, enjoyed themselves.

BOLTON, *Monday, October 30th*, 1871.—Grand total, 14,273 head. We got to Chatsworth at dinner.

ON BOARD THE "ELBE,"[2] *Monday, November 20th*, 1871.—I did pretty well, though still unhappy dressing, and finding food a bitter necessity. Poor F. worse than me, Sir Thos.[2] wusserer, Ly. B. wusserest.

Tuesday, November 21st, 1871.—I am well and cheerful! and getting a little hungry; luncheon and dinner below. Here we are in heavenly weather and hot sun; the sea indulging in a great slow rolling swell which

[1] The "beautiful Duchess" was Georgiana Spencer, wife of the 5th Duke of Devonshire. She left a letter to her children, written in blood, saying, "Do not think hardly of your mother! I was a Duchess at 17, a beauty, and the fashion." Lady Louisa Egerton, Lady Frederick's sister-in-law, had a great affection for her memory and was convinced that her sins were much fewer than has sometimes been asserted. Of her beauty, and its effects, there are many stories. Lady Louisa remembered an old woman saying of her: "You could have lit a candle at her eyes."

[2] Lord and Lady Frederick sailed for the West Indies on November 17th. "Sir Thos." is Sir Thomas Briggs.

keeps some folks miserable still; but it is grand. I sat some time on the stern, with the feeling of riding a glorious soft-paced horse. The lovely boundlessness of the sea is awful to me, and the sight of a seagull or a sail a curious delight.

Friday, November 24th, 1871.—We are getting very comfortable, and curl ourselves round on board wonderfully. It is truly strange that one bears up as one does against the remarkable proceedings that take place before the dawn. Heavy trucks full of chains and broken crockery appear to be rattled full speed overhead with an occasional triumphant upset of the whole concern; the engines are seized with dreadful prolonged snores and the poor ducks in the midst of the hurly-burly keep up a confidential querulous quacking. The same symptoms (only not so aggravated) occur about 9 p.m.

Saturday, November 25th, 1871.—Rocked all day in smooth waters and indescribable soft loveliness. The sunset from the bows never to be forgotten, the gorgeous colour semi-circling the placid sea; the full moon on the other side silvering the whole atmosphere and bringing great diamonds out of the rippling waves; the deep softness of the night advancing over the immense vault and folding like wings over the western glory, while, wherever the moon was not all-prevailing, the stars burned and throbbed. All the time the ship's motion was hardly perceptible, and yet she was pressing onward with mighty resistless power as if into the very heart of the sunset. This day and night alone is almost worth coming for.

Tuesday, November 28th, 1871.—The excellent Captain told me the most bewildering things abt. the compass and the effect produced upon the needle by the iron of the ship: the newest dodge to counteract it is putting 2 magnets at the foot of each compass-stand at right angles to each other. Exactly like conscience striving against temptation! and like it, alack! in being only an imperfect safeguard.

Friday, December 1st, 1871.—While it was still too dark to make out anything clearly, the breeze brought

a delightful aromatic smell to us, like the dear Great House [1] at Chatsworth, and what a thought, that we are coming into a region that is all Great House ! . . . Feasted our eyes on the endless novelty and wonder of everything. Black babies and children with nothing on but tiny white shirts. Some of them black, hideous, and ape-like enough to put Darwin into ecstasies ; but others have very nice faces.

KINGSTON, *Tuesday, December 5th*, 1871.—We drove up to Capt. Cooper's to hear what we had better go and see, and he sent us a glorious drive down by the sea-coast. The sun too hot to be borne without shade, though we got back by 9.30 ; but moving through the air we were quite cool and the beauty was indescribable. The first thing that struck one all of a heap was the common roadside hedges being made of huge cacti ! We saw a humming-bird. Coming home to breakfast (which didn't come off till past 11, for we did our drive on a cup of coffee and a banana), we got into a state of mind at hearing nothing from the Governor, to whom we sent our letters of introduction yesterday ; however, at 12 a delightful A.D.C. turned up of the name of Capt. Lanyon,[2] who proved to have been a Bromsgrove boy and to have played formerly in the great Stourbridge and Bromsgrove matches agst various brothers of mine, and to have heard of the famous Lyttelton 11 match ! He took possession of us, and carried us off to see the Lunatic Asylum and Penitentiary. The Asylum the most admirable thing I ever saw, under Dr. Allen, who found it in '64 in the most fearful state of filth and mismanagement and has got it into perfect order. Thirty-seven per cent. of the patients are cured, though only dangerous maniacs are admitted : everyone does work of some sort or other, and so much money is made thereby that the whole cost per head a week, including every expense, is *7s.* and a few pence. We saw them at dinner, men and women in the same shed at separate tables, waited upon by patients, with perfect order and quiet : Grace beautifully sung and most touching to hear. No punishments, no padded

[1] I.e., of course, the great Hot-house.
[2] Afterwards Sir Owen Lanyon.

rooms ; the most violent are put for a short time when they break out into railed spaces in the open air, and that is all the physical restraint used.

Captain Lanyon after this packt off Shepherd and the luggage in a carriage (N.B. we ought only to have brought a portmanteau between us in the way of heavy luggage), and we shortly followed in another and drove off to the mountains. After mounting for an hour, we got upon horses that were waiting for us and rode the rest of the way, about 2½ miles. It is quite impossible to describe this wonderful and glorious ride, but I do trust we shall never forget it : the great crumpled mountain-spurs clothed with astonishing vegetation from base to summit, the splendid colouring, the delicious air, and then soft night-fall and fireflies. The luggage went up this last stage on the heads of negroes ! At last we came into a clean little bungalow of a house all open doors and windows, and were kindly received by Sir John Grant, a big nice Scotchman. Civilised dressing and dinner very nice ! The only other guests are certain Hutchins's ; he came about irrigation business.

Craigton, *Friday, December 8th*, 1871.—Capt. L. rode with us to Middleton, a coffee plantation of the Duke of Buckingham's, and we saw the clean, pleasant process of preparing the berry. Strings of ladies with attendant gentlemen were going goose-file down the precipitous bridle-paths in correct Rotten Row get-up, chimney-pots and all, on their way to a ball. I felt sadly unfashionable in my short serge habit and loose jacket ; but 'twas surely more sensible. The Governor is very fond of his garden, and showed off an *Amherstia* with great pride ; the only one he has got to grow here.

Monday, December 11th, 1871.—Our only quarrel with the life in this lovely fairyland is that they treat one in too English a fashion : English hours and English food and English dinner parties at 8 ! We were 12 at dinner to-night ; however, one is glad to see people and pick their brains. Mr. Brooks took us to see the school, a nice little building, with a view of views from its open door, and delightful air coming thro'

the unglazed jalousied windows. The creatures sat all round the walls—black, brown, coffee-colour, yellow, sallow, white; but the quite black much predominate, and are very comical and rather bewitching at 3 or 4 arrayed in one skimp white garment, with a bright handkerchief round their noddles. The schoolmaster (a black one trained at Mico) seemed both modest and intelligent; the reading and writing of the best children were quite up to an English average, and the arithmetic not bad. They say there is no difficulty in getting the parents to send their children or to pay the 1*d.* a week fee; but industrial teaching is only just beginning to go down, as they say "Pickaninny no slave—no learn to work."

Tuesday, December 12*th*, 1871.—Came down with the Governor to Kingston for the races; rather funny my seeing my 1st race in Jamaica! The barefooted jockeys ride like monkeys and lash the unhappy horses furiously the whole time. The sight was worth coming for of the merry, gaudy swarms of people; the blackest and ugliest women being sure to be arrayed in yellow, green, and red, with absurd little hats and woolly chignons. There were various small rows and one broken head; but not a drunken person to be seen. Good old Capt. Cooper and his sister gave us a handsome luncheon. We were surprised at the absence of anything like state; but Sir J. can't abide it; he drove into the town in the usual rattletrap, buggy-like carriage and there was no reception; only the band struck up "God save the Queen" as he walked out of the stand. The dear old music was pathetic to hear, for, as we reached the ground, a telegram was given to the Governor announcing that the Prince of Wales's life was despaired of yesterday. A bewildering and awful event.

Mahogany Hall, *Friday, December* 15*th*, 1871.—We met large numbers of well-to-do well-dressed black people streaming down the mountain with loads of fruit, yams, plantains, bananas, etc., on their heads or on mules, it being market day; all of them, I believe, small freeholders. What I like in the people is their

cheerful, friendly civility: "Good marnin', missis—Good marnin', Squire!" (to Mr. F.[1]) on all occasions.

Orange Valley, *December* 16*th*, 1871.—At dinner (which was very good) Mr. Kerr broke into some excitement and much perspiration abt. Govr. Eyre: all the planters strongly side with him as far as we have seen; Mr. Royes alone allowing with any candour that the violent measures went on too long. Mr. K. cd. say nothing to the query why 400 blacks were to be put to death in return for 20 whites and after the Govr.'s own official declaration that the rising was quelled: a pause ensued, and he cd. only repeat that the Govr. has saved all the white lives in the Colony. I can't help a creep at the evident implication that 400 blacks may well die in revenge for 20 whites: it reminds one of the expression of Legree in "Uncle Tom's Cabin": "After all, what a fuss for a dead nigger!"

Hermitage, *December* 17*th*, 1871.—These people are very kind and pleasant, if only they wd. not (some of them) talk of the blacks with the true old slave-holder sort of contempt: whether justified or not by facts, it comes with the worst of grace from any English people, whose forefathers have most of the evils to answer for, having held the poor creatures enslaved, and forbidden their education.

Monday, December 18*th*, 1871.—These little houses are very primitive: one sleeps under unceiled shingle roofs, with unglazed windows fitted only with jalousies; and these and all the other arrangements make them delightfully cool. We hear various views and opinions. Mr. Royes does without coolies, and is frantic at the proposal to defray a larger proportion than is now defrayed of the expenses of immigration, out of general taxation. He manages his negro population with peculiar tact apparently, for he gets them to work for him all the year round; how, is a mystery, or indeed how anybody gets any regular work done for wages; the negroes being able to *live* even on small acre or half-acre freehold plots; and to do well on larger ones, which they seem able to buy at a cheaper rate than they

[1] A Mr. Fisher, their host.

can rent them. This must be a great nuisance to the owners of large estates, whose sugar spoils at certain seasons if kept waiting; but I don't see how they can expect people to work for them who can be independent. Mr. Kerr and Mr. Cooke go in for coolies; and Mrs. K. has a darling pretty little dot of an Indian boy of 8 in training for a house servant; he waited famously and seemed as tractable as an angel. The coolies keep quite separate from the negroes; when they are of high caste, they are troublesome from their customs, but low-caste ones seem only to object to having anything to do with beef, and their children gradually get over this. No regular attempt is made at Christianizing them, but they are glad to be educated by whites. One instance we have heard of a coolie marrying a brown girl.

Giddy Hall, *Wednesday, December 20th*, 1871.—Up among the hills again to —— Hall in a lovely situation; but a horrible fate was ours—our host, Mr. ——, a coarse-looking man, received us at 6, so drunk that he could not speak plain. Mercifully another Farquharson and wife, nice people, dined and kept things decent; but it was the most dreadful evening I ever underwent. Thank God I have never before seen a gentleman in such a condition; it gives me a horror and creep beyond words.

On Board the "Arno," *January 1st*, 1872.—England has just passed (as we trust) safely through a great and touching crisis. The English packet, the *Nile*, brought us letters and papers up to the 16th; all are full of the P. of Wales; the feeling most deep and universal. In many places, before the very worst, the National Anthem and "God bless the P. of Wales" have been sung with immense fervour; business and festivities have been suspended everywhere; thousands have crowded to read the bulletins issued every few hours, and any reassuring ones have been received with cheers. The Archbp. of Canterbury sent very beautiful prayers by telegraph to all parts of the country on Saturday the 9th; the first great alarm was felt on the 8th, and the Prince, the Queen, and Prss. were prayed

for in all churches and nearly every meeting-house on Sunday: one most touching thing is that the Fire-worshippers in India had special prayers for him. The poor little Princess has been watching and nursing night and day, and the Queen and Prss. Alice have been constantly with him. On Sunday the 10th there was a slight improvement and the Prss. wrote to the Sandringham clergyman in these words: "My husband is better, and I am coming to church. I must watch with my husband, and therefore must leave before the end of the service. Cannot you say a few words for him in prayer early in the service, that I may join with you in prayer for him?" She just crept into church, stayed till the Litany began. Certain wretched Republican addresses have been summarily extinguished by the roughest means; Odger has been pelted and bonneted, and disloyal speeches drowned by the National Anthem. But indeed the extreme Radicals have mostly shown good and respectful feeling, like the rest of the country. Ireland is full of sympathy. There was a superstitious fear about the 14th proving the fatal day, it being the anniversary of the P. Consort's death 10 years ago; and the poor P. of Wales passed it in a struggle between life and death: bronchitis came on a day or two before and he was in constant imminent danger of choking. Towds. the morning of the 15th, however, sickness seems to have relieved him, he was able to sleep, and slow improvement set in. Thank God.

Governor's House, Barbados, *January 4th*, 1872.—Most affably received by the good-natured pursy Governor Rawson, and pleasantly lodged in a clean white temple of the winds looking out upon a very pretty garden. Sir Graham Briggs, with all his blushing honours fresh upon him, came here with us, and was beyond kind in seeing after our luggage and ourselves; we drove with him in the evening along the coast, and very refreshing and enjoyable I found it to have nothing beautiful to look at, only the pleasant curious sight, so utterly unlike Jamaica or Santa Cruz, of excessive cultivation and swarming population. The people are far more ragged than in Jamaica, stark naked children

being common; the numbers are such that they are forced to work for the lowest wages or starve, and thousands ought by hook or crook to be emigrated to S. Lucia or even Jamaica, so as to force up wages and bring about a more decent state of things. However, all looks thriving, and one can't pity nakedness in this climate as one would in England. There is a ceaseless cool breeze and the Gov. announced wintry weather, viz. therm. down to 81! Darling Mother Keble [1] 23 to-day.

FARLEY HILL, *January 5th*, 1872.—The Govr. showed off his wonderful shells and other sea-creatures yesterday. Sir G. B. bore us off, and Dismal,[2] in the early morning, and we arrived at his house, Farley Hill, about 10.30. Odd to say, we were treated to an impromptu and highly regal reception: triumphal arches, all the population turning out, and general excitement. We are told the chief enthusiasm is over F. as "a Lord"; a Lady being of course a comparatively humdrum being; and disappointment seems to prevail at his wearing a panama hat instead of a gold crown. Greeted by My Lady Briggs and 3 old-maid sisters, two with rather knifey parchment-hued faces; all very kind and pleasant. A bevy of mounted gentlemen escorted us the last mile, who drew forth two neat speeches of a minute apiece from Sir G. B. and F. Delightful cool house in only two stories; drawing-rooms opening into each other with doorless doorways and the incessant warm breeze blowing everywhere; wide corridor running round the whole.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *January 9th*, 1872.—Croquet in the evening on a lawn (?) in which the grass grows only in scanty ragged tufts; when you try to break off a blade up comes the whole valuable tuft. It has been showery weather, and altogether the croquet wanted special science.

THE GARDENS, ST. VINCENT, *January 23rd*, 1872.—After luncheon the Govr. took us off with him, and we

[1] Her sister Lavinia, wife of the Warden of Keble.

[2] Mr., afterwards Sir William, Des Voeux, Governor of Hongkong, whom she always called "Dismal Jemmy."

went on board a rowing-boat and had a delightful row of 17 miles along the leeward coast to Wallaboo. Passed a lovely little town called Château Belair, which fired a salute (i.e., the Wesleyan schoolmaster popped off a musket) and hoisted a Union Jack in honour of the Governor; so we pulled in near the shore and made affable bows. Landed at Wallaboo about six and walked up to a nice little house on a hill, which the absent proprietor had had put tidy for us. Its apsidal drawing-room looked out on an enchanting view. Bedroom's only disadvantages a swarm of ants all over the floor, and a handleless door.

Convn. of S. Paul. *Thursday.*—A day of days! We got up at 5 and tried not to mind the fierce short storms of rain that kept pelting down, and sure enough all was bright when we set forth at 7, Governor and F. on mules ("the Colonel" and "Sophia") and I on a pony called no less than "Grace." We went up a valley whose mountain-sides were all that Kingsley described in "At Last," the special glories being masses of tree-ferns climbing nearly from top to bottom, groves of the splendid wild plantain (?) and other wonderful large-leaved things. The whole extent of wood and bush was all overgrown by lovely creepers which ran riot in all directions and seemed only to glorify what was dead or decaying, as well as what was living and lovely. We wound out of the valley on to a high narrow ridge, which opened to us an equally wonderful valley on the other side; and as we went on, we got into the glorious thick of the vegetation, so that one had to push aside the long plantain leaves on either hand and ride under the shadow of the ferns. The track became truly surprising; the rides near Craigton wd. have been highways; and Sophia and Grace, being weedy creatures, gave out at the worst bits. I was therefore promoted to the Colonel and the gentlemen rode and tied as best they might. When we got upon the higher ground of the Souffrière it was odd to see tropical vegetation reduced to regular scrub; the air chilly from damp (for we got into a cloud); nevertheless bewitching little humming-birds were to be seen, and we heard one clear note of a singing bird that might

have been a thrush. At last and unexpectedly we came upon the great crater surrounded by precipitous banks of great height, clothed to the very edge of the basin, which was filled with still green water exactly like a sheet of jade. Beyond this, the cloud thickened, so that we looked in vain down into the Carib country; and settled to turn back. Indeed we had seen enough to last one's life; and the ride back was just doubling it. The Colonel was an extraordinary creature and took me down impossible rocks and perpendicular slides, to the admiration of all beholders. The last mile or two it got very hot; and joyful it was to get back at 12, and enjoy tub and breakfast. Then the smooth delicious row back to Kingstown, diversified by a sweet nap. An urgent message came to Mr. Rennie[1] at Wallaboo from Château Belair, imploring him to land on his way back; so he and F. went ashore, where all the people were gathered in high excitement. Wonderfully pretty it looked, and to be remembered hereafter in one's dreams of fair and distant scenes; the many-coloured group on the shore, with flags flying over them; the village over-shadowed with palms; the lovely deep green ravines and mountains beyond, and our little boat rocking on the blue water. As the Governor landed, the schoolchildren, who were all assembled, struck up "God save the Queen"; how it thrilled through me, to see this loving loyalty for Her rule from these utmost isles of the sea!

On Board the "Nile" going Home, *January 29th*, 1872.—I carry away rather conflicting notions of the negroes. Sir J. C. Grant won't have it that they are lazy; and indeed it does not look like it in Jamaica, where so many of the settlers do well, carrying their produce miles to market, and often looking thoroughly thriving and comfortable. On the other hand, in Barbados they don't work, if they can help it, more than three or four days a week on the estates, though this can only just keep body and soul together; and they will get their wives to do even this for them if possible. These people don't seem to have any wish to make

[1] Governor of St. Vincent.

money; so that they can just live they seem perfectly happy, and look so, it must be confessed. In St. Vincent we heard the same, and there they have a frightful amount of bankruptcy; but I do believe a fair trial given in the way of promising higher wages to good continuous work might be found to have an effect. There is such jealousy on the part of the planters at the blacks becoming independent, that one does not easily hear more than one side of the question; they delight in calling all the small settlers "squatters," though that word only properly applies to people living on patches of ground to which they have no title. I fancy that those who only own an acre do fall into lazy uncivilised habits, being able to get a mere living out of the ground with little exertion, and nothing else; but one can hardly doubt that those who own more are doing well, and improving, at all events in Jamaica. We saw one good stone house in two stories, with verandah, etc., on Mr. Cooke's estate, built and owned by a black man, and heard of similar cases. But tho' Mr. C. showed it off with some pride, he would not allow that one ought to take it as an encouraging sign; but only as exceptional. As to old General Monro at Barbados, he is a frantic negro hater, abusing all squatters as lazy, selfish savages. When I remarked that one could hardly wonder at people's preferring independence when they could get it, and that in England one rather thought the better of a labourer who had raised himself, he said the negroes should have more public spirit, and should be willing to sacrifice their own interests to the general good of the Colonies; and cited as examples they ought to rival the devoted public-spirited M.P.s in England!!! (Not so very numerous either, I fear.) Now, with all my good opinion of Sambo, I think this is expecting a good deal of him, poor creature; even granting that his continuing an estate labourer at a fixed wage to the end of time is the beau ideal for all parties.

On Board the "Nile," *Tuesday, February 6th*, 1872. —Another tumbling night, and F., going on deck before breakfast, came down to warn me off; for behold a real, true, glorious gale was blowing. We had left a crack open in our port-hole at night, and about

3.30 a.m. in popped a sea, cold-pigging me on the side of my head, and doing some little mischief to clothes, etc. I went with F. when I was dressed to the top of the saloon staircase. At that minute a small stay-sail broke away from its block, and as they hauled it down, we saw the wind split it right up. At breakfast a grand country dance of everything on the table took place: F.'s plate, well laden with half-picked turkey bones, *skum* across full against his opposite neighbour's portly waistcoat, overleaping fiddles and a dish of salt fish. Shortly after came a mighty thump against the ship's side which made me think, though I knew it was impossible, that we had struck; but it was only a sea which proceeded to pour through the skylights souse on to my back; cold pig the second, very chilly and surprising. Poor D. J.[1] disappeared from sight. After luncheon we again went to the top of the staircase, and I remained a long time, making the most of this my 1st sight of a storm at sea. The ship is said to behave beautifully, and indeed one can see that she does, even with inexperienced eyes. Looking forward to the bows, one could see her curtseying and bounding over the great hills and valleys of water, running away from the green monsters that pursued her: the sail set square and straining before the wind. While I was there, two great seas came sweeping over the decks, and plunging down the hatchways into the regions below; then out shone a beautiful rainbow straight ahead of us. Below, it certainly is not very agreeable; the mighty lurches endangering heads and limbs; the screw getting out of the water and whirling and thumping; and the ship giving long shudders now and then as if she really could not stand it any longer; creaks, crashes, and roarings *ad libitum*. But I am very glad to have seen the glorious sight above. On the lower deck it is wonderful to look through the ports and see oneself under the sea every few seconds.

London, *Thursday, February 22nd,* 1872.—Dined at Portl. Pl.,[2] meeting Ly. A. Compton, Helen Gladstone,

[1] I.e. Dismal Jemmy.

[2] Her father's house.

Mr. Strutt, the handsome and love-lorn Hubert Parry, who may not marry his Maude Herbert for a long while, viewing [1] money; darling King Alfred, etc. Nice music and singing.

London, *Friday, February 23rd,* 1872.—The W. E.G.'s dined with us: he had a regular scrimmage last night over a Parks Bill: Mr. Hardy rather inexcusably leading off with sharp party accusations, Dizzy maliciously seizing the opportunity for tickling up Uncle W. with a straw, Mr. Harcourt "posing as tribune of the roughs," and the lot amongst them getting sad rises out of the Prime Minister, who never *will* learn [2] the right moments for silent contempt or calm snubs. In spite of all this, however, and the many more important vexations and anxieties ahead, Uncle W. plunged *con amore* into Jamaican politics and told us of his father's odd will leaving his sugar estates, when they were at the lowest ebb of value, to be divided inalienably among his four daughters-in-law! His sons desired only to sell these shares to their brother Robertson; but could not do so legally; and Uncle W. was advised that his only dodge was to put a clause into his own will disinheriting anybody who should dispute the sale! The Gov. Eyre topic came up, and it was interesting to see Uncle W.'s intense feeling against the panic style of putting down black risings—the more striking as coming from the son of a canny old slaveholder. He told us of certain terrible reprisals in Cephalonia upon the subject race that had got up a row many years ago—his whole countenance full of wrath and pain. "The English are not a humane people," he said with great emphasis.

London, *Tuesday, February 27th,* 1872.—The day of Thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales. He accompanied the Queen, who went in state to S. Paul's. Oh, what a never-to-be-forgotten day it has been! I for one had prayed for fine weather, so dreadful would it have been if it had rained; and thank God

[1] Appendix A.

[2] The same incapacity to ignore attacks meant only to "draw" him caused great loss of time in his later Ministries.

it was a fair February day, with occasional bright gleams of sunshine. The Talbots and we went by river from the Parliament Quay, where a select little mob of Peers and Commons were pouring down the stairs and embarking in beflagged steamers. The progress was swift and dignified and we landed at S. Paul's Wharf and got to our places without any difficulty. But would that we had driven, as it turned out we might well have done. Such a sight can never have been seen before. From Buckingham Palace up Pall Mall and the Strand thro' the City to the Cathedral was one mighty multitude and one continued acclamation. The Queen and Prince sat in one carriage, with the Prss. of Wales, Princess Beatrice, and little Prince Edward bodkin: the other Princes were in another carriage with little Prince George. There were nine other carriages, including the new Speaker (Mr. Brand) in a gorgeous coach, and the Ld. Chancellor: the Queen had 8 horses and there were troops and guards of honour. We meanwhile waited patiently for 2 hours under the dome, watching the 13,000 people gradually fill the grand Cathedral—choir, nave, transepts, and galleries. A few minutes before 1 was heard that most thrilling sound—the National Anthem coming nearer and nearer and, as the bands outside ceased, being taken up by the organ, as the procession entered the great West door. The Queen leant on the Prince's arm; he held his eldest son's hand: on the Queen's left was the Princess leading Prince George: the others followed. There was a short pause while they took their places at the junction of the nave with the transepts, then the choir broke forth into the Te Deum. Never before had I realised what a Psalm of Thanksgiving it is, and most beautiful and moving were the words specially dwelt upon by the music: "Also the Holy Ghost, *the Comforter*," and "When Thou hadst overcome *the sharpness of death*."

All was ended within an hour. Those who were near the Queen and Prince were struck with their devout look and behaviour: the dear Princess was in tears during the special thanksgiving prayer—thinking no doubt of that cry for mercy in which she used to

join when she cd. leave him for a few minutes in that fight between life and death. The dear Queen sang the hymn with all her heart. When it was over, the great congregation dispersed very easily, many staying to look at the Cathedral. Noble and grand it always looks to me indeed—its proportions so perfect, that I found S. Peter's did not at all spoil me for it. But it does call out for decoration, and a great subscription will be started from this day. The Queen gives £1,000, the Prince £500.

I coaxed F. to drive with me along Oxford Street after dinner; the illuminations and decorations were famous, and the crowds were very well behaved and in high delight.

London, *Friday, March 1st*, 1872.—A crazy attack was made on the Queen last night as she came home from a drive by a wretched Irish boy with an old broken unloaded pistol, which he levelled within a foot of her head. It seems he hoped (sanguine![1]) to frighten her into signing a paper he had for the release of the Fenian prisoners; and that he had tried in vain to play this precious trick near S. Paul's on Tuesday. Lucky for him the crowd was too great: he wd. certainly have been set upon by the people and very likely torn to pieces. In a p.s. at the end of this document he begs to be shot, not hung, if he is caught; I fear he will have neither honour, but a sound flogging. The Queen behaved beautifully; she was horribly frightened, and just called out "Save me" to Lady Churchill, who was next to her; but the next thing she did was to beg the guards not to hurt the scamp as he struggled with them; and she then immediately sent off Gen. Hardinge to the Houses of Parlt. to have a proper statement made of the matter, and to prevent panic. Nevertheless some newsboys, I believe, shouted "Assassination of the Queen" about some of the streets. If anything was wanted to send loyalty up to boiling-point, this attempt has done it! Great crowds gathered in the Park when the Queen pluckily drove out this morning in an open carriage with no extra precautions; and

[1] Appendix A.

again to see her go away ; and cheered famously. Little Bertram saw the departure joisted on somebody's shoulder, and announced that he cheered as loud as he cd., which no doubt encouraged Her Mæjesty.

Mr. Birch, the Pr. of Wales' old tutor, saw him since his illness and told ——— how much struck he was with the Prince's improved tone and seriousness ; adding, "I think Lady Lyttelton's early training may be telling now."

London, *Monday, March 4th*, 1872.—Dinner at Dow. Ly. Cowper's. Dufferins, young Cowpers, Evelyn Ashley (his wife at Mentone for her health), Mr. Leveson,[1] hearing with great philosophy the arrival of Ld. Granville's son and heir, just announced, cutting out Mr. Leveson's boy. Said boy, however, seems a good deal more distressed at the abolition of extra weeks at Eton than by his *manqué* prospects. Little Vita Leveson asked her father : "Is it you or Mamma that's going to give me a little brother ? " There were also Ly. Gertrude Talbot, Mr. H. Cowper, etc.

Dean Stanley and Ly. Augusta came in after dinner : the Dean was in his element, and very delightful, talking of the loyal outburst in the country. He said nothing cd. have been imagined more striking than the course of events, and indeed it has been like a drama. The grumbling Republicanism culminating almost in threats, followed by the illness of the Prince, and that illness one so prolonged as to melt all hearts and awaken all sympathies, the devotion of the Queen and Princesses—the turn for the better on the anniversary of his father's death—the great Thanksgiving Day, with its fine weather breaking out after lowering rain and fog : then the attack on the Queen by what wd. seem like the one disloyal hand among three millions, and the fresh rush of loving feeling caused by it and by her courage.

London, *Monday, March 11th*, 1872.—Drawing-room, to which I went with Lou, diverging to the common herd in the Palace and joining M. I thought the dear Queen looked *rayonnante :* she spoke to me.

[1] Hon. Frederick Leveson-Gower, brother of Lord Granville.

A large assortment of monstrous clothes was to be seen; in particular one yellow train over a pink gown.

London, *Monday, March 18th*, 1872.—A cosy scratch dinner of Uncle Dick, Prime Minister and Mrs., Mesd. Talbot and Johnny. Talked Churchums a good deal —it amused me to think, as I listened to Uncle W.'s regular old-fashioned, rather Conservative, and strongly anti-Roman High Churchism, how many Whalley-Newdigateites put him down as a Jesuit in disguise. I had to spend a vast deal of eloquence in Jamaica upon Mrs. Fisher, to get her out of this notion, and doubt if I succeeded. Hot Protestant maukins [1] love to send impudent demands as to whether he is a papist or not, with delicate intimations that mental reservations are probably to be expected of him.

London, *March 24th*, 1872. *Palm Sunday.*—Our 1st Sunday in London. There cd. not have been a much greater contrast than our two Services. S. Martin's with its sleepy decorum and Mr. Humphry's good and sensible, but dry, stiff preaching, and S. Peter's, where we went to hear for the 1st time the now famous Mr. Wilkinson. He adopts something of the Wesley method—arousing, chiding, and appealing, and all with vehement voice and gesture. To my mind it was much of it *painfully painful;* but the force of conviction and love of Christ and of souls is very overpowering and the good he has done is wonderful. It was a mighty, devout congregn., and the hymns were like the roar of waters. It was D. J.[2] (a cousin-in-law of Mr. W.) who got us places: he is himself "under the wand of the enchanter," and in a strange state of suppressed excitement. Mr. W. set him to work to bring round a sceptical communistic publican! So D. J. paid the man a visit; offered him a cigar, and had a good political talk, at the end of which the publican gripped him by the hand, said he had never spoken to a gentleman before, asked leave to have a friend or two in to meet D. J. next time, and to-day came to church with a train of followers!!

Mr. W. after Evensong has a meeting for prayer

[1] Appendix A. [2] I.e. "Dismal Jemmy."

and for seeing people, which is thronged. Some of the worst men among London swells are said to be turning over a new leaf under his influence.

HAGLEY, *Wednesday, April 3rd*, 1872.—My darling Alfred was Confirmed at 3 o'clock by the Bp. of Worcester: the last of Mamma's children has now "put away childish things." These 15 years of his sunny life have been cloudless, loving, innocent; God keep him hereafter from the evil, safe to the end! Dear daddy has told me that during long Communion Services (when he is on his knees the whole time always) he prays for each one of us; and sometimes I can realize, with sweet awfulness, how we are all "children of many prayers," when I see and feel the blessings poured out over us—prayers, one may believe, ascending from the "serene regions of Paradise" as well as from Earth; and then comes the trust that, by the mighty power of prayer, God's loving mercy will bring us all "safe to land."

HOLKER, *Friday, April 5th*, 1872.—The famous Mr. Maurice is just dead; the papers for the most part speak of him with great respect, and indeed I believe he was a true Saint, though perhaps with the misfortune, which seems to belong to some schools of thought, of inspiring his disciples with his errors rather than his truths.

LONDON, *April 28th. 4th Sunday after Easter.*—We went a.m. to the dear Temple, which was crowded. Dr. Vaughan preacht well, I believe; but I grieve to say I was taken sleepy and lost much.

LONDON, *Tuesday, April 30th*, 1872.—Had a nice interesting expedition with the J. G. T.'s to see the Kent Penitentiary,[1] which M. calls Johnny's eldest child: he started it the year they were married, after hearing a sermon on the duty of all to do something for fallen women. To-day was the annual meeting; various friends and supporters coming together for Holy Communion in the Chapel: and luncheon and speeches afterwards. The institution is almost entirely

[1] Founded by John Talbot.

supported by the county. There are about 40 inmates, a large proportion of them being children under 16. They stay on an average 2 years; and a very fair proportion get placed out and do well.

London, *May Day, Wednesday,* 1872.—Drum at the Gladstones'. We were parted for dinner: F. going to the Speaker, I to the Admiralty. Old Mr. Villiers took me in, and was highly agreeable till he plunged into the Education question (as to which he is a bitter League man) and thence into the most sacred religious subjects. I am in constant astonishment at the utter ignorance, of most educated people that one happens to hear talk on the matter, of ordinary historical theology. Mr. Villiers appears to think that there never was a time before Popery or Protestantism; and yet one wd. fancy the very words wd remind one that to be popish one must have set up a pope, and to be protestant one must have had the pope to protest against. How then abt this country (for instance) before there was either the one state of things or the other? This bewildered view naturally draws down upon one's head comfortable tirades against venerable doctrines, such as the "Real Presence." Mr. V. has no knowledge whatever of any meaning having ever attached to that doctrine except Transubstantiation, and of all painful things to have the subject started in this spirit, in the midst of a dinner party! Of course I cd only be entirely dumb, and try to fight for the poor Church on less sacred battlefields.

London, *Tuesday, May 7th,* 1872.—5 o'clock tea at Buck. Palace—rather hind-leggy and tiring. The old "Empress of Germany," horridly painted and curled as she was, pleased me by her long, civil, and feeling speech to the Loyd Lindsays abt the Sick and Wounded Fund. He stood bowing his tall flaxen head, without a word to say of course! in answer to the flow of compliments. Pr. Arthur and Leopold both looked well and nice, though sadly small mannikins: Pr. Leopold the tallest and almost handsome.

London, *Wednesday, May 8th,* 1872.—Dinner with the tall and handsome and noble-looking couple, Ld.

and Ly. Brownlow. Met beautiful Ly. de Vesci, Ld. and daughter, Holfords, etc. Drum at Ly. L. Mills'; lovely ball with G. G. at Ly. Bristol's—all gorgeous with flowers and plants; a big conservatory just like a negro's garden in Jamaica, with the addition of grand geraniums. Old Nevy actually turned up at the ball!

London, *Thursday, May 9th*, 1872. *Ascension Day.*—We bkfasted one of these days at No. 11 to meet the King of the Belgians. Herbert the painter, the most affected of men, rhapsodized in his ridiculous sham broken English abt the King's likeness to S. Louis and Francis I. He certainly is exactly like the pictures of the latter.

Longford, *Wednesday, May 29th*, 1872.—Di and I talked with little cessation, to the silent admiration of our taciturn husbands.

London, *Thursday, May 30th*, 1872.—I went to see Dev. House; and M. had the treat of going to the Opera (Royal Box) with Emma, and hearing the new singer Albani. A nice-looking but rather skinny and school-girly creature with a lovely voice.

London, *Saturday, June 1st*, 1872.—The unlucky American treaty[1] is now said to be doomed. Both Governments are said to be really aggrieved, but the American Govt. object to eating humble pie too ostensibly, chiefly, I believe, because they hate to do anything at all unpopular on the eve of their tiresome Presidential election. What a pity they don't elect their precious Presidents for a much longer period, and *never* re-elect them!

London, *Saturday, June 15th*, 1872.—I dined at the Burrells' to meet poor, poor Ly. Mayo,[2] who is rather the better, Ly. B. thinks, for seeing a new face. She touched me much, in the indescribable way the Queen used to do, by her unaffectedness and straight-forwardness under the dreadful affliction, exerting herself to talk and take interest in things. Her eldest and 2nd sons were there—pleasant civil fellows, particularly

[1] On the *Alabama* question.

[2] Lord Mayo, Viceroy of India, had been assassinated a few months before.

nice and considerate to her. But it was terrible to sit there, with the thought incessantly present: "This is the widow of a murdered man"—it so disconcerted me that I could hardly talk sense.

London, *Tuesday, June 25th*, 1872.—Maude Herbert was married to Hubert Parry at S. Paul's, Knightsbridge. There was something very beautiful in the sight from the W. door: the light concentrating in the fine open lofty choir, with its flower-decked altar; the cloudy white of the bride and bridesmaids' garments, and Canon Liddon's striking figure and noble voice as he gave the Blessing.

London, *S. Peter's Day, Saturday*.—Rather a "golden day." We went to Hatfield for the opening of the restored church there: it was a crowded congregation and nice singing: Liddon preacht a noble sermon on Loyalty and Self-sacrifice for the Church. Afterwards we went about the glorious place with the Talbots and Uncle Dick, etc., and my Fred enjoyed it, and I was very happy. Heavenly weather. Dined at No. 11, to meet the Pr. and Prss. of Wales and the Lornes; pleasant dinner. I was well off between Lorne and Bp. of Winchester. The Prince looks very little altered, but is said to be pasty-coloured by daylight: he is being busy and useful; last Monday went with the Prss. to open the Bethnal Green Museum: the first time Royalty had been there since it was a Green.

London, *Tuesday, July 2nd*, 1872.—Very hot and delightful. Dudley House concert in aid of Woodford and Hawarden Orphanage. Ly. Augusta Stanley's window-gardening show. Smart dinner at Dev. H. in the big square room. Very splendid and stately: Lornes, Tecks, Granvilles, Brownlows, Tallee, Spencers. Tail.

London, *Wednesday, July 3rd*, 1872.—Atie. P. and I spent the day at Seymour Court near Marlow, where Mrs. Helbert and her darling children helped us to entertain 25 of the L. Hospital nurses. The day much spoilt by our sad anxiety over poor Mrs. H. herself, who was in terrible danger of joining the Ch. of Rome—a proceeding utterly incomprehensible to me, especially now, when the Papacy with its new dogma is

forcing itself down the throats of all foreign Catholics, thus splitting them into two hostile camps, the "Old Catholics" and the Ultramontanists.

London, *Saturday, July 13th*, 1872.—Cricket match ended with éclat at 6, Eton beating Harrow, 127 to the good, with 6 wickets to go down, Alfred and another taking their bats out. Alack! this admitted of neither Bob nor Edwd. having a 2nd innings; but Edwd. fielded nicely. Alfred played a rapid and brilliant game, getting 19 in exactly Charles' old style, and was immensely applauded. It was a proud moment. All 8 brothers were on the ground, and M. and me.

London, *Wednesday, July 17th*, 1872.—Dined with the Forsters: a M. Bunsen was there and was interesting: said the Germans wd prevent an Italian Jesuit succeeding the Pope; talked in a creepy, confident way of the impending war between Prussia and Austria on the one hand, Russia and France and Turkey on the other.

Betteshanger, *Saturday, July 20th*, 1872.—My Fred came at dinner-time, with the great piece of news that he has decided on accepting Uncle W.'s Private Secretaryship; a post involving much trust and intimacy, and wanting F.'s particular experience, knowledge of the P.M., and Cavendish caution, straightforwardness, good sense, and weight. None of the family seem to me to be quick or brilliant, but they have the most wonderful accuracy, thoroughness, and grasp of a subject.

Betteshanger, *Monday, July 22nd*, 1872.—Heavy and thundery air. Left kind, nice Bettesh. and went from Cannon St. with Agnes to E. End. Paupers very smelly and hot, poor things.

London, *Wednesday, July 24th*, 1872.—The old 8 brothers dined together at Eton and marched about the playing-fields, singing all the songs they cd. think of. . . . Little Downing St. garden tea: a pack of small Cecils with Ly. Salisbury: very ugly, clever children.

London, *Saturday, July 27th*, 1872.—Christina Nillson was married in W. Abbey to a man said to be a

bankrupt Parisian stockbroker. We cleverly missed the train, so filled up the time with a ride, meeting Cavendish on a lovely quondam racer which broke a blood-vessel and had to retire from the profession.

London, *Monday, August 5th,* 1872.—My last E. End journey. I had an interview with a drunken woman (wife of a respectable old man in the Workhouse) who has been in prison for a fortnight and come out with a wish to reform. There is a laundry just opened on purpose to reclaim drunkards, and I have told her of it.

Hagley, *Friday, August 9th,* 1872.—Drove with Sybella and Salkins[1] to Stourbridge, the dot full of puckish waggery.

Bolton, *Sunday, August 11th,* 1872. *11th after Trinity.*—A dear Bolton Sunday, not to be spoilt even by pouring weather all the morning. Afterwds came a "clear shining after rain," and all the old delights of rushing waters, grey abbey, deep green and sweet-briar smell coming up to the window.

Bolton, *Thursday, August 15th,* 1872.—The 1st Ballot election has come off at Pontefract, Mr. Childers having vacated his seat by taking the Chancellorship of the Duchy; a very doubtful candidate in the shape of Lord Pollington opposed him and was beaten by only 80 votes. Great numbers of electors seem not to have voted, and there was comical confusion and difficulty over the "illiterate voters" and their marks; but of course peace and quiet and no drinking.

Bolton, *Wednesday, August 21st,* 1872.—There are horrid Orange and Popish riots going on in Belfast, both parties tearing each other to pieces, and combining occasionally to fall upon the police. The list of maimed, wounded, and even dead is like civil war. What is to be done with such people? Folks say this to-do will deal a heavy blow at "Home Rule" cries.

Bolton, *Friday, August 30th,* 1872.—Lou. and I paid visits at Halton; the dear old rheumatic man

[1] I.e. the two-year-old Sarah Lyttelton.

Jenkinson lost his wife in the winter; she had been helpless for 11 years. They were always wonderful patterns of cheerful patience: more than any sermon to one.

Bolton, *Monday, September 2nd,* 1872.—Dismal rain again: the poor gentlemen sat sadly abt the house until after luncheon, when it cleared and they set forth merrily. I had a nice little walk with my once and for ever Queen of Hearts, Charlotte Spencer. She is still the same lovely and delightful thing that first won my heart when I was 18.

Bolton, *Wednesday, September 4th,* 1872.—Dingy weather, with a sharp thunderstorm, which caught Emma, Charlotte, and me in the Valley of Desolation just after sending the carriage away. Eddy, not shooting, was luckily with us, and we mounted the Queen of Ireland upon his pony, on which she arrived before us at the Aigill barn. No prettier picture can be imagined than the lovely creature, broom in hand, opening the little barn door to admit us; she had been sweeping it out. We mopped up and dried ourselves as well as might be; it cleared and we sat on a gate and a wall to wait for the shooters.

Holker, *Monday, September 9th,* 1872.—Rather a black Monday, for leaving Bolton is always grievous; but it has been a long and happy holyday and one ought not to wish it lengthened. Nobody hurt—always a blessing at the end of a month's shooting. The Eddies went off to Madresfield.

Holker, *Wednesday, September 11th,* 1872.—Terrible weather for the harvest abt. here; the times are grim altogether; meat and coals frightfully dear and bread threatening to be; potato rot very general, and the agricultural labourers a good deal out on strike. I am glad the labourers have learnt to combine; but what wisdom, judgment, and temper is wanted for both employers and employed! There has been some savage grumbling at the clergy for not siding with the men; but I think this accusation is very often unfair.

HOLKER, *September 15th*, 1872. *16th Sunday after Trinity.*—The horrible chapel sat upon me more than usual; when once one has the Bible notion strong upon one that holy places are places of God's special Presence, that our first design in them should be to give Him glory and do Him worship; when one's next desire is that people should be taught by all they see in church that we are all priests and people to fall down before One Throne, and that all our services culminate in the Holy Eucharist—then a mean conventicle is almost unbearable. It insults the Majesty of God, Who gives us richly all things, and to whose House we only bring what is base; and it teaches the congrgn. disunion and solitariness in prayer each in his own selfish corner, while the only thing elevated as the centre of their devotion is the pulpit.

HOLKER, *Thursday, September 19th*, 1872.—The *Guardian* full of the Athanasian Creed controversy, which rages as hot as ever. Pusey, Liddon, Malcolm MacColl, and, I believe, a large following of clergy, intend to give up their ministry in the Church if either the creed or the rubric attached to it are touched. Now I have come to the conviction that no one section of the Church is at liberty to alter or omit anything in the text of the Creed (except by way of re-translating): that must wait for a General Council. But all the mass I have read on the subject impresses me more and more with the belief that for the ignorant, untheologic, ordinary run of people, it is quite unsuitable. The awful clauses are thoroughly misunderstood by them; they firmly believe that the words mean, explicitly and unavoidably, "everyone, however ignorant, heathen as well as Christian, who does not believe every expression in this creed, will without doubt perish everlastingly."

This interpretation everybody who has at all learnt theology may perfectly see is absurd; and to all such the Creed may ever be a precious and sacred heritage. But no one pretends that it is a creed in the same sense and of the same authority as the other two. Why, then —with this notorious fact of its being an acknowledged stumbling-block to so many—insist on its retention

as a substitute for the 2 great Creeds ? All the extreme non-possumites beg the question in assuming that it is proposed " to degrade " the Athan. Creed. I do maintain that to keep this solemn and profound exposition of the Faith for recital on great occasions by those whose duty it is to subscribe, to teach, and therefore to understand it—is the very reverse of a " degradation " of it. I would have it sung at all Ordinations and Consecrations, and perhaps also as a Canticle after the Apostles' Creed on Trinity Sunday only; and instead of having it 13 times a year in the mouths of " plain men," I wd have the Clergy catechize upon it, teach and explain it as one of the bulwarks of the Faith. It is not adapted for these same " plain men " who misunderstand it: it is theology and theology is a science. The English laity, educated or not, are as a rule absolutely ignorant of theology. Let them be taught better. But till they are, the repetition of this Creed by ordinary congregations can only do them harm. If I am told that the Nicene Creed is also theology, I quite allow it; but then it is a Creed —a Credo—of the highest authority, and as such to be recited by all Churchpeople. Moreover, no one can pretend it presents the same difficulties and stumbling-blocks.

Holker, *Monday, September* 30*th*, 1872.—Read rather omnivorously to-day. With F., Bryce's " Holy Roman Empire " and an Essay of De Quincey's; with Emma, a Bampton Lecture, by Curteis; to myself, a good deal of " Ann. Register " for 1815 (with some view to the old Letters [1]), Mozley's Bampton Lectures, Prof. Wilson's " Stories and Essays," Ld. Brougham's autobiography; besides a little childish skimming; a good bit of Christina Rossetti's delightful " Shadow of Dante " and some " Life of Bp. Torry."

Holker, *October* 12*th*, 1872.—Eddies returned from a do-ment at Lytham. The Tecks opened a park near Southport, and went to see Liverpool: great crowds and enthusiasm, which seems to have rather

[1] I.e. of her grandmother, a volume of which she printed.

astonished and much delighted good fat Princess Mary.[1]

Bolton, *Monday, October 21st*, 1872.—Ld. Dandy[2] was an ower-true prophet. The weather relapsed into evil ways. They did not go out till 10.30, but then, as the rain slackened a little, the untiring Duke announced it wd be milksoppy to wait any longer, and off rode the luckless party. They came home drowned, but not till dark, the Duke having had no notion of giving up, tho' it never stopped raining all day, and poured after luncheon. Bag sadly small. This year's total, 14,475 head.

Hawarden, *SS. Simon and Jude, Monday.*—F. and I rode to Eaton[3] to see the Westminsters who took us all over the house and grounds, still in chaos of scaffolding, levelling, building, and pulling down, but promising to be most successful, only on too enormous a scale, to my thinking.

Chatsworth, *Monday, November 11th*, 1872.—Frank and Lou went on a visit to Newstead Abbey, to my grief: for I have no enjoyment of the headship of affairs at Chatsworth. Mr. Sumner, the American politician, came; whom I saw last in '59 at Althorp, and remember well going into ecstasies over the library there. He was distressed at the horrible fire, almost on the Chicago scale, which is raging at Boston, and is said to have desolated 100 acres of ground in a fine, well-built quarter of the city.

Chatsworth, *Tuesday, November 12th*, 1872.—Mr. Sumner, who last saw Emma as well as me 13 years ago, seems to view us both in the light of "the girls he left behind him" and devoted himself to us all day. We took him over the garden, sat and talked with him,

[1] To this irreverent but not untruthful description of the Duchess of Teck, mother of Her present Majesty, it may be added that she must have grown accustomed to enthusiasm later: for in my recollection of the eighties and nineties she drew more cheers in the streets than any member of the Royal Family except the Queen and the Princess of Wales. Stoutness is somehow always popular, and it generally goes, as it did in this case, with obvious and hearty cheerfulness and good-humour, a still more popular quality.

[2] I.e. Lord Berkeley Paget.

[3] The Duke of Westminster was then building Eaton Hall.

or rather sat and listened to him, for a mighty talker is he. Politics we avoided, as we were told he took an odious Yankee line about the Alabama claims, but topics did not fail him, what with old books, reminiscences of English friends, the Queen of Holland, Thiers, the Duc d'Aumale, the Motleys, the Storeys, and various anecdotes anent these subjects.

London, *Thursday, November* 14*th*, 1872.—Came to London for the month of Cabinets because of F.'s Private Secretaryship. Utterly mad and odd this seems to me, who have never stayed in London this time of year.

London, 25*th Sunday after Trinity. November* 17*th*, 1872.—The W. E. G.'s and Mr. Glyn dined with us. Uncle W. anxious to hear all about one Mr. Haweis, a clever preacher beginning to be famous; and also full of a Memoir of Baron Stockmar which is just out, and which he thinks the most flagrantly indiscreet thing in the world; it has aggravated the poor Queen inasmuch as it puts the Baron into such a position of chief adviser as rather sinks the Prince Consort into a second place.

London, *Tuesday, November* 26*th*, 1872.—Lately I have been reading for anything but the 1st time that pathetic thing, the Life of Cowper by Southey. It always interests and absorbs me strangely and I get such overflows of compassion for that sad soul as I can't describe. Even at this distance of 90 years, it is almost intolerable to think of all he endured, and yet one's faith is strengthened by it. For what but the Love of Christ which passeth knowledge could have upborne poor Cowper in his black darkness and misery, fulfilling in him to a degree never equalled the truth of those wonderful words, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

London, *Wednesday, November* 27*th*, 1872.—We had a little playgoing dinner-party of Willy and Harry Gladstone and Alfred Howard, and went to see "Charles I" at the Lyceum. Irving, who played the King, was sufficiently like him and acted with sufficient

dignity and pathos to make much impression on one; and I was a little niobe [1] at the parting with the children.

London, *Friday, November 29th*, 1872.—The Algy Wests, Trevelyans, Mr. Glyn, and Cavendish dined; and the men-servants chose the occasion for making deadlocks all through dinner; dealing out crashes with the lift, smashing a big dish, and sticking in the mud generally; the worst of all being the omission of the oysters, which were brought up with great pomp and never handed round!!

London, *Advent Sunday, December 1st*, 1872.—Walked after luncheon to the Deanery, S. Paul's, whence we went under the wing of the Dean and Mrs. Church into the Cathedral. Liddon preacht grandly, his wonderful voice gaining in power and penetration to the very end of his 50 minutes; but he streamed with perspiration! A mighty congn. and Luther's hymn sung by all at the end was glorious indeed.

London, *Wednesday, December 4th*, 1872.—A letter of mine on the Ath. Creed signed A. H. P. appeared, to my great excitement.

London, *Thursday, December 5th*, 1872.—Uncle W. still high-gee [1] theology: he is reading a horrible new atheistic book of Strauss's, to Atie. P.'s great irritation! But I am glad, and only hope he may be led to write something great in answer.

London, *December 7th*, 1872.—Visited Sissy Ashley. Little Wilfrid [2] Ashley, a beautiful boykin, with great violet eyes.

London, *Monday, December 9th*, 1872.—We dined at Portland Place, meeting the dear Keble couple, who showed off the plans of the Chapel, which are excellent. Mr. Gibbs is going to build out of his own pocket—£30,000. The plans are too odd (Butterfield) for me to be sure I altogether like them; but there is to be a high-up row of windows with great space for mosaics below, which will have a capital effect.

Chatsworth, *Saturday, December 14th*, 1872.—The house is getting into order by dint of much marching

[1] Appendix A.

[2] Now the Rt. Hon. Wilfrid Ashley, Minister of Transport.

about it of heads and hands: all is being pondered and prearranged in true deliberate Cavendish style; and I quite expect that when once the whole machine is given a shove on Tuesday off it will go, everything in its proper place, from the Duke to the scullery-maid.

CHATSWORTH, *December 15th*, 1872. *3rd Sunday in Advent.*—A gt pleasure it is having old Nevy here. His Irish aide-de-camp life has brushed up his manners and made him a social animal, which one hardly hoped wd ever be the case.

CHATSWORTH, *Monday, December 16th*, 1872.—Arrived the *avant-garde de la grande armée*—Ly. Ailesbury (Maria), who stalked into the room in a suit composed chiefly of a large chess-board check, black and grey, the garment going in a straight skimp line from her nape to her heels, the whole surmounted by the usual fuzz-ball of yellow curls, and a youthful hat. Fritz demanded privately after he had been introduced to this: "When is That Woman going away?" The Cowpers, with her sister Miss Compton, and the Listowels also came.

CHATSWORTH, *Tuesday, December 17th*, 1872.—The Duke, Cavsh., and I went to Derby in the morning, and got there a little before the Royal train. Out stepped the lovely Prss. and the fat but apparently blooming Prince. Cheers, nosegay, red cloth, Mrs. Mayor in a wonderful bonnet and a crimson face. "God save the Queen." In spite of drizzle and cold, the Royal carriage was open most of the way as they processioned through the streets, which were really beautifully bedizened. The chief function was a prize-giving to the Grammar school-boys in the drill-hall, when an upper boy read an ode abt the Prince's recovery that was very good and gave one a lump in one's throat. Also we marched about the infirmary.

Getting to Rowsley after dark, Cavsh. and I went with the P. and Pr. (in a shut carriage, alas!) and saw as well as we could the illumination of the W. front and garden that burst forth as we got into the park and drove round by the opposite side of the river. The 1st minute was lovely—the house shining out clear;

but afterwards the smoke hung and hid everything. Lou and the Duke and most of the company received them in the hall, which was unluckily as full of sulphur as it might be after a siege from the fireworks, and set us coughing. Dinner very fine, with feathery cocos palm springing *out* of the table in the midst and overshadowing us. Whist and music in the evening.

CHATSWORTH, *Wednesday, December 18th*, 1872.—The miserable dank fog goes on. The P. and Pss. breakfast tête-à-tête in the Red Velvet room; and did not appear till 12 or so. I took her driving in the little carriage at 1, Ly. Cowper and Ly. A. following in t'other one, up to luncheon with the shooters in the Russian cottage. Here was sumptuous fare, but hitches occurred, viz., all the *drinks* were forgotten and had to be fetched, and we were presented with sugar instead of salt for our pie. Ly. A. and Ly. C. afterwds went a drive, but the Prss. and I, with Mr. Cockerell (a delightful wag is he) in the dickey, followed the shooters through New Pine Wood. Bewitching and unaffected and good-natured is the Princess. In the evening came off the rather ponderous and oppressive big County ball; a great success for all the company, who were over the moon, but trying to the family and scrowgy for the Royal pair. Moreover, the room was hot and dusty. All went smooth, however, at and after supper, which was a lovely and peculiar sight in the Sculpture Gallery, carpeted with red cloth and adorned with great bananas, ferns, palms, etc. The great granite basin filled with green, a slender palm in the middle, and stiff white hyacinths blooming round the palm, reminded me somehow of the ancient pictures of the Virgin's tomb filled with flowers. The orangery lit with coloured lamps very pretty; and the vista from that to the Hebe in the big drawing-room *was*![1] Before the ball illuminations of the fountains and cascade came off, but the fog quenched them fatally. Owing to Lou's mourning for Mr. H. Greville (whose death has carried Frank away, alack!) the Prince opened the ball with me; Princess with Cavendish.

[1] Appendix A.

[*Frith, Reigate.*

CHATSWORTH HOUSE.

CHATSWORTH, *Thursday, December 19th*, 1872.—This was a really jolly day. The darling Prss. has got at her ease, and no words can express her perfect charm. It is not so much the loveliness of her face; others may have as much of that, but smile, colouring, hair, contour of little head and neck, are delightful: her small slight figure is in perfect symmetry, and no one cd believe in the stiff joint of her knee except from a little pretty halt going up and down stairs. Lou drove her thro' the gardens, and to cheering, be-arched, bell-ringing Baslow, Ly. A. and I following, with Mr. Primrose (another witty spirit!). After the mighty dinner (44), which was a beautiful sight, came off a truly enchanting dance of only the houseful and the few dinner-guests. Delicious was the dining-room for this much of a ball, and everybody looked their best and thoroughly enjoyed life. Supper at various little tables in the big drawing-room, capitally managed. Ly. Macclesfield, Mr. Cockerell, and I made fun at our table, all the more comical from the dignified condescension of my neighbour, Ld. Cowper, Ly. George's silent laughter, and the poor dear Duke of Rutland's puzzled Manner-ish high-shouldered aspect thro' it all.

CHATSWORTH, *Friday, December 20th*, 1872.—Nothing daunted by the inveterate clammy fog and occasional actual rain, we went about 30 strong to luncheon at Haddon: P. and Pss. in an open carriage. Bakewell very enthusiastic and a little drunk. The luncheon a fine sight in the grand old hall; band playing and spectators peering overhead in the gallery; the Royal couple and a select few at a high table cross-wise with the two that ran down the hall; all seated in old carved Haddon chairs. The loving-cup of spiced ale went round with all the honours.

At night, billiards, music, and a round game. Our Queen of Hearts was a sight never to be forgotten for grace and liveliness and fun as she whisked round the billiard-table like any dragon-fly, playing at "pockets"; punishing the table when she missed, and finally breaking her mace across Ly. Cowper's back with a sudden little whack. Likewise at bed-time, high jinks with all the ladies in the corridors; and yet through all one has

a sense of perfect womanly dignity, and a certainty that no one cd ever go an inch too far with her. She can gather up her beautiful bright stateliness at any moment. O, bless her for a vision of enchantment! In the midst of the evening performances I managed to give her a really fine ode just sent me by Mr. Palgrave, the author thereof, on the Prince's recovery. I hope she will like it as much as I do. Of the said Prince I have less to say. He does not get on with me, nor indeed much with any but chaffy, fast people, though always kind and delightful in manner like most of 'em: he is amiable and truthful, and has sense and good feeling; my conviction is that, when he succeeds to the Throne and has *duties* to do, he will do far better than now seems likely; but the melancholy thing is that neither he nor the darling Prss. ever care to open a book.

Chatsworth, *December 22nd*, 1872.—The curtain dropt on our fine great drama! Carriage and four with outriders bore off our P. and Prss., with the Duke and Cavsh.; Lou and Emma also went with them to Chesterfd., where they were to receive an address. Later we heard by telegraph that, leaving Chesterfd. at 1.20, they got to London soon after 4—quick work for Xmas-time!

In spite of regrets at the breaking-up of a happy and successful time, there *was* peace when the swarm of guests, string of flies, and mountains of luggage filed away! Nobody left but Duke, brothers and sisters-in-law, Madge, Freddy Howard, and May Lascelles. We were all a little comatose, and Lou vanished to bed at 9 o'clock.

Holker, *Saturday, January 4th*, 1873.—It's rather absurd that I have never given a list of the Chatsworth party during the Royal week; here they all are. Uncle R., Cowpers and her sister, Granvilles, Listowels, Shannons, Howards of Glossop and daughter, Vernons and daughter, May Lascelles, Margt. and F. Howard, E. Cokes, D. of S. Albans, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Primrose, Mr. Cockerell, Mr. Calcraft, D. of Rutland, and O!—last but far from least.! Lady A.! With the P. and Prss., Ly. Macclesfield, Mr. Knollys, Major Grey.

HOLKER, *Tuesday, January 7th,* 1873.—We drove to see Mrs. Huby and the poor little dowdy old widow of the Rev. ——. I was dumbfounded at her dowdiness !—of the small farmer type. And he was the son of a day-labourer ! The poor goody rejoiced Lou's heart by giving her various pretty bits of old china, which we bore home in triumph.

HOLKER, *Wednesday, January 8th,* 1873.—I only went out to the school, where Lou and I have offered to help in the religious teaching, now a " Time Tabled " and " Conscience Claused " business, and difficult for the mistress alone to squeeze into the one half-hour allowed.

HOLKER, *Saturday, January 18th,* 1873.—I have been reading " Uncle Tom's Cabin " again, also its Key, and an article in the *Edinburgh* of '55 about it. In this troublesome world, many are the things that one dislikes and disapproves of, many that grieve and fret one ; but there are only a few subjects which put me into a thorough rage ; which I avoid speaking of from the exasperation they produce all through me. They are various in magnitude—some may have but the smallest external scope : for instance, the " Burials Bill " is one of them. But one strong element of *insufferability* is a malevolent lie, clothed in religious cant, which I detect in such things, and which to my mind the Burials Bill has in great perfection. I have the strongest conviction that the *originators* of the agitation have for motive the desire to claim what does not belong to them, what they have justly and deliberately forfeited—not by way of disability, but by the very act of dissenting. It is as if a family had come into possession of a house and grounds to which it was agreed they were all entitled, as long as by common consent they lived under certain rules, and as if some out of the number, on conscientious grounds having come to the conclusion that they cd no longer submit to these rules, shd calmly demand their share in the house and grounds *comme si rien n'était* !

The old disabilities which were very rightly removed from Dissenters were political ones, wrongly imposed

for religious differences. But here is the Church's own ground, paid for by her own members, claimed by those who, of their own free choice, have broken off from her. Nay, it is still worse; for in the wide charity taught by our Lord, the Church does admit *all* who are baptized to her buildings and her churchyards, counting them all Church people whenever they come to her. But it is a little strong to ask her to let them bring into *her own* holy places, *their own* forms and ministers! so as comfortably to combine the pleasures of Dissent with the advantages of Churchmanship. The original Dissenters were more manly and true. Objecting in their consciences to the Church's system, they left her honestly, and never invented a clever plan of both keeping their cake and eating it. There wd be something to be said for the demand if there was one word in our Burial Service which cd run against the doctrines or feelings of any Christian whatever—but this nobody pretends to say. If, however, it was so, all difficulty wd be removed by their having their own minister and service over the body in the house, and having the funeral in silence aftds (a thing R.C.s and Presbyterians always do). The reasons and pleas brought forward —"National" churchyards should be free to all—it is wicked to forbid their own services to the dead—etc., etc., are all *false* at bottom. Another subject of rage with me is the Birmn. League outcry agst the 25th clause of the Education Act, which is still more undoubtedly a false one; but I have talked about that before. But the monstrous one of all is now, thank God! a thing of the past—American slavery. I suppose "Uncle Tom," first read to us when I was about 12, when it came out, took a tight grip of me; at all events it has fresh-gripped me now with wonderful strength! *Of course* I don't mean but what the upholders of slavery did an enormously more awful thing than the would-be defrauders of the Church are attempting now; but the element these things have in common is the plea that by unfairness and oppression they are doing God service. (I don't apply this to individuals, who, to be sure, may be and constantly are honestly convinced that the reasons on their side are good—I only speak

of the thing that *I believe* is at the bottom.) The defending of slavery on *religious* grounds must now, I should think, be an atrocious blasphemy to the eyes of everyone ; but when one recalls the network of self-interest, conservatism, and national pride that kept the " institution " going, helped by all that is worst in human passions and the whole glazed over by that hateful distortion of " religion," one can understand why the agony of the long civil war was the only hope for the country. The cancer had to be cut out by the roots, and it was a blessing that it was at the risk of life itself. The old planters, I believe, are mostly ruined and gone ; and the present race must surely be penitent and in their right minds !

London, *Thursday, January 23rd,* 1873.—Came to London for good—earlier than ever before, I do believe, except the year of Bob's birth. My heart always rather sinks at the prospect of the whirling, strenuous sort of life, in contrast with peaceful, gliding Holker days.

London, *Thursday, January 30th,* 1873.—Met wonderful old Sir Henry Holland, who might, however, be 30 times better company than he is : he always seems devoured by doctorial reserve and afraid of committing himself about characters 70 years ago. However, he did let fly upon George IV, saying he had attended his *two wives,* and his mistress Ly. Conyngham, the latter of whom had told him awful things of him. " He was an abominable man from the beginning of his life to the end," quoth Sir Henry—" far worse than any of his brothers," all of whom Sir H. knew. He also talked of Prss. Charlotte, and the lamentable job perpetrated by " my old friend Dr. Willis " in getting appointed as accoucheur his brother-in-law wretched Sir R. Crofts, who had before been shut up for insanity, and who *bled* the poor flabby-habit-ed Princess 2 or 3 times before her confinement, so that she died of exhaustion.

London, *Thursday, February 6th,* 1873.—Parlt. opened (alas ! no Queen) ; old Charles moved the address, capitally well in expression and matter, and only a trifle too stiff in manner. He looked beautiful. So

did *not* the seconder, Mr. Stone (a Waterloo House big-wig), who was gig major,[1] but spoke well.

London, *S. Mathias, Monday*, 1873.—I went with Mazy to represent Aggy at a Poplar tea-party: very successful. The poor women talked of the horrible price of coal, which, owing to strikes in Wales and other labour hitches, has gone up to 40*s.* and even 50*s.* a ton. The poor people buy a ¼ of hundredweight. A sack costs 3*s.* and only lasts, for two fires, 10 days.

London, (*Shrove*) *Tuesday, February 25th*, 1873.—Went with old M. to a special Committee at the House in hopes of hearing Papa examined about Endowed Schools; but only came in for a rather inaudible duel between Mr. Roby and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Shot,[1] to my amusement, Albert's quondam tutor Mr. Richmond, doing Secy. to the Schools Commission. Afterwds to my Chelsea School Council: felt like a strong-minded woman altogether. We have started a Beautiful Being named Henderson as butler.

London, *Tuesday, March 11th*, 1873.—To the House again, but not till after dinner (at Ly. Mt. Beaumont's), as a pack of wild Irish were to begin the debate.[2] Heard the main part of Dizzy's speech, which was wild-hitting and weak. He cast "longing lingering looks behind" on concurrent endowment! an unearthly sort of card for Tories to depend on. As the clock struck 12 down he sat after a strained bit of declamation, and up sprung Uncle W. and made "the finest speech" of his life—so say many folks. It took exactly 2 hrs. He may have been more strikingly eloquent at other times; but for strong conviction, perfect temper, mastery of his subject, brilliant hitting and power and fervour and ability, nothing cd equal it. He ran splendid tilts against Ld. Edmund Fitzmaurice for reversing the ancient custom of elders castigating the young, against Dr. Playfair for being misled by his professorial position into thinking nothing cd be done without lectures, whereas he, Uncle W., had gained all the academical trifles he had gained with hardly the help of a single lecture—(but this attack was most gracefully

[1] Appendix A.

[2] On the Irish University Bill.

done so as to be complimentary both to Playfair and Scotland)—and against one or two others; with a delightful quizzing of "Big Bentinck" as a "repentant rebel." It will be hard to look upon Uncle W. after this vigorous feat of arms as an old man in great want of rest, which he rather tries to make himself out! He drank nothing but water, despising his usual egg-flip, as it was after dinner. Well, it was over, with a fine appeal to the Liberal Party at the end, urging them to put the crown to their work of justice to Ireland. I cdn't help thinking such a speech wd turn the tide, but Atie. P., an older hand than me, did not let herself hope. When I saw F.'s face coming back from the lobby, I foresaw defeat; and so it was, by a majority of 3, showing a coalition between the Irish Ultramontanes and the Conservatives. Old M. was in Sir [1] Ch. Russell's box and greatly delighted with the speech: wigged Johnny for voting against. Mr. Forster came to the Speaker's box and said, "I don't care for anything after that speech"—touching, as I know he is wretched at the prospect of going out before carrying through his Education Act. Uncle W., finding us waiting at the Ladies' Gallery door, *mornes et mélancoliques*, for the carriage, gave me a kind little kiss. Mary [2] was there: it was the 1st time she had heard him.

CLIVEDEN, *Saturday, March 15th*, 1873.—Raw and ungenial. Abbey. We came to Cliveden,[3] with the W. E. G.'s (he walking to Paddington), Mazy, the Dss. of Argyll, and Mr. Leveson. Uncle W. has given me a little ivory Madonna he picked up on his way to the station, in a shop! I told him it was highly compromising and Ultramontane.

CLIVEDEN, *March 16th*, 1873. *3rd Sunday in Lent.*—The decrepit old Prime Minister walked us off to Burnham Church (3 miles) at a killing pace, and likewise sallied forth again with wife and daughter (who drove before) in drenching rain to another church a mile off in the afternoon. Georgey Grenfell came to dinner

[1] "Sir" in the Diary: but she probably refers to Lord Charles Russell, then Serjeant-at-Arms.

[2] I.e., of course, Mary Gladstone, afterwards Mrs. Drew.

[3] Then the Duke of Westminster's house.

with Lena, who sang delightfully. After dinner came despatches from Windsor, including a long letter from Dizzy to H.M. definitely backing out. As the D. of Argyll and Uncle W. put their noses together on the sofa over the box, the faithful Willy and Fred hovering near, I thought it was a fine thing to assist at a Cabinet Council. No one can regret his being obliged to take up office again, but it has its keen disappointment to *him*, loving the prospect of a holyday as he had been doing, and having ticklish business to carry through in a rather dislocated House.

London, *March 18th*, 1873.—Dined at the Deanery, the little Dean [1] in high form; maliciously made out that Pusey had adopted his clumsy way of using and italicizing the word "that" from Gibbon! I wonder which wd be most affronted!

London, *Saturday, March 22nd*, 1873.—Dined at the Staffd. Northcotes' to meet the D. of Cambridge whom I have never talked to before: I liked his simple, jolly, straightforward way and famous laugh. He broke the ice and our courtly silence on arriving, by shouting out to someone at the top of his voice, "*COLD* to-day."

London, *Wednesday, March 26th*, 1873.—The precious Burials Bill (2nd reading) carried by 63, in spite of a capital, I shd say unanswerable speech, unluckily of Dizzy's. The line is to talk as if the Church was the persecuting virago in the matter, which is rather too bad when she meekly buries everybody, unlike any sect, and merely begs to be left to use her own service on her own ground. Dizzy's best point was the inconsistency of the Dissenters claiming exemption from the Ch. rates some years ago because they wd not pay for what did not concern them, and now, while never offering to pay rates as before, calmly claiming a right to what, on their own showing, is the Church's ground. Of course there is not a shadow left in their way, either of principle, logic, or common sense, when they take it into their heads to announce their "right" to do what they please in the Church's fabrics. But in this

[1] Stanley.

proposal, as in the sister-in-law one, consistency and principle are utterly scouted. And to think that my perverse Fred shd support them both! It isn't for want of many a talking to.

LISMORE, *April 20th*, 1873. *1st Sunday after Easter.* —Dr. Morgan preached a sermon with much beauty and eloquence in it and the charm of strong feeling: but all "Evangelical" sermons leave me in the same vague state of mind as to *what* they mean us to *do* or to *be*. Lovely delightful walk on the *greenissimus* grass up the river.

LONDON, *Tuesday, April 29th*, 1873.—Had the immense break of going out for the first time in My Victoria —an elegant little equipage with a good-looking black horse, and all ship-shape. Inaugurated it by taking F. to Downing St. (a good omen, I hope!), and then went to S. James Hall and heard an interesting S.P.G. speechification. Ld. Napier dry and John Bull but telling, in his stout defence of missionary work in India. Canon Lightfoot excellent, cheering one up by comparing the progress in given districts with the progress ditto in the third centy, and proving we gained much by the comparison.

LONDON, *Friday, May 2nd*, 1873.—Had a little junket with my Fred to choose him a library table and then to examine the Albert Memorial Cross in Hyde Park. It really is a beautiful thing, but, placed where it is, it *will* look like a gingerbread ornament just taken off the top of that Twelfth cake, the Albert Hall!

LONDON, *Thursday, May 8th*, 1873.—Why *did* I go to this May Drawing-room? Endless dismal business, too late to see the Queen, squeeze, and dead tire. Sarina [1] and I went together, she wanting to kiss the Queen's hand, being presented on her marriage. No such honour. Baroness Burdett, poor old maid, with her very red nose and flurry colour, thought fit to wear a befurbelowed gamboge-ey green gown, "*couleur œuf pourri*" as near as could be imitated. Ly. Airlie's fine big girls looked well in a sort of new-ink colour, with white, and Ly. Brownlow was a radiant sight.

[1] Mrs. Godley, afterwards Lady Kilbracken.

London, *Friday, May 9th,* 1873.—Meeting of the "Provident Knowledge Society," a new thing, likely to be very useful in puffing and explaining P.O. Savings Banks, Govt. investments, penny banks, etc. Ld. Derby presided, and the Bp of Exeter, Mr. Th. Hughes,[1] Manning, etc., spoke. The contrast between the ascetic, skeleton, spiritual face of Manning and the florid, well-fed, pink face of Mr. Hughes, as they sat side by side, was very funny.

Chichester, *Monday, May 12th,* 1873.—Here I am at the Palace of Chichester. Having been put, rather willy-nilly, on the Bishop Otter College Committee, I cd not resist an invitation from Mrs. Durnford to attend a meeting to-morrow. A dream of delight to my Cockney eyes was the Palace as I drove up to it under a "sunbright" sky: the tall glorious cathedral, spire-towering above, the green gardens, the quaint old house. . . .

The Bp. a dear, kind, very episcopal old man, wife nice and homely, daughter lively. Poor old Dean Hook dined; he is terribly unwieldy and infirm, and can't sit upright. On collapsing into his chair after a prodigious business—"*sic* a-getting up stair"—he puffed and panted most desperately, and then broke out in a funny laugh at himself.

Chichester, *Tuesday, May 13th,* 1873.—Nice service at the cathedral at 10. Miss Durnford took me about the enchanting garden, all sweet and old and peaceful; and to the top of the Tower, whence the views of the quiet, red-tiled town, green blossoming fields and orchards and woods, Goodwood hills, the Channel and the faint blue Isle of Wight, were delightful and intensely English. Somehow this sort of sight always gives me a strong sense of the *healthiness* and peace of England, with her Church and her home life deep-rooted in the hearts of her people; and all notion of disestablishment or revolution seems a perverse dream. How unlike Ireland!

London, *Friday, May 16th,* 1873.—Uncle W. made such a brilliant overthrow of Miall and his Disestablish-

[1] The author of "Tom Brown."

ment as the cause ought to take long in recovering from. No one so much as answered him and the whole thing was over before dinner. Smart drum at Lansdowne House, stifling crush at Baroness Coutts's.

London, *Tuesday, May 20th*, 1873.—Drum at poor doomed Northumberland House at which we all took a sad farewell.

Cassiobury, *Saturday, May 24th*, 1873.—Had the junket of going to Cassiobury.[1] So seldom do we see new places, that I *do* enjoy it. Lovely warm day; birds clamorous, foliage tender green. The house, in spite of much ginger-breading outside, very delightful and with a Gloire-de-Dijon rose in bloom growing up it. The Powerscourts and Fredk. Stanleys are here. F. had to do birthday dinner at No. 11 and came here Sunday.

Cassiobury, *May 25th*, 1873. *Sunday after Ascension.*—Some enchanting weather. Nice warm services at Watford Parish Church. Pretty poking about in the aftn., with tea out of doors at a bewitching dairy. Ly. Essex, in a bright green silk and yellow hair, looked like an emerald pin. Her little boy of 8 is nice-looking, though terribly blind; but the creature to enslave all hearts is Lady Betty Capel, aged 2½.

London, *Tuesday, May 27th*, 1873.—Dined with Sir Harcourt Johnstone, meeting Wenlocks and various folk; Mr. W. Harcourt was there, as cynical and unprincipled in talk as may be! The most pleasing thing he had to say was that Cavendish was the only member of the Govt. who had common sense: "He's the leader for me." Informed us that he sat near Bright during Uncle W.'s fine anti-Miall speech the other day (on Church disestablishment) and that Bright was in a fury therewith.

Chatsworth, *Friday, May 30th*, 1873.—Uncle W. don't a bit believe in Mr. Harcourt's *Bright* story.

Hatfield, *Thursday, June 5th*, 1873.—Parted with F. on the railway; he going to Kirby Lonsdale for more speechifying; I (chaperoned by a clever little Cambridge oddity named Stuart[2] as far as Hitchin)

[1] The house of Lord Essex.

[2] Afterwards Professor Stuart, M.P.

came to this noble place. Find host and hostess, 2 Miss Aldersons and Mrs. Cocks, Ld. Edmund Fitzmaurice, Uncle Dick, Mr. Balfour, and Richmond père [1]: very pleasant.

Hatfield, *Saturday, June 7th*, 1873.—The Cowpers and Mr. Leveson came over to luncheon, and we went back with them to Panshanger, Blosset Alderson, Ld. Edmund, and I riding through the green Hagley-like lanes. Pictures *beyond* [2] at Panshanger. Dear Bp. of Rochester, Mrs. and Lucy Claughton came; also Brownlows, and Sir A. and Lady Gordon and a Miss Lefevre.

Hatfield, *Sunday, June 8th*, 1873.—Annivy. of my 1st Communion. Early Celebration here at 8. Resisted a temptation to go with the Bishop and see his Ordination at St. Alban's Abbey and was rewarded by the fine hearty service in the parish church. Evensong in the beautiful private chapel of the house—very delightful—"rivers of water."

Pleasant to sit in the vineyard in fine warm weather: the children tumbling up and down the grassy slope.

Before dinner the dear Bishop read to his wife and daughter and me the "Xtian Year" for the day and for the 2nd Sun. aft. Trin., recalling a long-past happy visit to Summerhill, where he read the same hymns to M. and me. Also some good and very devout verses on the H. Communion by Uncle W. written in 1838, which I showed him.

Then a little walk with Ly. Salisbury and a sister and F., among the abundant rhododendrons and pines, and a pleasant evening; folks telling each other what their earliest recollections were. No one cd cap the Duke's, which I told of—viz., the Battle of Leipzig; imprinted on his infant ears by hearing it spoken of thus, "Boney has been well *licked*," and taking the verb literally.

Mr. Richmond had painted Mr. Tom Grenville, who knew Sir Joshua Reynolds well.

How I *have* enjoyed myself!

Monday, June 9th, 1873.—Went off a little with the

[1] George Richmond, the artist. [2] Appendix A.

feeling of putting one's head back into the collar. The unlucky Alexandra Palace, opened only t'other day after two former collapses, was being burnt to the ground as we came along the line. I stayed at Hatfield till 2, to see my dear Bp. Confirm, which he did beautifully. Also got a basket of rhodos, etc., with the help of *Fish* [1] and *Nigs*,[2] left it behind, and dear Jim [3] (the eldest) tore down to the station, hatless in the heat, to catch me !

London, *Wednesday, June 11th*, 1873.—Garden party with Mazy and Helen at Ly. Airlie's : I was enraged at people's appearing in smart evening-looking skirts.

Oxford, *June 15th*, 1873. *1st Sunday after Trinity.*—We went to S. Barnabas for Matins ; an extreme ritualistic Church, but with nothing I much disliked in the Service *except* a side-altar ! ! and the odd take of the Clergy marching *in* to the Church in " birettas." Fine hearty singing, good clear reading and intoning. But the sermon was misery to us both, from inordinate affectation of delivery and emptiness of matter. " Father " Benson was the man, and I am told he is a saint, which grieves me the more.

London, *Wednesday, June 18th*, 1873.—The Shah of Persia arrived in London and everything is turned inside-out in consequence. We saw him arrive in a thunder pelt by the Mall and go to Buck. Palace.

London, *Thursday, June 19th*, 1873.—London had the Shah-ums ; streets in horrid state. We went in full fig to the Guildhall for a fine to-do ; he is a small brown man, with a handsome cruel face : diamonds wonderful to behold.

London, *Saturday, June 28th*, 1873.—Smart garden party for the Shah at Chiswick ; the Queen came and looked very cheerful with a little white about her. The Czarevitch and Cesarevna [4] are here ; he is an ugly, fair, big dog of a man ; she dark and pretty and with our Princess's manner ; but not high-bred looking.

[1] Now Bishop of Exeter.
[2] Late Lord Edward Cecil.
[3] Present Ld. Salisbury.
[4] Afterwards Alexander III ; the Cesarevna, afterwards Empress, was the sister of the Princess of Wales.

I had the honour of shaking hands with their two little Grand Dukes Nicholas [1] and George ; fine children, but plain. The little Wales girls dainty and pretty, and two bouncing handsome Teck boys. The public in rainbow hues, " only more so." The sister Princesses dress alike and seem immensely happy together.

London, *Wednesday, July 2nd,* 1873.—Lovely concert at Mrs. Ralli's ; took Agnes and Helen to Apsley House ball and left them there. Never noticed the D. of Wellington before ! Why does the poor little squirming man look as old as his father ?

London, *Friday, July 4th,* 1873.—Ball at the Goldsmiths' Hall, for the Wales's ; a fine sight : entrance-hall like a small Stafford House, only better, inasmuch as the marble is all real.

London, *Monday, July 7th,* 1873.—The Shah went off to France on Saturday, having pretty well tired out King, Lords, and Commons. Even the Prince of Wales is said to be dead beat. The French are going to make the best splash they can, but how poor, with no National Anthem, no flag, and nothing but a mushroom President. One of these days the Gladstones had the Shah to tea, and little Mary and Agnes Talbot were fetched upstairs to look at him. What shd he do but pat them on the cheeks and say, " Très jolies," to their infinite excitement. " He patted *me* twice," quoth Agnes, " because I'm fair ; so he is sure to ask for me as his 4th wife."

London, *Thursday, July 10th,* 1873.—Beautiful garden party at Montagu H. Tho' individually people are apt nowadays to look more like variegated bonbons than Christians, yet *en masse* the effect of the gay colours is very bright and successful.

Wimbledon, *Saturday, July 12th,* 1873.—Came to Wimbledon to dine under canvas with the Ducies, very pleasant and pretty. Met the Tecks, Selbornes, Ripons, L. Lindsays, Ld. Ossulstone, etc. Aftds saw some tip-top professional billiards (Cook and Bennett), to my delight ; a wonderful break of 117.

[1] Afterwards the ill-fated Nicholas II.

London, *Monday, July 14th*, 1873.—Dined *en garçon* in Gt. George St., and went larking aftds with old "Henry Barker" to the Opera. "Don Giovanni" with Patti, most delightful.

London, *Wednesday, July 16th*, 1873.—F. and I, May and Atie. P., went to see "Marie Antoinette" done by Ristori at Drury Lane. It was grand tragic acting—the only thing of the sort I have ever seen (except the same actress in "Medea" when I was fifteen, of which I have only a confused recollection). The awful truth and recentness of the events made it almost intolerably painful and pathetic to a degree that set many off crying, me to a frightful extent! A tiny girl who cdnt have been more than 8 played the poor little Dauphin's part wonderfully and the King was well done too. But oh, the Queen!—especially when she asks the King's forgiveness, when she cows Simon and aftds appeals to him before he carries off the child, and at the end when she goes to execution, and *with her hands tied behind her*, is sublime. The horror and pity of the whole thing was to me intensified by realising what the sufferings of the miserable mob must have been, and of their ancestors for generations, brought before one in the play by the clamour and shouts for bread coming from a distance nearer and nearer—and all the vengeance falling, as so often, on the guiltless heads. But they were happier in death than their predecessors had been in the pride of life.

London, *Friday, July 18th*, 1873.—Had a delightful Scott-Siddons reading for a charity at Grosvenor H.; made her acquaintance aftds at tea with Constance: we reminded her of Granny's interview with her after a reading abt the year '67, when Granny told her of her likeness to her great-grandmother Mrs. Siddons. She remembered it well, and was so delighted to be told who Granny was; said it chanced to be the 1st time she had been told of the likeness. We made her pose under the famous Sir Joshua of the Tragic Muse, and the likeness was most striking, only this little person is *very* dark. She is exceedingly handsome—almost beautiful.

Falconhurst, *Monday, July 21st,* 1873.—A letter from Atie P. at Holmbury came to me this morning with the appalling news of the death of the Bp. of Winchester. He travelled with Ld. Granville to Leatherhead, where they were met by horses that they might ride the rest of the way to Holmbury. The Bishop immensely pleased with the beautiful weather and scenery and with the horse Ld. G. mounted him on. They were cantering down a grassy slope not far from Abinger Hall, when the Bishop's horse stumbled at a grip, and came down on his knees (or all but). The Bishop was thrown over its head and, falling heavily on his head and turning right over, dislocated his neck and was killed on the spot. It is certain he cd have had no moment's pain or even consciousness of danger, but went in one instant from his enjoyment of earth to the Presence of God. It is an unutterable loss.

We came home. Went E. with poor Atie. P., who is dreadfully taken out of: they were at Holmbury to meet the Bishop, and were just expecting his arrival when the groom brought word of a "bad accident," but they all tried to hope the best, until poor Ld. Granville arrived at 10, looking ghastly, with the fatal news. About a week ago we rode with the Bp. in Rotten Row; he was in all his usual health and vigour and high spirits, and, when we got upon Church matters, said much that was interesting and that I shan't forget.

London, *Wednesday, July 30th,* 1873.—We went yesty to breakfast at No. 11, along with the "Jubilee Singers"—*emancipated slaves,* every one of them from the Southern States. They sang quite gloriously. Never shall I forget the enthusiasm and inspiration of their poor ugly faces in "John Brown," especially at the line "All mankind is free." Trumpet-like tones and wonderful softness, too, in their voices. One hymn was most beautiful—"Can I forget thee?" Little Sarah was brought in and listened entranced, instead of screaming at the black faces as was to be expected.

London, *Monday, August 4th,* 1873.—Eastward, I hope for the last time, but there are unpleasantnesses

in les hauts quartiers qui retiennent notre chef en ville, et nous par conséquent. Il doit y avoir plusieurs échanges de rôle.[1]

London, *Tuesday, August 5th,* 1873.—Thickening of Ministerial plot. Thank goodness F. was able de refuser l'offre d'être "fouet" en place de G. G. G.,[2] chose qui lui serait insupportable et pour moi un supplice. Uncle W. le lui offrit d'une façon très aimable et ne voulut point insister, surtout en comprenant que le duc s'y opposait fort. Je ne crois pas que F. s'en tirerait bien: il n'est pas assez *rapide* et il est trop scrupuleux—peut-être aussi trop enthousiaste. . . . The interesting event took place of Mr. Bright and Uncle W. dining with us (a *dead* secret!); said Mr. B. having consented to take office. He was very pleasant and downright; during a few minutes that I had him alone said he would never have done it for anyone but Uncle W.; spoke of him in the warmest way; said of himself that he felt quite well now, but was apt to flag, and get discouraged over work. I happened to say during dinner that I had no Scotch blood. "Nor have I," said he; "I wish I had; then perhaps I should have been a less lazy man." They talked composedly of the price of cotton, the Shortening of Hours Bill for women (of which Mr. B. disapproves), and such subjects, most of dinner time.

London, *Wednesday, August 6th,* 1873.—A notable day, F. being offered a Lordship of the Treasury and thus entering upon official life. Uncle W. takes the Chancellorship of the Exchequer on himself, and F. will be an extra Lord, owing to the double work this will give Uncle W. Mr. Lowe is bowed off the Exchequer of which he has made a grand muddle, and becomes Home Secretary, Mr. Bruce getting a peerage and Presidency of the Council. F., of course, can't accept without asking the Duke, so went off to Holker this evening. Atie. P. and I to The Coppice.

London, *Friday, August 8th,* 1873.—My Fred back

[1] Rearrangement of the Cabinet took place at this time.

[2] George Grenfell Glyn, the then Whip; afterwards 2nd Baron Wolverton.

from Holker at 6 a.m. this morning. If he takes the office, he vacates his seat; it was therefore to be kept back for a time, to get Registration matters, etc., forward, and to consult influential constituents. But by some unaccountable blundering the cat came out of the bag in the paper this morning, and he is in for it. It will be a horrid business if he has a contest, Greenwich and East Staffordshire having just been won by the Tories owing to the split caused by the precious League. But we hope better of the stout old Riding, and, if it only shows a firm front, the Tories won't be mad enough to contest it. Poor F., however, has to post off again at 3 to Bradford.

I saw Uncle W. at his window when we got home; he called me in and was delightful about F., calling him "such a compound of gallantry and good sense" and saying "I shall have him with me" with great pleasure and affection.

Bolton, *St. Bartholomew, 11th Sunday after Trinity*, 1873.—The usual dear Bolton Sunday, with an additional sacredness. It is the 1st S. Bartholomew's Day since that Funeral Day in '57 that I have been able to receive the Holy Communion. How well I remember the intense comfort of it when one's heart was all wrung and aching! And how I wrote of it: "It is like Holy Hands blessing and soothing one: Peace, be still." God grant it may always be so to me, in joy and sorrow, to the end.

Hagley, *Monday, September 1st*, 1873.—Papa headed a monster expedition to the top of the Wrekin. It consisted of himself and Sybella, his 8 sons, 3 of his daughters, 2 sons-in-law, a grandson, 3 cousins (Pole Carews), a niece (G. G.),[1] and Mr. Balfour. At Wellington Station (odd coincidence) we met Aggie[2] and Mr. Wickham, chaperoned by Mazy, Harry, and Herbert. Poor Mr. W. must have looked on bedazed as the 21 came bubbling endlessly one after another out of the saloon carriage. We all set off up the hill, and I had

[1] Gertrude Glyn, afterwards Lady Penrhyn.
[2] Agnes Gladstone, engaged to Rev. E. Wickham, Head Master of Wellington, afterwards Dean of Lincoln.

the very appalling honour of walking tête-à-tête with Mr. W. for a good bit! At the top we perched all over the crags and revelled in the glorious, widespread, many-tinted view, while the dear posse of big brothers set up various part-songs, and the hero and heroine sat happily together.

CHATSWORTH, *Friday, September 19th*, 1873.—I have sweet converse with Tallee. Va is a good-tempered cheery thing, with a funny little face rather like an apple that has been hung a few minutes to roast.

CHATSWORTH, *Wednesday, September 24th*, 1873.—The Dean [1] has now pounced upon the book, and is in raptures over it; goes off about it to me on every opportunity. Wants us to present it to the Queen, who, he is sure, will greatly like it, in spite of one or two little things which may take her aback.

LONDON, *Tuesday, September 30th*, 1873.—We went with Alfred Howard and Spencer to see "Richelieu" with Irving; he was excellent, tho' too like a swearing cat at times.

LONDON, *October 5th*, 1873. *17th Sunday after Trinity.*—Had the great pleasure of spending the day at Eton with darling old Edward and Alfred. Edwd. looking thin and Alfred hectic, from the exertion of playing football in the late great heat. Saw Spencer in S. George's, and walked with him round about Granny's beloved Windsor Castle and *my* beloved too. The very sight of its outside brings rushes of very romantic memories over me! Had luncheon at the White Hart with the boys and walked with them between services in the Park. Talked with Edwd. of his [2] vision of being an Eton master; I wish it may come to pass. Second service in Eton Chapel—singing very nice to what it was. Such a nice day, pleasant to look back upon. Got home to dinner, and entertained Uncle W. and Willy; Uncle W. agog upon perversions; gave us a brilliant history of the rise and development of Con-

[1] Dean Wellesley, of Windsor. The book was the privately printed Letters of her grandmother Sarah, Lady Lyttelton.

[2] Edward Lyttelton became a master, and ultimately Head Master of Eton.

fession in the Roman Church from the earliest period to the present time ! which ought to have been " taken down."

London, *Monday, October 6th,* 1873.—Eastward ! Less work than in the summer. Cd not talk to my poor Mrs. Polly, as she was brought in all wretched and senseless with chloroform from one of her innumerable hideous operations and aftds fell asleep. She is a dear, tidy, nice-minded woman, wife of a respectable country gardener. It is a horrible ordeal for her.

Holker, *Thursday, October 9th,* 1873.—Went with F. to Barrow for the launch of the *Duke of Buccleuch,* one of the new E. Indian " Ducal Line." I named her and made a splendid smash of the champagne bottle, to the joy of all beholders. Having never seen a launch before, I was delighted and rather throat-lumpy at the fine rush and plunge into the sea of the poor brave ship, little knowing what may be before her !

Holker, *Friday, October 10th,* 1873.—The old Catholics of Prussia have now a Bishop duly consecrated and a constitution ; also they have just been recognised by the State—a notable event which seems to give them a position such as the English Church acquired after the Reformation, only they have cleaner hands and, I suppose, if possible, a more urgent cause ; inasmuch as Papal *aggression* and the worst abuses of religion are less intolerable than Papal *infallibility,* and new falsehoods *imposed as articles of Faith.* God preserve them in His Truth, steadfast to the end !

Alas, Mrs. Helbert has gone over to Rome, dreaming, in the face of all these things, of unity and purity and peace there !

Holker, *Tuesday, October 14th,* 1873.—Very lovely with glorious views ; walked with Emma up Byland Scarr, and to see *Mesdames* Telfer and Mackreth. The Howards came late ; it is 4 years since they were here and must be very sad to poor At. Fanny. Another Govt. victory at Taunton ; this little turn of the tide is perhaps to be attributed to an extraordinary bit of spitting on the part of Dizzy, who has written a letter

(for publication) to Ld. Grey de Wilton savagely calling the Govt. names, and dubbing their whole career "plundering and blundering." This *must* disgust lukewarm Liberals.

HOLKER, *Wednesday, October 15th*, 1873.—Emma and the girls and I went to Raike to see Mesd. Abbotson and Kelly; Mr. Jodrell came.

HOLKER, *Thursday, October 16th*, 1873.—Had a fine galloping ride on Republic, with F., on the sands. Grey mild day. Uncle Dick came. I do Bible and hymns, and reading, and am beginning a little adding and counting, with the dear three eldest boykins before breakfast. Only Victor reads.

HOLKER, *Thursday, October 30th*, 1873.—Except school (where we 3 are taking the religious teaching of the 1st class), no outing: wild wind and rain.

HOLKER, *Friday, October 31st*, 1873.—William and Fritz actually love the "Lay of the Last Minstrel"!!! The illustrations first attracting them: they make me read bits of it, and can spout "Yes! I am come of high degree," "Nine and twenty knights of fame," etc. Cavsh. went late.

LONDON, *Friday, January 23rd*, 1874.—An extraordinary thunderclap exploded this evening, after a long Cabinet Council: Parliament is to be dissolved at once! Various important elections during the recess have been going against Government, and the state of things ever since Dizzy refused to take office after the Irish University defeat has been very creaky and unsatisfactory; Government greatly weakened. So what should Uncle William hatch as he coddled his cold but this spirited move! In bed he wrote a fine eloquent address to the Greenwich electors, which is to burst upon the astonished world to-morrow. F. told me on Wednesday that we were on the brink of a volcano, but not till just before dinner to-night did he tell me what was up. It was a complete dead secret and will take Liberals as much by surprise as Tories.

LONDON, *Saturday, January 24th*, 1874.—By some

mysterious process the Tory newspapers have the news, Uncle W.'s address and all! tho' it was only sent late last evening to the *Times*. The address is more a manifesto and mighty long, but excellent and forcible, with the grand plum of abolition of the Income Tax, on the strength of a great surplus of £5,000,000 and promised reduction of indirect taxation. General stir and bewilderment. F. is certain to have a sharp contest for the first time since he became an M.P., 8½ years ago; he plunged into his address. . . .

Yesterday the Duke of Edinburgh married the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna of Russia with all the gorgeous Eastern ceremonial, and the English Service besides; the Duke, by the account in the paper, received the Sacrament (at least the Cup) which I can hardly believe (No; it was not the Eucharist Cup, but a simple ceremony),[1] as I know Mrs. Helbert was refused when in one of her phases she wished to communicate in the Greek Church, at St. Petersburg. The Dean of Westminster celebrated the English rite, and must have been in his glory. A magnificent Russian choir sang at both services.

Bradford, *Tuesday, January 27th*, 1874.—We came to Bradford, F. having left London at 6, I at 12. Good staunch friends (albeit Independent), the Laws, put us up. The town is wild over Mr. Forster's election, and we shan't be much thought of till that's over. The miserable 25th clause of the Education Act is made the battle-ground by the frantic section of the Dissenters, as I prophesied, but I should fancy nowhere so vehemently, or with so little common sense, as here. Here, where the rates paid on behalf of children whose parents could not afford to pay fees have amounted in the whole year to the interesting sum of 30*s*.!! the Irreconcileables mean to oust Mr. Forster after his years of stout Liberal service; and they may very probably do it, by splitting the party.

Bradford, *Wednesday, January 28th*, 1874.—F. came home late, and a good deal harassed. He has no wish to attempt to conciliate the Irreconcileables;

[1] Added later.

but the best class of dissenters who are supporting him and earnest against splitting up the party, have sat upon him to make some concession, and he has written to Sir Titus Salt (a typical man of the sort) to re-state his *determination* against excluding religion from Board Schools, and his *opinion* that taking away the liberty of parents in the choice of schools will greatly hinder compulsion, but promising *eventually*, rather than ruin the whole cause by Liberal strife, to vote for the repeal of the clause, should the bitter feeling continue. I can hardly think him right; but I daresay I am no judge of the duty of concession in the matter.

Eshton, *Monday, February 2nd*, 1874.—The meeting was in the Keighley Mechanics' Institute, at 8. The fine big hall was crammed in every corner. F. spoke with rather less effect than at Halifax, confining himself almost entirely to finance, but the people listened famously well, and I enjoyed the sight of their keen, shrewd faces. At first there were symptoms of opposition, from Tory, extreme Radical, and Republican (! ! !) sections, but all this seemed to dwindle away. My proudest time was during the questions, in which my old Fred does certainly excel. He is thoroughly up upon all the subjects and one could see growing respect and confidence in the faces below. Jolly old Mr. Wilson followed suit with unbounded good-will and pluck, but not quite with all the knowledge of the various matters one could wish; occasionally taking wild Radical flights, occasionally coming out rather old Tory than otherwise; but always with straightforwardness and bonhomie. What with F.'s profound earnestness and *his* humorous hitting, they are a good deal like Tragedy and Comedy. The meeting ended with splendid enthusiasm, and was all but unanimous, barely 6 hands being held up against us.

Bradford, *Friday, February 6th*, 1874.—All this while the Lord Chief Justice Cockburn has been summing up in the Tichborne trial. The *Spectator* truly says that he must have felt as a 1st-rate singer would do, when, on striking up, all the children in the house began to squall! His speech beginning *with* the General

Election. The Claimant is being clearly tho' gradually unravelled, and an unspeakably mean monster of fraud, lying, perjury, and all uncleanness he must be.

Bradford, *Wednesday, February* 11*th*, 1874.—Polling-day. We should be delightfully confident, if it were not for the general rout of the Liberal party which is taking place all over the country, the causes of which are not every easy to determine. Probably many causes combine. Uncle W.'s government has been economical, with the grand result of national unbounded prosperity ; but various " interests " have suffered in their pockets, and are furious against him ; the Licensed Victuallers and publicans are all up in arms ; and there is a universal sense of weariness and wish for letting things alone. And I believe the Secularists, and their tools the Irreconcileable Dissenters, have thoroughly frightened the country, which has plenty of strong attachment to the Church Establishment and Religious Education ; and this must have a deal to do with the reaction. The Liberation and Birmingham League return very few representatives, and the party is paying the price of its wretched disorder and splits, and suffering for its innumerable hobby-riders and crotchet-mongers, who, like dogs on a racecourse, prance wildly about the field and get under the feet of the great champions of the great cause—breaking their own stupid backs in the process, and spoiling the race. Frank, Cavendish, Willy, Uncle Charles, and Mr. Leveson are in, but Uncle W. himself is but a miserable 2nd at Greenwich and Eddy is beaten with Sir J. Shuttleworth in N.E. Lancashire. He turned up to dinner here last night.

Bradford, *Thursday, February* 12*th*, 1874.—We came out triumphant, 3 cheers ! F. at the head, Mr. Wilson only 23 behind him—majority over 800. In brighter days it would have been 2,000 ; but this ain't amiss. It is a great delight and gratification. I " put in " the time of suspense pretty well, skating with the Law girls in Peel Park. . . . Our news came at 4.30. . . . I much feared I should kiss Mr. Law, dear man, or Mr. Wilson, or both ; but it was happily averted.

London, *February 17th, Shrove Tuesday*, 1874.—To London. Saw the Gladstones before dinner. He had just come from the Queen, and was looking upset and sad; he had no expectation of anything like such a crash, and, with all his longing for rest, the mighty defeat cannot but be heavy to bear. She, poor dear, is very wretched about it.

We went to their *tail* after dinner—saw Argylls, Ld. Granville, Ld. Wolverton, Charles, and many "disembodied spirits," as Uncle W. calls the unseated members.

London, *Friday, February 20th*, 1874.—Uncle W. picking up his spirits already; but he is deeply indignant with the party—says there is no one point on which they would act together, and calls his 2nd fiddle election his "disgrace." Declaimed about it all a good deal; but after all Mr. Leveson was right t'other day when he said no Government ever went out with cleaner hands and a more glorious past. It has been a "great five years."

Holker, *Monday, March 2nd*, 1874.—The magnificent summing-up of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn ended on Saturday, and the jury in half an hour's time brought in a verdict of Guilty on both counts; and miserable Arthur Orton stands at last stripped of all his shams and masks, in native baseness. He is sentenced to penal servitude for 14 years. His counsel Kenealy is gibbeted by judges and jury for abominable slanders and false accusations: and people say he must be disbarred. It is some comfort to perceive that the very mob have lost faith in their hero and he was taken off to Newgate without disturbance.

Holker, *Saturday, March 7th*, 1874.—Grim news of Uncle W.'s determination, on deliberate grounds of what he thinks right, to take no active lead in the House this year. It will have to be Cavendish.

Holker, *Sunday, March 8th*, 1874.—Finished this evening a book that has taken great hold upon me, and that one ought to thank God for, Miss Yonge's Life of Bishop Patteson. It is a glorious shining proof from beginning to end of what our own dear Church can bring

forth. His life was given in single-minded, pure devotion to God's work in the Melanesian Islands; and without sensational results though it might be, the seed sown went deep down and he lived to see it take root downward and bear fruit upward. Oh, what it is to see the Divine Life and Power as fresh and prevailing as ever, when once the Love of Christ is shining! What but *that* could produce in the heathen converts the blessed gifts of joy and hope and *true penitence*: their very words the same as of old, speaking of "all things being made new" to them. And then the Bishop's own shining character! Thro' toil and anxiety and loss of home and friends, loneliness, and, latterly, weakness and suffering, what blessedness and peace! what humility, faith, and love!

London, *Thursday, March 19th*, 1874.—Poor old Auntie more composed and cheery, tho' hating the thought of No. 11 [1] being *let* for the season. To the great relief of all his unfortunate party, Uncle W. has consented to lead when he is wanted! and sure enough yesterday he spoke very well upon the Address, and to-day as brilliantly as ever in explanation of his late course, demolishing the impertinent "Harry Chaplin," who thought fit to give him a blowing-up for his past Irish policy.

London, *Saturday, March 21st*, 1874.—After dinner had the great treat of beautiful quartet fiddling at Mr. Balfour's, along with a select circle almost entirely composed of Lytteltons and Gladstones.

London, *Monday, March 23rd*, 1874.—Eastward! Dear Miss Lilley turned up at the Hospital, having been to see a sick Limehouse body (who arose up in bed and kissed her!). At 5.30 tea turned up Uncle W., as jolly as a sand-boy at having shirked the House; and made himself highly agreeable to Lady Ripon who also turned up.

London, *Wednesday, March 25th*, 1874.—Dined at No. 11, meeting no less a lion than Sir Garnet Wolseley [2]

[1] The Gladstones' house in Carlton House Terrace.

[2] Afterwards Viscount Wolseley. He had just returned from the Ashantee War.

with all his laurels fresh. A little, spare, brown man, only 40, with nothing about him to show his power except his very bright *steady* eyes. His wife pretty and nice, and proud of him. He was quite simple in manner, and told one straightforwardly all one wanted to know.

London, *Wednesday, April 29th*, 1874.—Visited Aunt Caroline, and Mrs. Dugdale, who seems to be keeping house for poor widowed Sir Ch. Trevelyan. He was there, and enjoyed our visit, and showing off a beautiful Dugdale baby. Went off into reminiscences of his youth, à propos of the great increase of religious earnestness: said he used to be sent as a boy to see the "promenade" in the Park on *Sundays* of all the beauty and fashion driving and gossiping. Those who didn't were called Saints. And he said he remembered boys at school *going up for Confirmation again and again* for the sake of the day's outing!! Likewise, he remembers seeing a wretched boy tossed at a bull-baiting.

London, *Tuesday, May 19th*, 1874.—One of these days came off a fine ball at Stafford House, where the Czar,[1] who has just come over to see his daughter, was entertained. He is a dignified, well-looking man, but must be immeasurably inferior in appearance to his splendid gigantic father, of whom the Queen must often have thought as she received this one with the same honours. Well do I remember Granny's description of the grand parting of the Queen and the Emperor Nicholas; when, encircled by the whole Court in the great hall, the Queen bade him farewell with a magnificent curtsey, and he made a magnificent bow.

London, *Wednesday, May 20th*, 1874.—Went with Lady Granville to a little meeting of Supplemental ladies at the Oldfields', to discuss a little "Stepping-stone" Home for little would-be servant gals of low degree. Charlotte Spencer, Mrs. Loyd Lindsay, Ly. Marian Alford, Aunt Yaddy, and other great dames were there.

London, *Thursday, June 11th*, 1874.—The Archbishop's Bill for facilitating legal proceedings against

[1] Alexander II.

supposed law-breaking clergy is passing thro' the House of Lords. Some of the Ritualist proceedings are nearly unbearable. The enforcement of Fasting Communion as a sort of 11th Commandment is one common practice. I mean it is made next to impossible for people to Communicate at mid-day; so that the mid-day Celebration (generally the musical and "High" one) is fast becoming a Service to "assist at" instead of a Communion to receive. *Urging habitual confession* on *all*, instead of *recommending* it in extreme cases to *some*, is another. Invocations to the B. Virgin and the Saints, imploring their prayers, is another; and along with this one cannot but be suspicious of side-altars which one sees now and then in ordinary-sized churches where they cannot be required for duplicate services. These things are distinct disloyalties to the Prayer Book; and therefore I think show more than anything else that distaste for our Church *as* Anglican which leads people to Rome. They fix their whole affections on Catholicity, and cease to be watchful against its medieval and modern corruptions, and drop altogether all interest in the *English* Church.

London, *Tuesday, July 7th*, 1874.—We dined with Uncle W. at old Sir Anthony Panizzi's [1]: he is *chair*-ridden and very helpless, but amazing good company. Flew at Uncle W. for having too much to say to "priests"; and would not be pacified by his rejoinder of "How comes it, then, that no man is so hated as I am by the Roman Curia?" or by his announcement that it was orders from Rome that shipwrecked the Irish Universities Bill. Capital good dinner for us four. The old fellow kept breaking out with his objurgations against "priests" at odd moments all the evening through.

London, *Wednesday, July 23rd*, 1874.—We dined with the Granvilles, meeting Cowpers, Cavendish, Ld. Mandeville [2] (an ugly youth, but rather taking), De Vescis and daughter, Bertie, Duke of Sutherland, and

[1] An Italian patriot and refugee who became Principal Librarian of the British Museum and a K.C.B.

[2] Afterwards 8th Duke of Manchester.

certain Americans, etc., one of whom got drunk. Conversation turned much on the fancy ball at Marlboro' House, which came off t'other night, and for which I saw Cavendish arrayed in Tudor costume. He looked famously well and handsome—very like one's idea of Henry VIII [1] in his youth, before he was fat. Lord Cowper was in Venetian dress, and, quoth Ly. Cowper, "looked beautiful," as I can believe. Among the ladies (who clearly produced less effect) Ly. Hardwick seems to have been pre-eminent; Ly. Granville very striking in Vandyck dress, with great shady hat. The whole thing was arranged and set in order by Leighton the artist.

Holker, *Thursday, August 6th*, 1874.—We stuck up lawn-tennis just outside the garden-gate, on a bit of grass Eddy had been cutting and rolling. . . .

The H. of Lords has kicked out the "appeal" to the Archbishops, and the Commons have had the sense to submit, and so the Bill [2] is passed, decidedly improved. It is a triumph for Uncle W. to have gained this point about the Archbishop appeal, in spite of his small and disorganized party. But indeed parties have been mixed up in an odd confusion upon the question. At the 3rd reading, Sir W. Harcourt was so insufferably insolent to his late chief, that he, at last, after long patience on the part of Uncle W., caught it uncommonly hot from him! and the House seems to have been delighted thereat. To make his speech still nicer, Sir W. poured floods of butter over Dizzy, while Dizzy, on his part, made savage tho' sly cuts at Lord Salisbury; so it was a surprising and peculiar scene altogether.

Holker, *September 3rd*, 1874.—Gentlemen *perdus* as before. A very funny Belgian potentate named d'Andrimont is here, and makes himself agreeable to us on their return after dinner: he is greatly impressed with "l'activité du Duc, qu'on dirait un jeune homme de 17 ans: il saute, il danse, comme un chevreuil." Not quite one's idea of His Grace!

[1] I think he again appeared as Henry VIII at the famous fancy-dress ball given at Devonshire House after he had succeeded to the Dukedom.
[2] The Public Worship Regulation Bill.

Holker, *Saturday, September 5th*, 1874.—One horrid thing signalized my birthday: the news in the paper of Ld. *Ripon* of all people in the world having gone over to Rome. I knew months ago that it was brewing: in March. How any sensible, straightforward, middle-aged Englishman can bring himself to believe the Infallibility of the Pope and the Immaculate Conception, *as* he believes the Apostles' Creed!! or can in conscience accept these doctrines *without* believing them, beats me. Even if (which God forbid) I saw no alternative between this and infidelity, I had far rather "wait in the darkness" patiently, and be as illogical as possible, than so force my conscience.

Holker, *Monday, September 7th*, 1874.—Lawn-tennis prevailed.

Holker, *Thursday, September 17th*, 1874.—Lawn-tennis.

Glasgow, *Friday, September 18th*, 1874.—The great event came off of my crossing the Border for the 1st time. We reached Glasgow about 6 and went to the Queen's Hotel. It is great fun for me; so little do I see of new places in Great Britain. We are rather dingy, but comfortable.

Glasgow, *Saturday, September 19th*, 1874.—*Did* Glasgow; viz., the quay, where F. had to acknowledge Barrow immensely outdone, tho' Barrow has some better appliances; some shopping, and the noble cathedral, whose Presbyterian arrangements nearly gave me a fit: the crowning object being of course the pulpit. As soon as we were clear of the town, about 11, rain set in, and lasted without intermission all up Lake Lomond, all thro' our 24 miles' posting by Glencroe and Loch Long, and so up to the castle door of Inveraray. We made the most we could of the bases of the mountains, and the innumerable torrents, and were much refreshed by a nap in the midst of the grandest part of the posting! In the blur of the mist and rain we both took a cluster of tree-tops above the town of Inveraray for the castle!! and as the effect of lofty, hoary towers and pinnacles quite out-Hardwicked Hardwick, we wondered at what we had heard of the

ugliness thereof. But the real article, seen in the gloomy twilight, looked dismal enough: rather like Millbank Penitentiary. Warm and kind and comfortable within, however: Duke and Duchess, Edith Percy and her 5 children, Colin, a very beautiful youth, Libbie, Victoria, Evelyn, Mary, and lovely little Constance.[1]

INVERARAY, *Sunday, September 20th*, 1874.—I had my first experience of a Scotch kirk. Lifeless and dull and dead—a very frame of dry-bones it was to me! and I can't get over my amazement at such services being the food of so much religious life, as no doubt they are in this country. Two chapters in the Bible, and the fine old rolling tunes to which they sang the rough metrical Psalms, and "Sun of my soul," with which we ended (at noon!) were the only comforts.

INVERARAY, *September 21st*, 1874.—Much rain. F., however, had an enchanting day's shooting: black game; the grouse are more destroyed here than in Yorkshire. I drove with the Duchess and Edith, and darling *Lord Warkworth*,[2] who loves my catspaw seal being stamped on his little white arm. He is Percy-ish and not pretty, but has a dear smile: Josceline, a fat two-year-old, is the only beauty, being like his mother; the twin girls are like demure damsels in stiff long frocks out of a Vandyck picture, and there is a baby called Margaret with the D. of Argyll's red-gold hair. We drove in the woods amid magnificent trees, and ended along the loch to see the yacht appear, which brought home the Lornes and Ld. Percy. Princess Louise very pleasant and easy; seems comfortable with them all.

INVERARAY, *Wednesday, September 23rd*, 1874.—We have hardly any Royal proprieties with H.R.H.—an occasional "Mum" from us visitors, and a very feeble pretence at getting up when she comes in late for breakfast, is about all. She seems very much devoted to her husband: jumped up from the floor where she was playing with the little Percys when he came in from shooting, saying, "Oh, I must go and see about

[1] These are children of the Duke of Argyll, not of his daughter Lady Percy.

[2] Afterwards Earl Percy and Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

his clothes or he will never change ! " . . . I had a lovely walk. The giant beech avenues and other glorious trees are a great delight.

DUNROBIN, *Friday, October 9th*, 1874.—Yesterday at noon the beauty of things was intense. It was radiant, cloudless S. Luke's summer weather, and I went down to the sea—blue, blue sea, with the glowing woods sloping down to it, and the kingly white pinnacles of the castle towering up into the heavenly sky. Muggy to-day. Lawn-tennis. I walked with Florence,[1] whom I greatly like. She is very pretty, without real beauty ; very high-bred and with a delightful figure : coming in from tennis in a big Rubens hat, she looked enchanting.

RABY, *Monday, October 19th*, 1874.—We 3 went on to Raby, where we found the Duchess of Cleveland, in deep but cheerful mourning for her sister-in-law Ly. Augusta Milbanke who died last month ; entertaining Foresters, Carpenters (Talbots), and Miss Mundy, a Mr. Crofton and Mr. Williamson. Whist with the gracious old Duke.

[1] Lady Florence Leveson-Gower. She married Henry Chaplin, afterwards 1st Viscount Chaplin.

BOOK XIII

NOVEMBER 1874—OCTOBER 1880

INTRODUCTION TO BOOK XIII

In these later years the Diary is generally written, not day by day, but a whole week at a time, which is never an advantage. For the essence of a diary is to be what its name implies: a record of a day as seen and judged before that day is over. Even a summary made within a week loses something of the freshness of an immediate impression. Then, too, when the business is to give the retrospect of a week, the facts and doings it includes crowd in and take up so much space that brain and pen are too weary to give the anticipations and regrets which went before or after them, the pleasures and pains, joys and sorrows, which accompanied them; and without these the facts are very apt to be so close-packed as to be invisible or else so bare and dry as to have no more life than a table of the events and dates in a Sovereign's reign.

Still, in this closely written and crowded volume there are a good many events and subjects which moved Lady Frederick too much to allow of her passing them over with a bare record. She gets even more absorbed in politics, Church questions, and her various good works. Social doings occupy less space than in the first ten years of her marriage. She no longer goes to balls, for she has no one to take to them. Her sister Lavinia was now married; her younger sister, May, died, to the great sorrow of all her family and of many outside it, early in 1875; and in the same year her cousin Gertrude Glynne, whom she had often chaperoned, married George Pennant, afterwards Lord Penrhyn. And of course she was herself getting older; and, between the political preoccupations of all the families with which she was most closely connected, the

ecclesiastical activities of most of them, and her own eager interest in both, she had ever less and less time for social engagements pure and simple.

In one way, of course, her politics were in the background when this volume opens. She is now so passionately Liberal that it is difficult to think of her as having been a Conservative a few years before. And Liberalism is under a cloud in 1875, and remains so till 1880. Disraeli is the master of England, and the Liberal party is, at any rate up to 1878, more or less divided and altogether discredited and unpopular. But Lady Frederick's personal connection with the party is closer than ever. For Gladstone's resignation of the leadership in 1875 and Hartington's election to it, Gladstone's return to the political arena in order to agitate about the Eastern Question, his Midlothian campaign which was the first considerable recourse to the popular platform by a man who had held high office, and, finally, the delicate question of who was to become Prime Minister when the victory was won, were all, for her, matters, not merely of public and party importance, but of an intense private interest. They are old stories now and well known from several biographies, especially the Life of Gladstone. But those who care about the personal side of political history may like seeing them again, as it were from the inside, in Lady Frederick's pages.

She evidently believed, what has often been doubted, the sincerity of Gladstone's wish to retire in 1875. Probably Gladstone believed it himself. But all men deceive themselves as to their real motives and desires ; and, noble as Gladstone's character was, he was, even less than most men, exempt from this weakness. He wrote in his diary about this time that his three desires were to be free of the leadership, of the House of Commons itself, and of the burden of wealth and property. He resumed the leadership in a few years, never left the House of Commons till he was dying, and died rich. No

doubt in 1875 he was a tired man after the enormous labours of 1868–74, and a disappointed man after the reward they had received. So the devotional, and even monastic, side, which was in him, and very real, from the beginning to the end, honestly believed that he desired to spend his remaining years in prayer and study and seclusion. He did go so far towards cutting himself loose from politics as to refuse to take in any newspaper except the *Echo* ! But it was characteristic of the unconscious insincerity, or at least double-mindedness, which was also one of his striking qualities, that he would not take the only step that would have given such a life as he thought he desired a chance of being possible. He had himself seen quite clearly the entire impossibility of Peel's plan of remaining in the House of Commons as a mere private member with no responsibility of leadership ; yet when he told the Queen after his defeat in 1874 that it was his wish to retire altogether because he felt that " wrangling discussions " were " not a fit thing for people in old age," she showed, as usual, that she was as superior to him in common sense as he was to her in higher intellectual gifts. " I answered," she says, " that this was all very well, but that for a person in his position to decide this beforehand was almost impossible." She probably felt, as he had felt in Peel's case, and as his brother-in-law Lyttelton now felt in his, that if he did not mean to lead he ought not to remain in the House of Commons. But to perceive an inexorable alternative of that kind was a facing of the facts such as was never in Gladstone's nature. And so even Lady Frederick, who loved and worshipped him, sees at times that his refusal either to lead or to be silent was cruelly unfair to his loyal successor who was bearing the thankless burden to which he had refused to submit. So one occasionally finds in her journal what are probably echoes of Cavendish criticism, as when she talks of his " ill-judged " speech at Oxford in 1878 which only served to increase

the difficulties of Parliamentary Opposition. And it is interesting to see that she can on one occasion describe a House of Commons speech of his as "dull and a failure." But of course her common attitude is one of devoted and affectionate admiration; and she records with delighted sympathy the exhibitions which she herself witnessed of the extraordinary popular enthusiasm which he now began to arouse in the great masses of the people as he transferred his main activities from the House of Commons to the platform—a new departure in English politics of which the succeeding fifty years have shown us some, but probably by no means all, of the consequences.

But political as Lady Frederick's interests had now become—how much so may be seen in the odd fact that when she and her husband go to Cannes, the first thing they do is to buy an "electoral map of France in Departments coloured according to politics"—yet there is much else in this volume: much, for instance, about "Vaticanism" abroad and Ritualism and other Church questions at home. There is an interesting account of Cardinal Newman's visit to Keble College in November 1879. And a great deal of space is given to a few private events which touched her very closely. There is a day-to-day account of the long illness of her sister May who died in March 1875. Perhaps the thing that now most strikes a reader of this story of a great sorrow is the extraordinary devotion of Mrs. Gladstone, who remained for weeks at Hagley in command of the sick-room of her slowly-dying niece. And, one may add, the generosity of Mr. Gladstone, who was always so dependent on her that Lady Frederick describes him as "quite lost and bewildered without her," and yet spared her for several consecutive weeks to Hagley although he was in all the uncomfortable confusion of moving out of No. 11 Carlton House Terrace.

A still greater sorrow to Lady Frederick was the death

of her father in April 1876. Indeed her sister Meriel used to say that she sometimes thought not even the shock of her husband's murder had overwhelmed Lady Frederick quite so much as the suicide—for so it was—of her father did, for a time. No doubt it was that fact, and the thought of the misery of the continually descending clouds of depression which had brought it about, which she found it so hard to bear or to forget. He and all his children had always been united in the closest and most unbroken affection; the marriages of his daughters had all been everything he wished; his sons were a source of constant pride, pleasure, and well-founded hope; his own second marriage was one of perfect happiness and brought him baby daughters in whom he took great delight; his work in the House of Lords, and in public life as Chief Commissioner of Endowed Schools, had made all recognise his character and ability, even those who did not accept his policy; he had played a considerable part in the colonisation of New Zealand; in his own county he was the best of Lord-Lieutenants, the mainspring of all public movements and, as is recorded in the Dictionary of National Biography, "the centre of the intellectual life of Worcestershire." Besides all these things he had the surest of all sources of private pleasure in his great love of reading: was recognised as one of the very finest classical scholars of his day, and would take a Homer or a Horace with him when he went to Lord's to console him in the dull moments which occurred even in the livelier cricket of those days, and when hunting, if foxes failed, would amuse himself with turning Milton into Greek. Yet, with all these happinesses and busy activities, private and public, he suffered for years before his death from recurring fits of acute melancholia, and in one of these in April 1876 he put an end to his life. It is touching to see how Lady Frederick so often afterwards, when any success is achieved by one of her brothers, thinks at once of her father and pas

sionately wishes she could tell it to him and see the delight in his face.

As against these two great sorrows must be set the first two marriages among her brothers, which are recorded in this volume and gave her great pleasure. Of the small items of curiosity which I have noticed in previous Introductions I have space only for two. One marks the then growing severity of the standard of clerical decorum. We hear that a young clergyman arrived to stay at Holker and was "liked, in spite of shooting, whist, and shirt-studs." What possible impropriety can lurk in shirt-studs I am unable to explain. The other exhibits the difficulties of the new science of anæsthetics. Lady Frederick relates of young Bishop Copleston in 1876 that he "has lately been half killed by laughing-gas which the dentist insisted on giving him for a tooth operation; and which has upset all the nerves governing the circulation, producing returns of the state it reduced him to on every recurring day and hour of the administration of it."

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE, WITH LADY FREDERICK CAVENDISH.

The last visit to Holker.

CHATSWORTH, *Wednesday, November 11th,* 1874.—Uncle William has sent F. a pamphlet just brought out on the Vatican decrees. It is a "Remonstrance," elicited by an outcry which has been raised by one sentence in his article on Ritualism. This is the sentence: "Rome has substituted for the proud boast of 'semper eadem' a policy of violence and change in faith; she has refurbished and paraded anew every rusty tool she was fondly thought to have disused; . . . no one can become her convert without renouncing his moral and mental freedom, and placing his civil loyalty at the mercy of another; . . . she has equally repudiated modern thought and ancient history." The Irish and other R.C.s are frantic over this. I can't imagine why. They have always been in the habit of giving hard knocks, and should take return ones philosophically. It almost looks as if they *had* been imagining Uncle W. a sneaking Romanist, and are now disappointed. This pamphlet defends and substantiates his accusations, and is a powerful and telling show-up of the *new* and intolerable position in which the Infallibility decree has placed R.C.s who accept it, with regard to their national allegiance. He gives them full credit for practical loyalty; but in face of the demand now made upon them to be absolutely governed by the personal will of the Pope, he calls upon them to declare their allegiance as English subjects. The whole pamphlet is in better and clearer style than anything of his I ever read, has some eloquent passages, and ends with all the fire and dignity of one of his great speech perorations. G. G. and I rode.

CHATSWORTH, *Friday, November 13th,* 1874.—Manning has answered the pamphlet in the out-and-out Ultramontane style, arguing as if submission to Papal In-

fallibility was identical with obedience to God and conscience, and stoutly maintaining his own loyalty. Ld. Acton, on the same page of *The Times*, takes the very different line of assuring the world that the Papal pretensions are no worse than they ever were; that R.C.s have been loyal in spite of them before, and will be loyal in spite of them now!!

CHATSWORTH, *Sunday, November 22nd*, 1874.—Hoar-frost, hardly visible for fog. Georgiana Cavendish played, and Spencer sang delightfully, in church between services; the new organ being lately put up. Various other remarkable letters from R.C.s keep appearing in the papers; Mr. Shee, Mr. Petre, Lord Camoys, and others, disavowing the Decree in very plain language; Sir Geo. Bowyer, etc., taking Manning's view. The whole thing reveals deep and wide differences among R.C.s; and, if Ld. Ripon reads the controversy, he surely must feel a little uncomfortable. Manning, by the bye, pronounces Ld. Camoys a heretic, if he sticks to what he says.

CHATSWORTH, *Tuesday, November 24th*, 1874.—Florence [1] is a most winning creature, and we can't help a little exciting hope that Cavendish thinks of her. He certainly likes her better than other girls; and at his age one almost feels it is now or never. One evening he even condescended to billiard-battle when she was in the room, and he talks a good deal to her, and what's more *watches* her. Some people think her like her mother; I don't, thank goodness, see this in the least either in looks or ways. First and foremost, she is extremely natural and genuine.

CHATSWORTH, *Tuesday, December 1st*, 1874.—Manning has thundered out a circular letter, informing the world that whoever does not accept and believe Immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility is no Catholic. The Pope has made a funny metaphor in an angry speech calling Uncle W. a viper attacking the bark of S. Peter!!

CHATSWORTH, *Tuesday, December 8th*, 1874.—We are come to the last slide of the Chatsworth magic lantern:

[1] Lady Florence Leveson-Gower, daughter of the Duke of Sutherland.

the Duke of Cambridge and his equerry, a funny little man called Tyrwhitt, of no particular age, in a grey wig ; Lord Carlingford and Ly. Waldegrave, the Spencers, Mr. Leveson, Cavendish.

CHATSWORTH, *Wednesday, December 9th,* 1874.—H.R.H. is very good-natured and jovial, nudging and patting his neighbours, and putting his nose in their ears : he looks 70, which is a pity, at 55. He declaims about Bismarck and the Pope, and lets fly at the " Greville Memoirs " which are just out. No wonder ! I have not read it yet, but everyone is open-mouthed about its unkind and trivial gossip, and absence of praise of anyone. To be sure the Regency and late reign must have been thoroughly evil times ; and one good the book must do by showing one the present times in bright contrast. What are the Queen's retirement and over-weening love of Scotland, or even the P. of Wales' bad habits, in comparison with the vile Court of Geo. IV, the debts and scandals of the Royal Dukes, and the horrid Queen Caroline chapter !—Thick mist and rain on the top of half-melted snow all day : an appropriate reminiscence of the P. of Wales' visit. We took H.R.H. and the guests over the house.

CHATSWORTH, *Thursday, December 10th,* 1874.—Fairly fine again. L. tennis ; Charlotte very eager. It froze sharp, in spite of which Spencer, like his uncle before him (" Uncle Jack " [1]), arose before the dawn on the chance of hunting being possible in S. Derbyshire, and departed with the hapless Mr. Coke and brothers Buller, all en route for various destinations. The hunting proved fragment,[2] as was to be expected. Scarsdales [3] came.

HOLKER, *Friday, New Year's Day,* 1875.—Yesterday should have changed places with to-day for weather ; it was dismal, black, and raw. Nevertheless we set out stoutly for Windermere along with Drewry sons and

[1] " Uncle Jack " is the Lord Althorp of the great Reform Bill, who was afterwards 3rd Earl Spencer. Spencer in the text means Lord Spencer, not her brother.

[2] Appendix A.

[3] Lord and Lady Scarsdale, father and mother of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, the statesman.

daughter. Began to snow halfway there, and went on till dark with hail, sleet, and rain modifications at last. The skating, however, was grand, the wind blowing much of the snow off the ice, which was splendid, black, and hard, the lake frozen quite round, right across, and nearly up to Bowness.

Holker, *Monday, January 18th*, 1875.—To-day the blow that has so long been dreaded falls on the unhappy divided Liberal party. Uncle W. writes to Ld. Granville resigning the Leadership, in a short letter. He says he feels he may fairly retire, after 40 years of public life and at the age of 65, when there is nothing in the state of politics to justify him in hoping his leadership will serve the party, and when his hands are full of other important matters—by which no doubt he means the Papal controversy. We somehow hoped he was willing to come to a compromise, such as being in London thro' the Session, tho' with slight attendance at the House, but so as to be *at hand* whenever he might be wanted as leader, and thus avoiding the difficulties that came last year of his absence from town, colleagues, and newspapers ; (for he never will take in any but the *Echo* ! ! when out of Office).

Hagley, *February 8th–11th*, 1875.—Oh dear, not a word have I said of the public *and* private event of Cavendish's unanimous election to the Liberal Leadership a week or so ago. There would have been great conflict of opinion between him and Mr. Forster, if Mr. F. had not generously refused to be put forward. I believe he would have been the right man ; but neither the frantic League dissenters (fools that they are !) nor the old Whigs would follow him. Cavendish seems to be very generally respected and trusted, and he has plenty of abilities, besides great accuracy and good judgment ; the worst of him is that I can't imagine him ever strongly zealous or earnest about anything ; and he may be lazy ; but this I don't expect, as the sense of responsibility will weigh much with him.

Hagley, *Palm Sunday, March 21st*, 1875.—Edward Talbot (who with Lavinia was at the Rectory [1]) came

[1] Her sister May had been very ill for some weeks, at Hagley Rectory.

down at 8, and came to our room. The night had been profoundly quiet: nothing swallowed; no pain. Except Newmany's name, which has all along been oftenest on her lips, I believe she did not speak. It was a bright, clear morning, with shining sun. F. and I walked up together about 9 o'clock, and he went upstairs with me. We knelt together by the bed; he saw her last at Chatsworth in her beauty and brightness. She lay a little propped up, breathing gently; her look was a little troubled. Auntie P. was on the bed at her right side, stroking the wavy hair; Newmany holding her left hand, close to me; poor Edward also near me, watching her earnestly. Auntie P. said, "It's all right, darling; God is taking such care of you," and she told me to say some verses. I repeated, as slowly and clearly as I could, only 2 or 4 lines at a time, parts of Keble's Evening Hymn. The morning must have been streaming in; but the words fitted the awful, still approach of death. The troubled expression passed from the darling's face, and she stretched her hand out to me. When I paused she would look at me, and then turn her pretty head and look up at Auntie P. as if appealing for more words of comfort. I kissed her hand, and we went away. Dr. Wade could not tell how long it might last, so we went down again to be with poor Papa and Sybella. They were setting off to go up the Hill and I was sitting in the Library, looking out other hymns which I thought I might repeat to our darling, and I had chosen "There is a green hill far away," which she so loved to hear Spencer sing—Alfred was playing soft, solemn music, and the pathos of it was bringing floods of tears—when Meriel came down and gently told us the end had come. Not a sound, not a pang: the breathing died away imperceptibly as Uncle B. read the last prayer.

CHATSWORTH, *Saturday, May 15th*, 1875.—Saturday the 15th I came to Chatsworth with Papa and Sybella; F. having gone down Friday, when I stayed on to go with M., Mrs. T., Gertrude, and Willy to hear "S. Paul" at Exeter Hall, which was glorious. Endless dawdling journey. At S. Pancras were all the little Wales children, knocking about with tutor and nurses

like anybody else on the platform. The 2 boys in Scotch dress ; the eldest very pretty and noble-looking, like his mother ; and so slim and well-made as to look a fair height ; Prince George a gig : little girls fair and like the Queen, I think. F. was at Bradford all day ; turned up at midnight.

CHATSWORTH, *Sunday, May 16th–23rd,* 1875.—Syb. and I had to grind hard at translating an anti-Papal pamphlet by Laveleye for Uncle W.

LONDON, *June 8th–13th,* 1875.—Clever breakfast at No. 23 on Friday, when I was also well off between Mr. Murray, the publisher, and Archbishop Trench who, poor man, looks older and grimmer than ever after his thankless incessant toils over the miserable Irish Church legislation. It was quite a treat to see him *giggle* over *Dr. Pusey* having been told by candid friends that it was improper for him to entertain *Miss Sellon* ! ! ! who must now be a very sour old saint verging on 60 ; while he is a saint indeed, getting on for 80.

LONDON, *June 14th–20th,* 1875.—Murray has sent Sybella and me 8 guineas between us for our translation. Our 1st literary earnings.

LONDON, *June 28th–July 4th,* 1875.—On Friday G. G., Mazy, and I went to Eton with Papa, Spencer, Charles, Bob, and Arthur for the Winchester match. Darling King Alfred got 102, but it was not very exciting owing to poor bowling ; he made one fine straight drive for 5.

THE COPPICE, *Wed. July 5th–11th,* 1875.—We had luncheon at Devonshire House, after which came the Queen of the Netherlands to see the house, and was great audience [1] to the pictures, giving us the pedigree of the Pr. and Prss. of Orange and the Governess of the Netherlands. Settled Medes and Persians to pay Chatsworth a visit the end of October !

LONDON, *Friday, July 9th,* 1875.—The Eton and Harrow match began, but only 35 minutes' play could be had, because of the torrents of rain. Alfred and Harding went in, and Alf. got over 20 at a great rate, the state of the ground spoiling both bowling and fielding.

[1] Appendix A.

HON. ALFRED LYTTELTON.

A cartoon from *Vanity Fair*.

London, *Saturday, July* 10*th*, 1875.—Six brothers and 3 sisters and their husbands, Mazy, Helen, and G. G., all at Lord's for the rest of King Alfred's innings—his last match against Harrow, and this the last Lyttelton half at Eton. This, and the immense blank left by darling May, always such an element during these cricket times, made the day sadly unlike itself. Most of us stayed all day. The match was of course drawn—in favour of Eton, but only slightly: Harrow had to follow their innings. Alfred's total was 59—one more than any of them have made against Harrow. Spencer once got 58. Mr. Balfour had Papa and all of us to dinner, as poor Portland Place is being dismantled for its new owners.

London, *July* 26*th*–*August* 1*st*, 1875.—One of these days we bade dear old Spencer good-bye, as he is going to Hagley, en route for Liverpool, New York, California, Australia, New Zealand, and India with Mr. Balfour. Oh dear!

Bolton Abbey, *August* 23*rd*–29*th*, 1875.—Shooting only moderate, but weather delightful, and all would be as it should be if the Duke's leg would only get well, but it is the slowest job. An old Professor Williamson, who, in spite of snow-white hair, has a young wife and a baby of 7 weeks old, dropt from the skies, and has been attending to the leg, which is a great blessing. Eddies went Tuesday. By dint of Cavendish offering to drive him, the Duke was at last induced to get into the Laycock phaeton with a dowdy slow pony, and go off on a toodle. It was so ridiculously unlike the manners of both Duke and Markiss as to be very funny; next day he let F. and me take him round by Storiths. Tues. evening, some Leeds infirmary nurses had their tea at the Rectory, and I took them afterwards into the garden all crowded with sweet flowers, and gave each 2 clove pinks and a bit of lavender. Wednesday evening, a school tea.

Bolton, *August* 30*th*–*September* 5*th*, 1875.—Spencers were expected Monday, but were prevented by the death of old Ly. Clinton, aged 80, who has long been very feeble and doting. Her head was always a little

confused, but her involved relationships were enough to account for it. She was sister to one Lady Spencer, stepmother to another, and aunt to a third; and she is Lord Spencer's own aunt, and likewise his stepmother's step-mother and his brother's grandmother.

HOLKER, *September 6th–12th*, 1875.—Called on the Drewrys: found him complacent at having bought a precious calf for 1,000 gs. and sold it next day for 1,100 gs.!! Also at the birth of a heifer yesterday worth £1,500.

HOLKER, *September 13th–19th*, 1875.—Rode with my Fred on Monday. Hawthorne put her foot into a hidden hole as we were cantering across the field to the Level Crossing, and came down on her nose, so as to send me over her head. It was a very mild tumble, yet it shook me. I think I have now been off in every possible way: having been kicked off, come off at a jump, come down with, and knocked over!

HOLKER, *Thurs. September 27th–October 3rd*, 1875.—We went to Bradford, where I had to declare a Girls' Day Grammar-School open; the 1st of the sort, inasmuch as it has an endowment of £200 clawed from boys' education by the Endowed Sch. Commn. It has made a famous start, with over 160 pupils.

LONDON, *October 4th–10th*, 1875.—We dined with Mr. Jodrell, meeting Sir Jas. Lacaita, Sir F. Doyle, and that excellent wonderful woman, Miss Octavia Hill, who told us much about her poor London tenants. . . .

We dined again at Jodrells', meeting the Huxleys; interesting. I fought the battle anti-Cowper-Temple clause: on the grounds that an old well-weighed Catechism is likely to be better than any schoolmaster's crude one.

HAWARDEN, *October 18th–24th*, 1875.—I got up at daybreak on Tuesday and arrived at Hawarden in pouring rain about 12, in good time for the arrival of Mr. and Hon. Mrs. W. H. Gladstone![1] Old Meriel also turned up; and she and Aunt Coque and I went

[1] Mr. Gladstone's eldest son had just married Gertrude, daughter of the 12th Lord Blantyre.

to Mrs. Burnett's when the striking up of the dear old bells told us that the couple had arrived at Q.'s Ferry (they had been a little turn in N. Wales and came from Capel Curig). The weather was merciful, and held up just for the important hour or two. G. G.'s happy brown face peeped down upon us from Mrs. B.'s window, cheek by jowl with old Miss Scott! she is exactly Cinderella at this moment. The carriage, drawn by men from the top of the village, and surrounded and pursued by cheers, came opposite us in due course, and it would be hard to say which of the two beaming faces were most good to look at! I always did think Willy's face beautiful, especially with his bright embellishing smile; and she! she's a fair noble creature that all Hawarden will be proud of. When they had passed, we took to our heels and came in for them again as they turned in at the Wynt Gate, and thence to receive them at the S. terrace wall, where they got out and mounted up it by temporary red-cloth'd steps. Uncle W. and Auntie P. met them at the big Lodge gates, and thence managed to get to the old Castle bridge to see them drive under—a pretty sight amid the autumn foliage —and so to the Terrace. Address, cheers, and a *very* nice speech from Willy, full of feeling.

Chatsworth, *November 1st–7th*, 1875.—Drove one day with Lou to call at a very nice new house near Longstone (the Cravens) full of splendid Coxes and other water-colours; also some Rossettis, very clever and with wonderful colour, but rather hateful, I think, from self-consciousness and a sort of sensuousness; and I can't see why all his unfortunate damsels should be in such haggard and wasted ill-health. . . .

Another marriage—lovely Lilah Grosvenor to Lord Ormonde: a case of falling headlong in love on both sides. It sounds very nice and promising; but the poor D. of Westminster was away at the time, and complains much of his daughter of 19 getting engaged in a week's time to an Irishman behind his back! He ought, however, to be glad of her marrying happily, for she has been beset by lovers all the season; and poor young Stafford, her cousin over and over again, wanted to marry her, which would be a dreadful pity.

Chatsworth, *November 15th–21st*, 1875.—Found the Cokes, Sir J. Lacaita, B.,[1] the Howards. In the course of the week came Ld. Laverton, Mr. Doyle, Mr. Henry Cowper. Emma, B., Di, and I read Dante with Lacaita, and I began at 6 " David Copperfield " in Aunt Fanny's room. Poor Ly. Laverton bad at Buxton with rheumatism. As people arrive, and the long dinners and smart clothes begin again, my heart grows heavy with thoughts of May, who came here just this time last year, full of her last happy Keble visit ; and of dear Uncle Richard, whom this place always brings back to my mind. The changes and losses seem to thicken round one, and there is something strangely sad and pathetic in the sort of diligent way one closes up the ranks and goes on and on with the old ways, as if here we *had* an " abiding city " ; while all the time we hear the clear voices within telling us that everything vanishes away.

Holker, *January 9th–15th*, 1876.—Darling King Alfred here thro' the week shooting and greatly enjoying his dear sunny self. He came of his own accord to read " Q. Mary " with me (Tennyson's) every evening while F. was away.

Holker, *January 23rd–30th*, 1876.—Eddies went to Althorp, Wednesday. I have Victor in their absence after Prayers for a little Catechism etc., and to say over any difficult lesson before he goes with Wm. and Fritz to Mr. Perowne, their odd little old-fashioned tutor. Victor is the most docile and painstaking and accurate little fellow I ever came across ; I should think likely to turn out exactly like the Duke in character (tho' he does not yet show signs of as much ability). This is a real blessing with the increasing probability of his being the heir of all the enormous responsibilities, poor boy.

Another tragedy. The death of Lady Anne Buller, née Coke, in her 2nd confinement ; only 30 years old. I wish doctors would investigate the causes of the terrible delicacy of " upper 10,000 " women in child-

[1] I.e. Beatrice Lascelles, sister of Lady Edward Cavendish, and afterwards wife of Archbishop Temple.

birth : my own small list of experience makes me wonder if wine-drinking, which I don't think used to be so regular a thing among women formerly as it is now, has to do with it.

Mary (Frank) Lascelles [1] has a little girl. Nora Balfour is to marry a Cambridge Moral Philosopher, Professor Sidgwick ; a dau. of Ld. Claud Hamilton, Professor Tyndall ! ! !

London, *Tues. March 6th–12th*, 1876.—With Ly. Robartes and At. Coque to L. Hospital to see the Queen open the "Grocers' Co. wing." The whole way up Whitechapel gaily decorated, be-mottoed, and thronged with loyal people. Bright cold weather. The Q. very punctual : stood rather grim and glum on her platform, but at the right moments, when she *did* bow and smile and make those incomparable curtseys of hers, was, in spite of her little dowdy black bonnet, as Queen-like and gracious as ever.

Lismore, *April 17th–23rd*, 1876.—It has been God's will to send us a terrible anguish. On Monday morning came from Aunt Coque a sadly disheartening account of dear Papa. The latter days of the week before last we all saw hopeful symptoms, especially in his looks and also in his diminished restlessness, and power of occupying himself for longer times together. (Tho' all along as always during former attacks he has done whatever work he had to do.) If he had been younger, no doubt this would have been the beginning of recovery as formerly. But from Aunt C.'s letter it seemed that he had entered upon a different and darker stage : utter lassitude and hopeless distress, with occasional paroxysms of misery. Never any delusion or altered feeling towards any of us, but *true* perplexities all exaggerated. . . .

God only knows what his anguish has been these many weeks past, deepening and deepening upon him ; yet through all what gentleness and uncomplaining patience and affection ! and what faith in God ! We never thought of anything worse than a *longer* trial

[1] Wife of Sir Frank Lascelles, many years Ambassador at Berlin. The "little girl" became the wife of Sir Cecil Spring Rice, Ambassador at Washington.

than usual. Hitherto his vigorous health, both mental and physical, has always thrown off the attacks, and he has recovered *absolutely*; they have rolled away like clouds. . . .

On Easter Monday he wrote kindly and sympathetically to Archdeacon Horn, on hearing of his daughter's death, ending his letter with a few words about being detained in London by "some sort of nervous complaint" and a word or two on business. The very morning after came upon him what we do indeed believe was a messenger of release (God seeing that His true and loving servant could no longer bear the anguish), a momentary and over-mastering paroxysm. Not knowing what he did, he rushed away from the man who was always with him in his room, and fell over the banisters: we shall never know if it was in any degree accidental or not, but we *do* know he was as unaccountable as if a lightning-stroke had fallen on him. . . .

And at a little past midnight God took him to His Eternal Peace.

Hagley, *April 24th–30th*, 1876.—F. and I stayed on at Hagley. Sybella most touching in the absolute unselfishness and patience with which she bears her great grief: she has constant tears to relieve her, and clings to his children, and turns to the religious thoughts and words which were the "strength of his life," to comfort her in his death. She told me that though she could never get him to teach her by precept, yet by degrees, as she learnt more and more of his character and its motive power, she grew into sympathy with his religion; and that learning to feel with him "doubled and trebled" her love for him. Many beautiful lessons has his life taught us all—such as courage, trust, generosity, truth, wide sympathies, and kind judgments coupled with hatred of evil and the highest standard of right; but the chief lesson of all is, how to blend the Love of God and the golden thread of religion with common daily life in the world—with all duty, with dry detail, with pleasures and enjoyments and mirth; with sorrow, trial, and disappointment; and so to do this as to produce, not scrupulosity or gloom, but the joyful spirit of a loving son, the glad service of willing

obedience. Nobody showed more by every day of his active life that God's service is perfect freedom, and His ways the way of pleasantness and peace. All our lives through, accordingly, his beautiful example has taught us that the Church's life of religion is the happy and complete life, and that seeking *first* the Kingdom of God all other things are added to us. Nevy once said to me, "The governor always showed us that duty must come first of all." Letters pour in upon us, and are very helpful and soothing in showing how deeply and widely all that was best in him was known and loved. Hardly one but calls it a "noble life"; and in the light of it the awful darkness at the end seems to shrink to a point.

London, *July 24th–30th*, 1876.—Ld. and Ly. Robartes. He and Uncle W. were good company at breakfast. He told me an anecdote of the D. of Wellington's always insisting on having his forehead represented in painting or sculpture wider than it was, and Chantrey telling Lucas, to whom the Duke was sitting. Uncle W. (so exactly like him!) took the story desperately to heart as being unworthy of the Duke's high sense of truth; and it was impossible to make him see how the story might be quite consistent with his truth of *intention*: he might have honestly supposed his forehead wider and Chantrey may have humoured him.

London, *July 31st–August 6th*, 1876.—A capital piece of matrimonial news after all the twopenny ones: B. and the Bishop of Exeter!![1] She is in great happiness. I have always thought highly of him, knowing Papa and Uncle B.'s high opinion of him. Folk say he is undoubtedly much in love. I had tea at No. 62 on Friday and found him there; liked much his simple, quiet manner, manly and unconstrained. They are to be married the end of August, and after September he will be hard at work. B.'s episcopal experience will begin at the Land's End where he holds Confirmations in October.... We went to Harleston, where the Spencers are staying, while Althorp is to be turned over to

[1] Beatrice Lascelles, cousin of Lord Frederick, married Dr. Temple, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

builders for improvements. I have never been there since a happy visit before I married with Papa, in 1863, when he hunted with great enjoyment on a famous hunter of Spencer's called Pale-Ale, and affronted Spencer by blaming the horse for refusing a brook. "My dear George, you rode him at it with a loose rein—you never put his head at it!" "Well, all I know is, *my* old hunter would have gone over it *if I had put his tail at it!*" How well I remember this! We all went over to Althorp, Sunday afternoon, and in spite of its being all in curl-papers I revived old old recollections, going back to New Year '54, and Uncle Fritz calling me Topsy. They have laid out a garden on one side which is an immense improvement.

Bolton, *August* 21*st*–27*th*, 1876.—Frank and Lou and their little company came on Tues. to my great refreshment; the having to be lady of the house and bother my head over muffins and bedrooms is quite absurdly trying to me now I am so down on the springs; but besides, Lou is the greatest dear to me and rests my spirit.

Bolton, *August* 28*th*–*September* 3*rd*, 1876.—N.B. Speaker and Harry Brands and Ld. de Grey came this week. Ld. de Grey [1] a curious mixture of both parents to look at. He can be pretty nearly summed up as a shooting machine; kills double anybody else.

Castle Howard, *October* 2*nd*–8*th*, 1876.—The most magnificent rainbow I ever saw on Saturday just before sunset, bending over the mausoleum right across the whole sky; the colours fairly *dazzling*, which I never saw before in a rainbow. While we were gazing at it, we became gradually aware of cheers, and at last took it into our heads to guess what was up; rushed to the N. front, and sure enough, there was the omnibus containing the W. E. G.s being dragged up to the door by a multitude of men; with Aunt Lizzy and dear old Bob (kindly asked over from Escrick) sharing the honours, and no doubt sadly conscious of their extra weight. The W. E. G.s have been paying various visits in the N. and undergoing many receptions and addresses, in spite of efforts to dodge them. . . .

[1] The last Marquess of Ripon, a very famous shot.

Morning Church at Welborne; walked back with F. and Uncle W. If I was but a Boswell, my journal might be worth reading! but I can never trust my memory. He has the most absolute disbelief in the Government upon the Eastern matter, considering Dizzy to *be* Dizzy, and Ld. Derby, from his hatred of responsibility, Dizzy's mere tool. Much of the press is open-mouthed against Uncle W. for impatient and factious action; but *he* thinks that he gave Government all imaginable rope and hoped against hope to the last moment; this being Oct. and their course having been obstructive and pro-Turk and neutral and shilly-shally for many months. I don't think he weighs the great difficulties ahead as to bringing about local self-government in these partially (and only partially) Christian provinces; he is absorbed in the one strong feeling that the Turkish Government is so execrable and hopelessly vile and bad, that it must be put a stop to in the oppressed provinces at all hazards—just as slavery had to be abolished. "Only," says he, "the present case is so far worse than slavery that it is no inferior race which is being abused."

I said something of the *Pall Mall* and the *World's* supreme contempt for the national indignation, warning statesmen against "mob rule," and this set him off upon a grand burst of "When did the Upper Ten Thousand ever lead the attack in the cause of humanity? Their heads are always full of class interests and the main chance"; or words to that effect. Of one thing I am as certain as I have been all my life —that there is *no* personal ambition or any motive but love of justice and mercy (and utter disbelief in Dizzy, I allow) in his present course.

Holker, *October 16th–22nd*, 1876.—Cavendish writes from Constantinople to the Duke, full of contempt for Turkish truth or capacity for reform, yet speaking of the impossibility of securing other *good* government for the Provinces (which, left to themselves, would fall into civil war or anarchy) without foreign occupation agreed on by all the Powers—which agreement he sees little hope of securing. A nice kettle of fish altogether. Meanwhile Uncle W. is aghast at Cavendish

having dined with certain representative Turks, and wrote to F. that they were "symbols of iniquity"; but how was he to have any intercourse with them, such as seemed necessary for forming opinions about the future, and yet refuse hospitality? especially in the East.

CHATSWORTH, *October 30th–November 5th*, 1876.—Cavendish came, and on Friday he and F. went off to Keighley for the opening of a Liberal Club, and Cavendish made an excellent straightforward speech on the Eastern Question, which *must* do good: it was the more weighty against Government for its sober moderation of tone.

HOLKER, *December 4th–10th*, 1876.—Tallee the greatest of breaks and helps to me—the more that F. was busy Mon. and Tues. We read and greatly enjoy the odd trio of books—Butler's "Analogy," the "Faery Queen," and Carlyle's "French Revolution." *Good heart*[1] for 5 days. In the evening with F. "The Abbot."

HAWARDEN, *December 11th–17th*, 1876.—Uncle W., in spite of hankering after his tree-cutting, was inveigled into walks. He goes at his old pace and is as well as possible. I don't know anyone who strikes one as happier; sorrows don't take the spring out of him, and he finds constant delight in all his work and interests; his strong steadfast religion (like Papa's) underlying and shining thro' his whole character.

LONDON, *February 19th–25th*, 1877.—Stopt at Reading on my way to London, F. being obliged to go on for the House. Dear Hon. and Rev. Arthur[2] met me on the platform, walked me about the town (mem. *quite* the finest new town-hall I have ever seen), gave me an excellent luncheon in his snug lodgings all be-booked and be-pictured (I buttered his good ugly landlady for making him so comfortable), and then took me to see his new church, and his mission-room, etc. He is very happy, and the parish most beautifully organized and full of flourishing good works: services and schools

[1] Appendix A.
[2] Her brother Arthur was a curate at Reading at this time.

crowded, young men's guilds, and what not; and a galaxy of what he calls "holy spinsters" ready to fly to the rescue on all occasions. Being a supernumerary, he is not over-worked, but has time for reading, just as Papa would have wished.

CAMBRIDGE, *Sunday, March 18th*, 1877.—Walked about with F. afterwards and ended at Alfred's rooms for luncheon. Enjoyed the sight of his beautiful books —presents and prizes, with such loving head-turning inscriptions within! He and we thence to S. Mary's, where F. and I had to stand all thro' a gorgeous rhetorical sermon by Dr. Farrar in aid of schools: there was not much in it, however; but what there was, good. A mighty mass of undergraduates. He caused a good deal of stir last Sunday by a great onslaught on Drink. After this, we went straightway to Newnham Coll., where they left me and I had a delightful troll with the nice old Principal (Miss Clough) and sight of the girls' rooms. It seems doing admirably; and the tone of the girls feminine and unaffected. They attend lectures in Cambridge and hear some in their College. Some go in for the whole University course, but the most part are content with the Higher Local Examination. Mazy, who was here last week (staying with the Sidgwicks), is hot upon the brilliant idea of Helen going up there for a few years. F. and Alfred returned for me, and were shown all over the Coll., bedrooms and all! by one of the students, to their great amusement; but Alfred looked so academic in his cap and gown that it seemed quite the right thing. There seems to be all proper care and chaperonage, and regular hours, but no stupid primness or unnecessary constraint. Went round by the Backs to call on Nora Sidgwick: then paid a visit to Mrs. Thompson. The Master came up, and was most kind and cordial; delighted us beyond by saying that *he* would have given the Hulsean Essay Prize to Arthur, who was so nearly successful as to be printed full length as "proxime accessit" or whatever the sayin' is. Likewise said the Master that he greatly regretted Arthur's not getting the Fellowship, for which he was better suited, in every respect but pure learning, than the man who got

it. Oh, how my mind turned at once to darling daddy! it seems as if I *must* tell him.

CAMBRIDGE, LONDON, *March 19th–25th*, 1877.—King's Coll. Chapel at 8. Came back to London Hospital. Dined in Harley Street to see the last of Stephy and Herbert. Uncle W. did not put his best leg forward; I wanted him either to talk over his sons and the Cape; or Cambridge with me; or Eastern Question; or Newnham College and Helen: but he wouldn't rise much to anything, and went off into trolls about wine (than which [1]!—*all* men are subject to attacks of it) and old jokes. After dinner I believe he was eloquent about the Montenegrins and their wonderful courage.

LONDON, *Tuesday, April 17th*, 1877.—The idiotic lovers of the "Unfortunate Nobleman at Dartmoor" (i.e., Orton the swindler) tried to get up a "Demonstration" to besiege the H. of Commons with some crazy petition. It ended, in true British style, by policemen preventing more than the orthodox ten men marching into the lobby, Mr. Cross receiving a deputation and snubbing them all round with perfect civility, and *Whalley* inviting the leading donkey, one De Morgan, to a cup of tea in the tea-room of the H. of Commons; a delightful bathos. "De Morgan" being a bankrupt hatter, *Punch* has a nice picture founded on the Mad Tea-Party in "Alice in Wonderland."

LONDON, *Saturday, April 21st*, 1877.—Our golden day. A prosaic treat for it, going together to hear Mr. Bartley lecture a roomful of P.M.W.[2] and their ladies on Provident Knowledge. Afterwards we both with M. went to see the recumbent figure of Papa by Forsyth for Worcester Cathedral. It is a fine thing, and has much likeness, tho' Forsyth never saw him. To tea with the Wortleys, high gee [3] Margaret's engagement to Reginald Talbot; a handsome couple; also Constance Lawley's to Eustace Vesey, after some years' attachment, he in India, lately returned. Dined with

[1] Appendix A.
[2] Parochial Mission Women.
[3] Appendix A.

the G. O. Trevelyans, meeting the Secularist Education firebrand Mr. Morley,[1] who, however, was as gentle as a sucking dove to talk to.

LONDON, *April 27th*, 1877.—Delightful reading at Mrs. Loyd Lindsay's by a first-rate Mr. Brandram of "Midsummer Night's Dream."

LONDON, *Monday, April 30th–May 6th*, 1877.—Dined with Bob at Meriel's and went with him to a Philharmonic, where the music was soothingly easy. Overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream" the chief delight.

War is declared between Russia and Turkey; the beginning, I should hope, of a great and decisive drama. It is a blessing that dread of war has reached to such a height as it has in England nowadays; but I do think people ought to see how there are deep-rooted iniquities which can only be got rid of through suffering and struggle and sacrifice, in which the innocent *must* bear their part as well as the guilty. It seems as if the divine words "Without shedding of blood there is no remission" had a wide human application, along with their more sacred meaning.—*Tuesday, May Day.* A frightful crisis in politics is gathering up. Hitherto the Liberal leaders, though they have from time to time made speeches more or less hostile to the Government's Eastern policy, have never come to a direct vote upon it. The outbreak of war, coupled with the increased and ever-increasing pro-Turkism of Government utterances, has poked up Uncle W. to a conviction that it is the duty of the Opposition to protest distinctly against Turkey's utter disregard of all Lord Derby's threats and expostulations, to declare that she has forfeited all claim upon English support, either material or moral, and to pronounce in favour of European concert to coerce her. He justifies this by the serious danger we are in of Ld. Beaconsfield entangling us, or letting some diplomatic turn of the wheel entangle us, in war on behalf of Turkey. Dizzy's real heart (for once!) seems to be in the matter; at all events for months past the Government tone has been steadily growing milder towards Turkey, while their organs in

[1] John Morley, afterwards Viscount Morley of Blackburn.

the press are diligent in fanning the panic-distrust and hatred of Russia to the utmost. One knows that neutrality is always a position full of anxiety, at a time of war about which one's country is deeply excited, and though there is a strong desire in this country to keep out of it, it hardly wants all Dizzy's great gifts of craft and party-management to get us involved, with his big and most submissive majority at his back. On the other hand, Hartington and the rest of the ex-Cabinet do not consider it right at this time to tie the hands of the Government, or embarrass them by an attack. Their view is that as long as strict neutrality is observed we have no business to take so serious a responsibility at such a moment, on mere vague grounds of possible machinations in favour of Turkey; that to do so would split the Liberal party and thereby directly strengthen Dizzy's hands and encourage the Porte; whereas if we waited until a real proposal of going to war for Turkey was before the House, the party would unite as one man against it, with far greater effect. The upshot is that Uncle W., after much discussion with Ld. Granville, and finding that Hartington can't conscientiously support him, is going to move certain Resolutions conveying all he wished, independent of the front Opposition Bench; Sir John Lubbock will move the "previous question," and dreadful confusion and ruin of the party accordingly stares us in the face....

To Harley St. after dinner; poor Auntie P. looked worried to death, and F. is nearly wild. How can he leave Cavendish in the lurch, and yet to be driven to vote against Uncle W. seems almost inconceivable to him.—*Thursday, 3rd.* Agnes went to the drawing-room with Auntie P. and they looked a beautiful couple.—*Friday, May 4th.* Went to see Alice Egerton and Gertrude Pennant. Gertrude and I talked politics, my only wish about her in that line being to keep up her faith in Uncle W. being an honest man, for the *Toryissimus* Toryism in the midst of which she now lives has a bitter hatred of him and disbelief in his public, and private!! morality, as its centre. Dined with Mr. Balfour, Ly. Rayleigh entertaining.—*Saturday, 5th.* Poor distracted F. has taken up a notion (of Mr.

Dodson's) as to altering the Resolutions, which gives a ray of hope. He was busy scribbling down an amended 2nd Resolution all breakfast time, being off afterwards to breakfast at Grillion's, whence he went on to Harley St. I augured well from his not turning up again till luncheon time, and sure enough Uncle W. was very willing to do all in his power, short of giving up his attack, to keep the party together: influenced by loyal feeling to Hartington, and the horror of giving Turkey the triumph of seeing the party split by an anti-Turkey motion. The main principle is clearly laid down in the 2nd Resolution as it is to be amended, viz., "that the Porte has sacrificed *all claim to either moral or material support* from England." This amended form is to be proposed by Mr. Trevelyan, and Uncle W. will not press the remaining Resolutions. F. was busy all the morning between Harley Street and Devonshire House, and Ld. Granville and others confabulated also with Hartington. All was arranged, and Charles and I went off to Wellington College immensely relieved; F. settling not to come till Sunday morning in case he might be wanted.

Wellington College and London, *May 6th–13th*, 1877.—Pleasant cold day. F. appeared at 10.30 very tired but happy and satisfied. I can't but be proud of what he has done. The gentlemen and I all walked to Eversley; Charles and I being much agog to see Kingsley's Church and home, after reading his noble life. It was a 9-miles business there and back, and I was proud of my legs. . . .—*Monday.* For once Auntie P. and I sacrificed L. Hospital bodily, having places at the House for the Great Speech. I was with Gerty in the Ballot box. After the altered mode of procedure was announced there were 2 hours of pandemonium. The Tories received Mr. Trevelyan's amendment and Uncle W.'s acceptance of it with shouts of laughter, and of course from their side came many taunts. But the horrid part was the disorder of the extreme Radicals who had meant to support the *whole* of the Resolutions. As they profess the most thorough belief in Uncle W. they might, however perplexed and mortified they were—quite allowably—have had sufficient

trust in him to hold their tongues, knowing he would not sacrifice principle, and waiting to hear his own explanation. Instead of which one after another got up to badger him with impossible questions, till one was ready to scream. But I kept saying to myself, "The speech—the speech will set all right!" and so indeed it did. After the 2 hours' baiting, at 7 o'clock, members pouring out to dinner, and when one would have supposed him exhausted in spirits and strength, up he got and delivered a magnificent 3 hrs' speech, admirable in argument, in irony, in frank explanation, in uncompromising principle, in detail; but perhaps unequalled by any of his former great speeches in intense feeling and force of conviction: his voice and delivery gaining as he went on, and the peroration a glorious burst of eloquence which moved people to tears. It was wonderful to see the effect as he went on. The House filling by degrees—the half-hearted cheers warming up—the silent and disgusted Radicals gradually joining—and at last, united enthusiasm. The Willy's, Charles, F., and I went home straight to dinner (at 10!)

London, *Tuesday, May 8th*, 1877.—Regd. Talbot[1] married Margaret Wortley in St. James's Church: her 4 sisters[2] the only bridesmaids. Seldom were seen more tall and beautiful people assembled together: bride and bridegroom, Lady Brownlow, Lady Pembroke, the Shrewsbury daughters (all unmarried), etc.: not to speak of the three 6 feet 2 in. Clergy who officiated, Stephen Lawley, Mr. Arthur Talbot, and Edwarden.[3]

It was like the London world for my next sight of Uncle W. to be in the church struggling with a favour and begging for a pin! He talked a little to me: seemed harassed to death for fear the country should have misunderstood his course of action, and utterly oblivious, as he always is, of the great effect of his speech. . . . All he said of the speech was: "To make matters worse I had no spectacles. I could not read!" I am sure I never discovered the fact, but he had, I believe,

[1] Now Major-General the Hon. Sir Reginald Talbot, K.C.B.

[2] The youngest of the four sisters, Katharine, afterwards married Lady Frederick's brother Neville.

[3] I.e. Edward, Warden of Keble.

to omit some quotations from Govt. speeches and writings with which he was crashing down upon them.

Holmbury, *May* 14*th*–20*th*, 1877.—The debate ended in a division on the 1st resolution, which merely expressed dissatisfaction with Turkey's disregard of Ld. Derby's first despatch. Government has said as much over and over again; but they met it with an amendment objecting to "embarrass" the Government, and of course their party voted almost to a man for the amendment; tho' I know many of them are thoroughly anti-Turkish. The Liberals all voted together, except the Irish, who have the Pope to please, and whose support is no compliment.

Cavendish made a perfectly admirable speech, leaving nothing to be desired: he is come on enormously in readiness and delivery, and not only argued excellently but did good cut-and-thrust work and was effective and humorous. I didn't quite approve of Uncle W.'s concluding speech: thought he trotted out the dear departed Resolutions unnecessarily (having made it already as clear as day that his own opinion of them is unchanged). But he made some very telling points. The division was, of course, a penance to one's feeling; Government getting "a clear majority of the whole House."

Mr. Chaplin was one of those who badgered Uncle W. on the 7th, but the great speech absolutely *overcame* him (he, a regular man of the world), and he was heard to say, "Certainly this *is* a marvellous man!" And in a fine elaborate speech last Monday, tho' of course taking the strong Government line, he paid a famous tribute to Uncle W., especially to his earnest convictions. Old Ly. Lothian is dead in Rome, of a pleurisy caught while entertaining *pilgrims* at a reception (such a funny view of pilgrims!). . . .

The "Ridsdale Judgement" is out: it forbids vestments, but I don't see how that is to be accepted while the "Ornaments Rubric" remains unchanged and stares one in the face; and it allows the Eastward position, provided the priest does not wilfully prevent Communicants *seeing* him break the bread and take the cup into his hands. I am afraid it will be universally considered an "expediency" judgment.

Chatsworth, *May 20th–27th*, 1877.—A week of pleasant, pleasant leisure and enjoyment, to be thankful for. O, how I do love and appreciate the sunshine bits of time, all the more for the growing and deepening sense of their insecurity. Rides every day, nice readings with F. and with Mazy likewise (she has brought fine sermons by Mr. Illingworth, and "Through Nature to Christ" by Abbott), famous spirited l. tennis. Weather growing kinder, young beech and larch most lovely and promise of blossom. We have ridden about Calton and New Piece and Stand Wood, and along the Rabbit Warren and green ride, escorting F. towards and from Chesterfield: the poor dear having had to go and hold forth at Brighouse on politics and at Bradford on Political Econ. Tues. and Wed. Called on Mrs. Cottingham Sat.; she showed me a Sheffield paper in which F.'s part in bringing about the arrangement on the Resolutions was sniffed out, and he patted on the back as a person of highly agreeable and conciliatory manners and very popular.

Chatsworth, *May 28th–June 3rd*, 1877.—Growing loveliness and warmth, tho' fires are still grateful. Rode to Haddon one day, D. of Rutland's moors another, *Laugh Ghyll* (shot at the spelling) a third. Forget-me-nots and the little faintly-sweet white flower that spangles New Piece, lovely; blue-bells only bebinning.—*Tues.* F. and I escorted Mazy and Spencer to Hardwick, driving with ducal horses to Chesterfield and posting thence. Very glorious day, in spite of many showers. Hardwick inside and out, and *on its roof*, enchanting.—*Wed.* Spencer went.—*Fri.* Howling stormy day. At Hagley a very odd party received us, viz., Auntie P., Mr. Balfour, Albert, and Mr. Otley the young Keble man lately started as Curate at Hawarden. He was one of the happy Abendberg party, and Albert said was deeply interested in seeing Hagley because of May. Albert had taken him to see the graves and the painted window. Charles turned up after a long day's farm inspection. Sat. came Uncle W. from Birmingham, as hoarse as a crow, having made an hour's speech on Thurs., in an enormous hall quite unfit for the purpose, to 25,000 people. He was only

imperfectly heard of course, tho' he shouted at the top of his voice. The "demonstration," however, was the grand thing: the whole town turning out to receive him, and no end of people from elsewhere: it was more like a Royal progress than anything else. He confined himself entirely to the E.Q., but Mr. Chamberlain (whom he stayed with) is getting up some big Liberal organization for political purposes and I only hope won't involve Uncle W. in it before he is aware! Birmingham politics, all Secularism and that figment "Religious Equality," aggravate me! . . .

Crowds of artisans, etc., from the Black Country to see Uncle W.; church quite crammed and behaviour very good. Uncle B. walked with one of the working men who said, "Ah, Sir, you must have composed that sermon for Mr. Gladstone—faith, hope, and charity, that's what *he's* got!" (N.B. the sermon was an old one, written years ago). Uncle B. said he hoped some of them were Church-goers, not only going out of mere curiosity. "Curiosity, sir! it wasn't *curiosity*; it was love of the man, sir." A great break[1] this for Auntie P. We all went to Wychbury Wood, and walked along the Roman encampment under the yews: my Fred said he went there last when I took him to see it Whitsuntide 1864: it was new to Uncle W. Unspeakably beautiful was everything.

London, *June 4th–10th*, 1877.—Pleasant dinner in Harley Street, meeting Sybella, Stephy, Dr. Clark, Sir James Lacaita. Uncle W. in famous force; held forth like a brilliant book upon a notion he laid down that persecution was never taken up by the Church as such until the Papal pretensions arose. Sir J. and Dr. Clark demurred a little, but we badly wanted some one to stand up to him, and so make a good argument of it.

London, *June 11th–17th*, 1877.—Oh, on Fri. we had a most successful afternoon at Chiswick, which the Duke let us have for a Limehouse party—Ishbel Marjoribanks's[2] first supplemental work. She and I and Helen and two Talbot girls drove down, and the intense

[1] Appendix A.

[2] Now wife of the 1st Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair.

enjoyment of the mothers was delightful to see—100 of them in the lovely garden. It brought our honeymoon vividly back to me to see it in peace in June.

London, *June 18th–24th*, 1877.—Had a talk with Mr. Majendie about an unspeakably shocking book called "The Priest in Absolution," which has somehow got out, tho' it must be said it was only intended for the use of certain clergy. It is put forth by a body called "The Soc. of the Holy Cross," to which many distinguished "advanced" High Churchmen have given their names; but Mr. Majendie, who is intimate with many Ritualists, and a very High Churchman himself, knew nothing of it till it was called attention to in the H. of Lords the other day; and is greatly scandalized and dismayed. If private Confession makes it necessary to *print* such things, it certainly is a fatal objection to it as in any sense a system. But I have long felt that, inasmuch as it is impossible to prevent people going to confession, or clergy from hearing them, the only possible security against folly, rashness, and all evil results, is for Bishops to forbid clergy acting as confessors until they have reached a certain age, and can properly be depended on for wisdom and calmness and self-control. . . .

Wed., 20th. Went to see dear Augusta Noel[1]; she is laid up on her sofa, and has a new story on hand. I shot[2] Dizzy in a brougham, looking more horribly like a fiend than ever; poor old wretch—green, with a glare in his eye.

St. George's Hill, *July 2nd–8th*, 1877.—*Wednesday, 4th.* Smart Chiswick garden-party, went off beautifully, but the garden, alas! doesn't look half as pretty with all the vistas crowded up as with just 100 poor people. Had to arrive late, as P.D.S.[3] meeting came off at 4, *whereat I made a neat speech*!! quite 4 minutes long. To Speaker's drum after dinner.—*Thurs., 5th.* Another batch of Hospital nurses had a day out at the Barclays' at Woodford: thundery showers. Last P.M.W. meeting this season. . . .

[1] Daughter of the 6th Earl of Albemarle, wife of Ernest Noel, M.P.
[2] Appendix A.
[3] Public Day School.

Saturday, 7th. Went to see Ld. Stratford de Redcliffe, who was sitting in a warm dressing-gown in his arm-chair, with a fine tabby-cat to keep him company; he was very cheerful and clear-headed; hardly even deaf, at 90. Lateish we went off to Brocket; joined at the station by Ly. Ripon and finding Mr. Leveson here. Intensely still place, looking like a clearing in an old forest; too much betreed, but with some glades stretching away, with bracken and rabbits. Rested deliciously, mooning over Palgrave's pretty little volume of Herrick's poems.

London, *July 9th–15th*, 1877.—Smart garden-party at Marlborough House, the Queen present. I shook hands with her, to my joy; and shot [1] that she is quite grey at last. Poor Prince Edward ill with continuing fever; ugly nice little Prince George in his cadet uniform; for they have both just passed the Naval Cadet Examination.

St. George's Hill, *Saturday, July 28th*, 1877.—To St. George's Hill, where we met Ld. and Ly. George Hamilton. Ld. G. looks like a pretty boy about 20, with very bright eyes and plenty to say; he is, however, a good deal more than that, does uncommonly well in his office, and I daresay will get to the top of the tree. She is pleasing; and they are both most agreeable when away from each other, as their take [2] is to refer to each other incessantly, being regular married lovers.

Bolton, *August 27th–September 2nd*, 1877.—The Granvilles came Monday, and on Tuesday we had a field-day in honour of the opening of the Liberal Club at Bradford; poor F. unable to go—I do believe the first duty he has been debarred from by health. Ld. Granville as flustered and anxious over the preparation of his two speeches as any new young M.P. Ly. G. sat up writing for him till 1 on Monday night. Titus Salt lionized us (viz., Egertons, Granvilles, and me) over Saltaire, which looked as flourishing as ever in spite of hard times and many idle looms out of the 1,000 in the great 2-acre room. Luncheon and speeches

[1] Appendix A. [2] Appendix A.

at Bradford, after which we all deserted Ld. G. and came home. The big meeting came off late, and he returned at midnight, struck with the intelligence of the great crowded audience, but a little disgusted at their caring for neither Eastern Q. nor anything else compared with disestablishment, and cheering Miall louder than anybody.

San Remo, *Christmas Eve—December 30th*, 1877.—Paid a visit in the morning to one of Sybella's innumerable "old friends," Edward Lear the artist. He remembers giving lessons to Freddy's mother in Rome in '39 when F. was 3 years old. Showed us many beautiful sketches.—*Thurs.* Went to Oneglia to see the George Howards, who have a fine but rather cold and ramshackle villa (Bianchi). Our hotel in the town (Victoria) a dismal, rough one, but not dirty. Dined with the Howards, who we thought must be dead; we had seen George in San Remo and he said they would be home about 5. Not till past 7 did they appear, after a long spell of New Year shopping. F. and I meanwhile sat in the drawing-room and made acquaintance with a pleasing Miss Brook (sister of Rev. Stopford) and with jolly little Charlie [1] the eldest boy, who, in spite of *some* likeness to Lyulph Stanley, won my heart. Mary and Cecilia, the 2 little girls, are very gentle good things; Mary [2] has a look of Ly. Taunton, Cecilia is the image of George.—*Friday.* They took us a most lovely expedition to certain hill-tops crowned with pine trees; ladies on donkeys. Enchantingly warm till we got into the blast of the wind at the top. Opinions seem to vary surprisingly as to *which* wind is the *mistral.* Luncheon and dinner with the hospitable cousins. The batch of funny little sturdy square boys, one below the other, Hubert, Christopher, Oliver, and a baby, Geoffrey, are a delightful sight. Oliver is the ditto of Lord Wensleydale. George took us in the afternoon by the sea to see a pretty villa where Morris the decorator-poet's wife and daughters are. Mrs. Morris might have stept out of any of Burne-Jones' pictures, and is in fact the

[1] Afterwards 10th Earl of Carlisle.
[2] Now Lady Mary Murray, wife of Professor Gilbert Murray.

original of the favourite P.B.[1] lady (having sat to Rossetti)—haggard and wistful-eyed, with a heavy bush of black hair penthouse-style over the forehead; certainly handsome. Saturday, another beautiful walk, skirting the sides of the valley. Rosalind,[2] tho' as hoarse as a crow with a relaxed throat, talked the whole way, and made me rather miserable with her wild views on religion: immortality "an open question," etc., etc. Yet I do think she is good, truthful, and desperately in earnest; and she somehow manages to consider herself a Churchwoman.

Turin, *Saturday, January 5th,* 1878.—The state of religion in *France,* as far as we have come across indications of it, seems to me terribly hopeless. There are no signs of any standing-ground for earnest people between Ultramontanism and all its superstitions and utter infidelity. In Advent we came in for the feast of the "Immaculate Conception"; and looking into a church at Lyons, it was dreadful to see the apparently unmixed Mariolatry, amid frippery dolls and tawdry decorations. One sees and hears and reads nothing of Protestantism. If the newspapers speak of sacred things, it is with outrageous levity such as I should hope no one but Bradlaugh would venture on in England, however sceptical. One article in a Repub. paper, wanting to compare something political with the Forbidden Fruit (!!!), related the story of the Fall in a paragraph beginning, "Un vieux farceur nommé Moïse," and ending, "On n'a jamais pu savoir d'où est venu cette fantaisie du bon Dieu." I think "le bon Dieu" stands for something allegorical or fabulous suitable for story-telling to children; and that perhaps if they spoke of "Dieu" there would be a little more attempt at reverence. And yet that isn't always the case, for did not I get a letter from M. Du Lau after Bolton, in which he said he sent it off, "priant *Dieu et la poste*" to convey it safe!!! as if they were allied powers.

Holker, *February 11th–17th,* 1878.—Barrow business

[1] I.e. Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.
[2] Mrs. George Howard, afterwards Countess of Carlisle.

every day prevented F. resting as he ought; he is rather ill with all the worry and tension of the past fortnight. Especially he is harassed by the excessive difficulty of Hartington's and Uncle W.'s footing together. They are 2 men so utterly unlike in disposition and mode of viewing things, and Uncle W., having been driven by the very nature of this great question to take a leading part—(he has felt a special responsibility, as the only surviving Compos [1] statesman who conducted the Crimean War and was a party to the Treaty of Paris)—has necessarily been prominent, tho' no longer leader. He never can properly realize that it is absolutely impossible for him, with his great past, and his great powers, to take up the line of "M. [2] was a member." I am come round to the conviction (which Papa always held strongly) that he should either have continued to lead the party, or withdrawn from Parliament altogether, or taken a Peerage. It is immensely to the credit of both him and Cavendish that they have pulled together at all, and is due to the perfect honesty and sense of duty of both. We had to go back to London Thursday—partly, to my disgust, that F. might vote on the odious Burial question Friday.

Battle Abbey, *February 18th–24th*, 1878.—Saturday we went to Battle Abbey. Found ourselves arriving with the Charles Woods,[3] Mr. Harris Temple, Ld. Carnarvon, Ld. Minto and a nice very Scotch-faced son Hugh, Mr. Eric Barrington. Various ladies had failed, so Ly. Agnes and I were made much of. Sunday very damp and grey, but pleasant. Fine church; our way to it curiously like Lismore. The Duchess [4] as unmercifully given to sports as ever; Sat. evening she descended upon F. and me in our snug *partie carrée* with the Duke and Ld. Carnarvon, and was bearing off the hapless Freddy to a most inane round game, had I not thrown myself into the breach and so rescued him. Poor Ld. Minto making wild shots in an addle-pated state, hardly knowing clubs from spades, was a sight

[1] I.e. Compos mentis; still in possession of his faculties.
[2] Appendix A; "A was an Admiral."
[3] Mr. and Lady Agnes Wood: afterwards Viscount and Viscountess Halifax.
[4] Of Cleveland, mother of Lord Rosebery.

to move pity.—Sun. evening a wretched new craze called a Telephone was brought into play, and F. kept at work shouting down it for a long time; on the whole a failure. All the same we had a very pleasant visit; Ld. Carnarvon was most agreeable. He said not a word of his personal concerns, and I don't think even mentioned any of his late colleagues; but spoke very frankly upon the E.Q., speaking strongly against the war-cries of the moment, and considering that a wave of insanity is passing over the country. Did not blame the people at large much for their horror of Polish and Siberian doings, but blamed extremely the cultured and well-informed classes for not keeping cool heads and showing wisdom and sense. I let fly a good deal at a horrid clever little pamphlet just out, called "The Crown and the Cabinet," which tries to make out that the Queen *and Prince* (!!) struggled all their time for unconstitutional personal government!!! The thing is provoked by the sadly ill-advised publication of Theo. Martin's Life of the P. Consort, which brings to light what ought always to have been absolutely private and sacred matter—the Queen's discussions and communications with her Ministers, and of course, in consequence, the share the P. Consort took in these commns. But I stoutly maintain that the Queen is entirely within her constitutional rights when she discusses, suggests, objects, or anything else, *with* her Ministers: however much of a *bore* she may be at times! The pamphlet ought to lead straight to Republicanism, as it is an intolerable view that a Sovereign with the usual allowance of wits and arms and legs should be a mere machine for affixing a seal to the laws, which is practically the plan recommended. I can't say I got much sympathy from Ld. Carnarvon, who, it is supposed, has had a rough time with H.M.; when I said, "Surely she might be allowed to give her own opinion to her Ministers," all he would say was, in his little cat-voice, "I think the less she does the better"! But I have nothing to say for the *existing* state of things, except, on behalf of the Queen, that her *furore* for the Turks and marked partisanship are the direct result of Dizzy's influence; and that she is only

to be blamed for overdoing a constitutional duty, viz., confiding in her Prime Minister.

Battle Abbey disappointed me as Raby did, and for the same reason ; the disfiguring of a grand old building. The Duchess of Cleveland was very kind, and the old Duke I quite took to : when one has *time*, it is very interesting to hear him go off upon old recollections, and he seems to have boundless information upon some things. He gave a sort of sketch of the ancient history of Constantinople, Saturday, which was worthy of Uncle Wm. on Eccles. History !

London, *February 25th–March 3rd*,1878.—On getting back to London we heard how the " Peace meeting " in Hyde Park, a very foolish, hot-headed performance of Auberon Herbert's and *Bradlaugh's*, called together on a *Sunday* as if on purpose to exclude all the respectable mass of working-men, had turned out the failure that might have been expected. A counter war mob was got up which swept off the other, and Mr. Herbert narrowly escaped a ducking in the Serpentine, and a squad of roughs went off on their own account, and smashed 2 of Uncle W.'s windows.

London, *March 25th–31st*, 1878.—Ld. Salisbury succeeds Ld. Derby, Mr. Hardy goes to the Lords, and is succeeded at the War Office by *Col. Stanley* (very skilful of Dizzy, to keep on good terms with the Stanleys !), and there is a general Mad Hatter's Tea-party —everybody moving up (or down) one. We went to the Foreign Office on Wednesday, little thinking what was brewing ! but I thought Ld. Derby looked absent and odd. Dined with the Rallis on Thursday, and had nice music afterwards. Santley sang " Revenge ! Timotheus cries " grandly, and I thought fit to say to Ly. Salisbury that the song was sadly appropriate to the state of things between Russia and England—no less a person than *Schouvaloff* (whom I did not know by sight) being in my pocket ! His keen, handsome old face remained quite impassive, however.

Aix-les-Bains, *April 29th–May 5th*, 1878.—Mr. Hardy has made a blustering " jingo " speech. (N.B. this elegant expression is derived from a war-song of

the period, of which the doggrel chorus is "We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do, We've got the men, we've got the ships, and we've got the money too.") Bright has retorted upon him at a great Manchester peace-meeting in a fine speech full of fire; but too much from the Quaker point of view.

Bex, *May 6th–12th*, 1878.—Wednesday still cloudy but with lovely lights. F. still a poor creature, so we did a very pleasing drive up the valley of the Rhone to the Gorges du Trient, getting out there and walking along the clever stage hung against the rocks into the depths of the wonderful chasm. Not all the full-blown cockneyism of tickets and advertisements and sale of Alpine "objects," and names scrabbled on the rocks, and pistol firing to show off the echo, could spoil the wonder and awfulness of the gorge.—*Thurs.* Outburst of radiant sun and summer. Drove zig-zagging up to Gryon. The contrast something delightful between our 2 glorious experiences of this place. The abounding flowers (gentians high up) and vivid intense green are great delights.—*Friday.* F. was himself again, which was as well, for though we drove peacefully to Frémières, we had afterwards a perpendicular climb up a water-course to the top of a mountain, and got to within half an hour of the perpetual snow. Here were to be found lovely little "pastures of the blessed" set thick with buttercups, anemones, alpine heartsease, oxlips, and many another; and from one of these was a glorious view of the Mont Blanc range, Lake Léman and the distant Juras. Came home thro' the woods, amid crowds of wood-sorrel blossom.—*Saturday.* Hot and dreamy: climbed very slow and leisurely behind the hotel up the lower slopes of the mountain.—*Sunday.* Dismal rain. Church (i.e., a poor English service in the gaunt naked "temple") and then farewell to Bex, which is set up in my heart along with English and Irish lakes, Mount Edgcumbe, Craigton, Jamaica, and other idols.

London, *May 20th–26th*, 1878.—A great debate this week, on a motion of Hartington's condemning the Indian troops' move on constitutional grounds.

Many weighty speeches on our side. A very fine one from Uncle W. on Tuesday. He had meant to be dry and didactic, but the Attorney-Gen. (Holker) preceded him, and displayed such joints in his armour that Uncle W. changed his attack there and then (as who but he could do?) and made a brilliant cut-and-thrust debating speech. The division on Thurs. was, however, in spite of all reason and argument, the usual overwhelming one in favour of Government. Old Roebuck made a vicious onslaught on the Opposition like the venerable and venomous mosquito that he is, and then hobbled out of the House. When he returned, Mr. Dillwyn, who hitherto has always made room for him on the front bench below the gangway, only edged away a little, and Roebuck, after trying for a minute to balance himself bodkin, was hirpling off again, when one or two Conservatives affably came forward and handed him to *their* front bench below the gangway, where he was received by his next neighbour with a warm shake of the hand. Loud ironical cheers burst forth from the Liberals. It was particularly funny because Sir H. James had just before quoted from an ancient pamphlet of Roebuck's a most spiteful bit of abuse of the whole Tory party. Cavendish ended the debate with the best speech I ever heard him make, fluent and energetic. We dined Wednesday at the new Northumberland House in Grosvenor Place.

On Friday a terrible and piteous thing happened. Uncle B. is in London for a little, and we thought he would like to meet the Duke of Argyll with whom he made acquaintance last year. Knowing the Duchess' very precarious state, I wrote to *him*, saying I feared she would not be equal to it, but, if she was, of course we should be glad to see her. We heard since that she quite caught at the notion of dining with us, being always most kind and affectionate to Freddy and me, and anxious to meet Uncle B. Little Mary Campbell[1] wrote to say how much her mother would like to come, and that they would send a chair for her to be carried up to the drawing-room. I felt very uneasy, tho' Edith Percy assured me on Wednesday that she had

[1] Now Lady Mary Glyn.

lately dined at Northumberland House with 20 people, and that society seemed to do her good, if it did not overtire her. We only invited our Duke, the Gladstones, Uncle B., and Nevy, and met in F.'s study to save her the stairs. When I greeted her on the threshold of the room, she looked much as usual, and said, "I'm afraid I shall be troublesome"; but the next thing she tried to say was very indistinct, and she never spoke really distinctly again. I could see the Duke hoped dinner would do her good, but she tried vainly to eat or drink; and we then saw too plainly that another stroke was upon her. He went to her and with Auntie P.'s and F.'s help supported her back to the study; we got a mattress laid on the floor, and after a short time of very terrible distress, when she seemed struggling in vain to speak and make signs, utter unconsciousness came on from which she never was roused. Auntie P. helped me to cut her clothes off, and Uncle W., with his wonderful strength and skill, lifted her on to the mattress: we propped her with pillows and put mustard to her feet. Nevy fetched a Charing X. Hospital doctor, and Uncle W. went off in a cab and brought back Dr. Clark; later came her own doctor, and Radcliffe and another; and two nurses. Things were tried, and for an hour or two the bleeding on the brain was checked and there was a little rally of the pulse. The poor children were all sent for and came but the Walter Campbells, Frances, Colin, Victoria and little Constance, who were not in London. Other belongings came too, and there was sad bewilderment and confusion; yet all thro' I had the strange solemn comfort of feeling that she was sheltered from all the misery, in some deep sleep of peace. Radcliffe begged us all to go to bed about 1.30, thinking it might last hours or days, and I persuaded the girls to lie down upstairs, and Edith in the drawing-room. But about 3 they were called; the change had come, and soon after 3.30 she died, without pain or consciousness.[1] A terrible sorrow it was to the

[1] She writes next day: "The first death in our house. It could not be a more really blessed one: the passing away of a most pure and beautiful soul."

poor Duke not to have one look, one word, of farewell; but, if she had been roused, it would have been to piteous distress; and her last conscious look was his.

London, *May 27th–June 2nd*, 1878.—On Monday evening the coffin was moved to a chapel at the Abbey; and F.'s room put back into its usual state; it felt strange and half wrong after the hours when it seemed like a consecrated spot.

Mount Clare, *Saturday, June 1st*, 1878.—We walked with Hugh Smith to inquire at Pembroke Lodge, where old Lord Russell has lately died, his last illness having come on just after the 50th anniversary of the Tests Repeal Act.[1] He was not able to receive the deputation, but Lady Russell, I believe, read the Address to him and made him understand something about it. The Amberley boy[2] who succeeds is about 11: said to be very quick and sharp—an out-and-out Stanley.

London, *July 1st–8th*, 1878.—University match; as I couldn't go in the morning I missed a grand innings of Edward's, and wouldn't go in the afternoon. B. Temple came to see me, looking pretty brisk. Old Albert came to sleep, and to-night all 8 brothers are in London: all but Nevy, Spencer, and Bob dined with us. Tues. to Lord's; Alfred made a grand long innings of 63, and Oxford was pitifully smashed—only making 32 in the 2nd innings—I should think an unrivalled fiasco.—*Wednesday.* Devonshire House drum: good and pretty.

Wellington College, *July 9th–14th*, 1878.—Dined at Louisa Lady Ashburton's who had miscounted her guests so that poor Ly. Belper was puss in the corner for a time. Sat between Ld. Melgund[3] and a very pleasant old Bishop of Limerick who stuck up for Ireland and its improvement, said wages had doubled in his diocese in 22 years, that the Church has learnt no end of good in the salutary school of adversity, and that there had been little or no secession to Dissent.

[1] Earl Russell had, as Lord John Russell, carried the Tests Repeal Act in 1828. It abolished the law requiring members of corporations to receive the Sacrament in Church.

[2] The present Earl Russell.

[3] Afterwards 4th Earl of Minto and Viceroy of India.

London, *Monday, July 15th–22nd*, 1878.—Dizzy has returned high-gee his horrid Anglo-Turkish Convention which he has signed and ratified without the knowledge, much less the consent of Parliament.—*Tuesday.* Dizzy returned, with colours flying, from Berlin, Ld. Salisbury with him (the captive, says the *Spectator*, of his sword and of his bow). A triumphal entry was his into Charing Cross; red cloth, thrilling ladies, cheering crowd, and a fine bouquet handed to him in Downing Street from *the Queen.* I wouldn't go within earshot! Friends and foes alike will have it he is to be made a Duke; by all means, say I, if they will make him Duke of Jericho, and send him to administer his duchy.—*Friday.* In the House of Lords came off a horrid scene. Ld. Derby explicitly stated that a main cause of his resignation was its being said in the Cabinet that Cyprus would have to be taken, with or without the consent of Italy, our ally. Hereupon Ld. Cranbrook was heard to exclaim, "That's the biggest lie I ever heard"; and Lord Salisbury deliberately (for Ld. Derby's speech lasted a good while after this statement) denies the fact; introducing into his denial, however, the words "the Cabinet came to a resolution," which Ld. D. had never said. Of course he modified this giving of the lie into Parliamentary language; but he was immeasurably bitter, comparing Ld. Derby to Titus Oates for revealing secrets. Ld. D. says he has a memorandum, made at the time, giving his reasons. We dined with the Selbornes, meeting the usual episcopal element. Bps. of Rupertstown, Long Island, and Nova Scotia. F. made great friends with Rupertstown, whose diocese he hunted buffalo in 20 years ago, but which is now a great thriving populous region, lately divided into 3 dioceses. . . . *Sat.* Early to Compton Place.[1] Old Church in the morning. In front of us sat 3 very good little fair girls and one very good little knickerbocker boy, who turned out to be Princess Royal's younger children: very ugly though nice little phizzes. Edith and I in the evening to the new chapel of ease close to Compton

[1] The Duke's house at Eastbourne.

Place, where were a whole bevy of Princesses, the number being swelled by 3 Hesse girls,[1] who are pretty, slim, and distinguished-looking. Should have liked to have talked to them of their mother and Uncle B., who have made tremendous friends at Darmstadt: she is in England now.

London, *July 23rd–28th*, 1878.—Went on Tues. "by sea" to S. George's E. Workhouse to see my poor paralysed lad Stephen Perkins: found he had died in the spring: such a blessed instance of "Loose him, and let him go." Coming back, who should be on the Thames-tunnel landing-place but Ly. Granville!!! I wonder how many chances there were against our meeting on a penny boat. She had a brother with her, and had been to Ratclyffe Highway to buy a paroqueet. We talked of the horrid Derby-Salisbury business; Ld. Derby has found his mem. written at the time of his resignation, and fully bearing out what he has said, and has shown it to Ld. Granville. Whether he would have re-opened the personal matter, and crushed Ld. Salisbury with the mem., I don't know; but he has been requested by the Queen to let the subject alone. Of course this is under pressure from Dizzy—the Queen could not be responsible—and most base it is of him. One can't give the reason, and I can see Johnny[2] and his colleagues conclude that the mem. is a figment, and that Ld. Derby had *delirium tremens* or something of the sort when he resigned.

Bolton, *August 12th–18th*, 1878.—He[3] and his wife have at last come to an open row about the children's religion. He declares that he only gave the promise before marriage that they should be brought up Roman on the strength of some words of hers implying that she wouldn't hold him to the promise. But they certainly put no confidence in each other about it—he refusing to have any R.C.s in the house, she taking them to confession, etc., secretly. They have now been to law, with the astounding result of the judge

[1] One of these girls became the unfortunate Empress of Russia, murdered by the Bolshevists.

[2] I.e. her brother-in-law J. G. Talbot, then at the Board of Trade.

[3] A friend who had married a Roman Catholic.

laying down that *whatever* engagement a man may make before marriage as to his children's religion, he may break with perfect (legal) impunity. If this is clearly understood, I hope it will put an end to "mixed marriages"—R.C.s will no longer venture to risk them.

Bolton, *August 28th*, 1878.—Mazy wrote me a dear letter full of little Mary Cavendish's[1] excellencies.

Holker, *September 9th–15th*, 1878.—I have not mentioned a pleasant event—the return of Colin Campbell for Argyleshire, Lorne having been appointed Gov.-Gen. of Canada—an *excellent* coup of Dizzy's. It is as good as a gain of a seat, Lorne having pursued a tolerably consistent course of voting against his party.

Holker, *September 16th–22nd*, 1878.—A wonderful sale of shorthorns came off on Wednesday, which has been absorbing Mr. Drewry for many a month. Lds. Calthorpe, Moreton, Skelmersdale, and Ellesmere, Sir W. Lawson, Sir Curtis Lampson, Col. Kingscote, "Peck" Hamilton, etc., all turned up for it. Ly. Ellesmere was the only lady: a very good-natured little plump lady is she. Thirty beasts were sold for £19,922 14*s.*—a glorious result: average £664 1*s.* 10*d.* The highest cow, £2,793; the highest bull, £1,732 10*s.* Eddy went off with Victor to school, Thurs. night. Frank with his two Friday morning. A black Friday!—poor little boys crying bitterly, and their elders not much better; didn't I see the Duke hastily wiping his eyes as he turned back into the house! William is a regular little chum to him!

Milner Field, *September 30th–October 6th*, 1878.—Next day, in spite of pitiless rain, Titus took us and Ld. Carnarvon over the magnificent Saltaire schools. I never dreamt of anything on such a scale. He is especially proud of the Board Schools, which consist of Kindergarten and a great Mixed School; both departments ruled by women, without pupil-teachers, the plan being the class-room one throughout. The big central hall is only used for the religious lesson and for drilling, marching, and games. Of course there is an Admirable Crichton of a Head Mistress of each

[1] Her eldest brother Lord Lyttelton, who became 8th Viscount Cobham in 1889, had just become engaged to Mary Cavendish, daughter of the 2nd Baron Chesham.

school, on whom the whole thing depends, and who has the fullest possible freedom of action and control. She bad mighty difficulty at first in getting the rough factory hoys into order; but now the beautiful gentleness, discipline, and tone strikes one at once, and the happy faces. The recitals of poetry, even by the infants, a miracle of refinement and intelligence. The scrap of Kindergarten teaching which was all we had time for delighted me.

London, *Saturday, October 19th*, 1878.—Charles's wedding-day: a golden day within and without! Thank God for this great happiness that has come to him, and thro' him to us all, after the heavy sorrows of the last 2 years. The Keble couple, Sybella and Sal, Auntie P. and Mazy, went to Latimer Friday. Nevy, who is best man, escorted Charles down from Hagley on Thursday, and went thro' the various duties of his office with military spirit all his own! All the rest of us, with Uncle W., At. Coque, Stephy, Uncle B., arrived early on Saturday in a great army. Very plucky of old Meriel under the circumstances. She and I, Bob, Edward, Spencer, etc., drove up together in a bus and had ridiculous jokes: behind us came a trap piled with the Rev. gentlemen, who appeared to be equally jovial. Latimer looked lovely: the walk to church all of a glow with golden sunshine and autumn tints. Katie Cavendish[1] and Ly. Susan Byng, Lena Grenfell and Mazy, Mary Talbot and little Sal were bridesmaids. Miss Grosvenor played beautifully in church, and the hymns went to one's heart. The little bride looked her very best, her face so softened with deep feeling and joy; Charles glorious! At breakfast afterwards Uncle W. made a most faultless little speech, and Charles answered very perfectly: his face a sight to see, as he looked down at his little wife with that smile of his that is like both Papa's and Mamma's smile. They drove off to Cliveden in the glowing afternoon, and Netty[2] took me a walk by the river and warmed my

[1] Sister of the bride, afterwards 2nd wife of the 1st Duke of Westminster.

[2] Lady Chesham, the bride's mother. She was Henrietta, daughter of Rt. Hon. W. S. Lascelles and Lady Caroline Lascelles, who was Lord Frederick's aunt.

heart with her love and appreciation of Charles and indeed of all the brothers.

Dear Sybella[1] most brave and unselfish; only broke down a little after the service. Of course there was the inevitable tract of ages to get thro', but all was nicely managed. There were many departures. We ought to have had the old 8 photographed together again: the many great blanks make one thank God the more for this dear unbroken number. There were many more relations on our side than on the Cavendish.

At dinner we still mustered strong: Gladstones and Sybella, Spencer, and Bob, Nevy, Georgiana Leicester, Lena, Mr. Balfour, the Compton Cavendishes, and Ly. Susan Byng.

Went to Syb.'s room late, and heard the extraordinary Sal read French with perfect fluency and no end of spirit and emphasis, and sing a German song, her Fräulein having only been with her 2 or 3 months. Katie came in too: she is a dear pretty little body: *not* little neither.

Highclere, *October 20th–27th*, 1878.—At Highclere found Ld. Carnarvon and a little sickly, gentle, faded, old-maid sister, Ly. Gwendolen, Ld. Bath, Mr. Watson, and Mr. Rowsell of the Admiralty. A nice little daughter[2] of 15, with intelligent brown eyes and arched eyebrows, came down shyly to pour out the tea. There is a boy just gone to school, and 2 other damsels; the youngest, at whose birth Ly. Carnarvon died, only 3½. The hall is fine and makes a pleasant reception-room when one arrives; but the castle disappoints me, having gone through the usual fate of castles, gingerbreading and gimcracking; with a late outbreak of Morris. The view from the S. windows enchanting.

The Bp. of Oxford and Mrs. Mackarness, Mr. Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. Hutton arrived. Much politics prevail, and Dizzy's left ear ought to burn continuously! Ld. Bath and Ld. Carnarvon are desperately down upon him. We are on the verge of a war with Afghanistan,

[1] Sybella, Lady Lyttelton, Lady Frederick's stepmother. Lord Lyttelton had died in April 1876.

[2] Now Lady Burghclere.

upon a squabble with the Ameer for which we have ourselves to thank ; it would be a horrid calamity, and the jingo notion that our Indian frontier wants advancing is shown by Lord Lawrence to be utterly wrong : it could only weaken us.—*Sunday.* Morning church at the nice little new church, with a beautiful memorial window to Lady Carnarvon. Bishop preacht excellently on Charity, the spirit that, without imagining good that does not exist, finds it out wherever it is. I hope Mr. Lowe will lay it to heart ! absolute cynic that he is.

Beautiful walk to the Roman (no, British) camp. I cuddled with Miss Graves the governess, who has been teacher at both Notting Hill and S. John's Wood High Schools, and only gave up on account of eyesight. Evening service in the hall after dinner—rather a horrid plan.

Highclere, *October 28th*—Longleat, *November 3rd*, 1878.—Went early on Mon. morning to hear Miss Graves teach little Margaret Herbert [1] arithmetic by the new "Sonnenschein" system. It wonderfully familiarizes a child with *all* the simple rules, including fractions, at once ! and without the learning of any "tables." I retain a prejudice in favour of the Multiplication Table, viewing [2] the ease with which most children learn by rote. Ended a delightful visit, and came away in company with Mr. Lowe, who was highly agreeable. He showed off the spectacles (?) he wears, made of silver, with literal single pin-pricks to see thro' —thus minimizing the light for his poor pink-onyx albino eyes. F. has absolutely almost had enough of tirades against Dizzy ! At breakfast Lord Carnarvon told us his brother Alan in his young days, wishing to learn to swim, was dropped overboard in deep water ; went to the bottom, was fished up, and immediately said he would try again ; and so proceeded till he learnt to swim. This extraordinary anecdote was capped by Mr. Lowe, who said his father (or was it his grandfather ?) as a powerful young man, being capsized in the River Trent, held his breath and walked along

[1] Now Lady Margaret Duckworth. [2] Appendix A.

the bottom to the shore ! ![1] Wonderful to have two such undeniable instances of courage in water related by 2 people next each other.

BATH, *November 4th–10th*, 1878.—Saturday we had the break of going to Longleat for a "Sunday out." Drove from Warminster; woods lovely. Find Count Nesselrode, and Mr. Horner who knew all my brothers at school. I delight in the noble hall. *Sun.*—Rained with little intermission. Morning service in a most gaunt and hideous chapel in the house; drove in the afternoon to ——— Church where a missioner with a clever, noble face, Mr. Bates, preached strikingly. The 3 girls and darling boykin of 7 are here: the 2 elder girls very pretty, especially the 2nd; the boy Alexander very like my recollection of Lord Herbert. Count Nesselrode a very agreeable old gig, with a great round stomach; slips about from English to French in the oddest style, but talks alike political scandal and gossip in both.

CHATSWORTH, *November 18th–24th*, 1878.—Having just about exhausted Bath and the "little valleys thereof" and the fine hillsides, we left it on Saturday, and came nothing loth to Chatsworth—a great rise in life from our lodging. F. less lame and much better and stronger, but his arm much the same: he has clapt an Alcock's Porous Plaster on the shoulder. Our reading has been tolerably extensive: Lecky, Quinet's "French Revolution," Geikie's "Life of Christ," Church's Essays, "The Antiquary," "Scenes of Clerical Life," "Mill on the Floss," "The Three Brides," "The Newcomes," "My Young Alcides": most of these are *my* repertory. Last Friday we had the High School mistress to dinner and this Friday I gave away certificates and School of Art prizes at the School. It flourishes well. . . .

At Chatsworth we find Lansdownes, Powerscourts, Gerald Howard, a son of Col. Cavendish's, Mr. Ross, Mr. Doyle, etc., and last, not least, the G. Pennants.[2]

[1] Authorities say this could not be. (Lady Frederick's note.)

[2] The George Pennants, afterwards Lord and Lady Penrhyn. She had been Gertrude Glynne, Lady Frederick's 1st cousin.

She very thin and in small health, but most bright and prosperous.—*Sunday.* I had rather have spent in Bath! It poured, no, it was chiefly raw fog. War is declared.

CHATSWORTH, *November 26th–December 1st*, 1878.—Much raw cold, nevertheless, to my joy, my Fred mended decidedly. He doesn't shoot, however. Very pleasant week; arrived Georgy Grenfell, and daughters: Lina is a dear little chum of mine, and Constance, just grown up, a very attractive, handsome creature, a little like Gerty, but far softer and more graceful: Mintos with their very taking son Arthur [1] (wooden leg); old Richmond, excellent company always. He and "Dicky Doyle" very good fun going over the Sketches together, going into poetic raptures over legs and arms, and other more interesting things, and poking fun at each other about which should have first choice for *War* Exhibitions. Dufferins: a great break [2] to see them: excellent company both of them. The Lornes have just arrived in Canada, after a hideous passage. They seem to have consulted the Dufferins much, as well they might, for the Dufferin reign has been a grand success.

FALCONHURST, *December 9th–15th*, 1878.—Little Mary [3] (a clever creature she is, tho' so quiet and unself-asserting) takes no end of interest in politics, and said to me, "I *should* like to hear the Government side (of the E.Q.[4]) well put. Papa, you know, does not get up foreign politics; indeed, I *have* beaten him myself about them!" We did not, however, go much into the matter—the thing is rather too serious with Mr. Balfour, viewing [2] the imputations, from which we cannot think his uncle Ld. Salisbury has cleared himself, of want of truth. Mr. Balfour, meanwhile, is as delightful as usual.

HOLKER, *January 13th–19th*, 1879.—Sir W. Harcourt has made a brilliant attack on the Government's Eastern

[1] Hon. Arthur Elliot, afterwards a well-known politician, and Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*; a man of great charm and distinction.
[2] Appendix A.
[3] Mary Talbot, afterwards wife of Winfrid Burrows, now Bishop of Chichester.
[4] I.e. Eastern Question.

policy at Oxford ; the pity is one can't believe in him : he has neither principles nor convictions.

HAWARDEN, *January 27th—February 2nd*, 1879.—A blessing to come to dear Hawarden at so bright and peaceful and prosperous a time as to all nears and dears. I had the grand excitement of being the first to tell them of a great piece of news just sent me by Arthur himself, viz., of his having been offered the headship of the new " Selwyn College " at Cambridge, which is to be opened in about 2 years. Canon Lightfoot, Bp. Abraham, and Prof. Westcott have all agreed in their choice ; and he has accepted, in such a noble, modest, earnest spirit. O what it is not to have Papa, May, or Mrs. Talbot, or At. Emy, to tell ! The anxiety of course is lest the experiment should fail at Cambridge, or be anyhow far less successful than at Oxford ; they have raised much less money, and propose to begin building with £20,000, with the view of putting up 50 men, and only opening with 20, just ½ the scale upon which Keble began. Uncle W. looked *grubous major* [1] at the prospect ! thinking the Keble success most unique, and that even it has serious rocks ahead as to tutors, etc. But nothing can take from the great honour and compliment it is to " little pig Arthur " as Papa used to call him of old. He is only just 27.

On Wednesday came Bright and his daughter, and we *did* want a Boswell. Endless and delightful was the talk ; chiefly on religious matters about which the stout old fellow seems specially alive—perhaps the more from the recent death of his wife. An uncompromising old nonconformist puritan is he. I believe he generally monopolizes talk, but that can't be done with Uncle W. by ! He announced that he disliked all clergy (and ministers) as a rule, and, poor man, he had 5 administered to him in 3 days !

HAWARDEN, *February 3rd–9th*, 1879.—I forgot to mention how Bright one evening read aloud some very striking poetry by Whittier, an American poet : it was wonderfully moving from the great beauty of his voice, absolute simplicity of style, and perfect enunciation.

[1] Appendix A.

Oxford, and London, *March* 10*th*–16*th*, 1879.—Lavinia busy in Committee, sending out circulars about the Ladies' Hall, so Mary and I went off to luncheon with Willy Grenfell.[1] Poor fellow, he has overstrained his heart rowing, and has had to give up both it and reading for honours. How one would grudge the latter! especially as he is clever. . . .

Back to London refreshed in spirit. Heard on Monday that the poor Granvilles, while out driving to see Ly. Russell with their children Sunday, had the attic floor of their house burnt! 15 fire-engines put it out and sadly ruined the walls and the rest of the house, but everything moveable was saved, except poor Ly. G.'s best gowns and lace! I hoped she would send the children to us, or that they would come themselves; but other folks carried them off, and we only put up 6 maids and no end of pictures, etc.—*Wednesday.* Cavendish's 2nd drum.

London, *March* 17*th*–23*rd*, 1879.—To think of my never having mentioned *March* 13*th*, when Mrs. Byng bore me off with her to see the Duke of Connaught's marriage, in the nave of S. George's, Windsor, just as I saw the Prince of Wales's. Lord Weymouth,[2] a very nice and very handsome boy, was a good deal with us. It was a most stately and beautiful sight: a day of floods of sunshine, old Windsor looking as Granny used to delight to describe it. The bride has a very winning countenance, full of character, yet youthful and innocent-looking: nice dark eyes. The historical sights were her father the redoubtable "Red Prince," a commanding-looking man (they say a ruffian in his home), and a much more noble and great man, the Crown Prince of Germany in his white uniform. Our dear Princess Royal was in good looks, being thinner; their eldest son,[3] an ugly fellow, was with them; and there was a funny little brother of the Duchess of Connaught, about 9 years old, just like her in face, and as set-up and grave as a commander-in-chief in his little military uniform. The Princess of Wales looked lovely, Prince George

[1] Now Lord Desborough.
[2] Now 5th Marquess of Bath.
[3] Afterwards German Emperor.

at her side with his waggish round face, and the 3 pretty little Princesses marching in front of her. They are at a trying age for the skimp fashionable smart frocks, out of which their poor thin little elbows and legs peeped rather disconsolately, and their noses are too long! Prince Eddy is a beautiful boy, nearly as tall as Princess Beatrice, beside whom he walked, supporting the Queen, who took her full part in the ceremonial, and walked as grandly as ever, looking her best in long sweeping black and white, and a diamond coronet; tho' I do think H.M. has grown down and is a shorter woman than ever. Martial music, trumpets, grand organ marches—all stately. We saw them drive off to Claremont.

19*th.* Very successful concert at Grosvenor House, in aid of Hawarden orphanage. *Joachim* played 2 things for love. Thence I drove off to Brompton Consumption Hospital to see a young widow in whom Tallee is interested, quite dying, and aware of it, but very cheerful. Such are the magic-lantern slides of one's London life.—*Thurs.*, 20th. P.M.W. at No. 21. Dined with Ly. James, meeting W. E. G.s.—21*st.* F. and I walked behind Dizzy on his way to the House; it was curious to see how every passer-by turned to look at him. A grisly sight he is, with his blue-grey colour and sham old black curls; he was drest like a well-to-do Old Clo' man, in a long light grey coat and loud trousers, and walked very infirmly.

London, *March* 31*st–April* 6*th*, 1879.—*Fri.* Lucia Bagot, Adine Murray, and Gussy Noel dined and went to S. Anne's with me. In the middle of dinner in marched Rosalind Howard to see me, in excellent looks and high force; she rubbed me up the wrong way by talking in a cheerful airy way about her brother Algernon's secession to Rome, which has been a grief to me. It does not mend matters to hear his justification of himself according to Rosalind; viz., that he has given the Church of England "a fair trial" (having been 12 years in Orders) and finds he can't be happy. Who but a Stanley of tender years would thus composedly weigh himself in the balances against a Church 1,000

years old, and settle that *she* must be renounced because *he* is uncomfortable ! !

London, *April 7th–13th*, 1879.—Went East straight from Cannon St., joined Mazy in S. Paul's Cathedral, and attended the solemn 1 o'clock Litany, hymn and sermon. Edward Talbot's Mr. Holland preached—a great, original, fervent sermon ; so severely compressed into a quarter of an hour as to keep one longing at every weighty burning sentence to say "O stop, stop !—let us think that over." It was on the Power of Sin and the Power of Sacrifice.

London, *April 21st–27th*, 1879.—*Saturday.* Went to Campden Hill to see the D. of Argyll, who has just come back from Cannes. Curious strong friendship and affection has sprung up between him and *Amelia Anson* ; out of their two great griefs, no doubt, yet it sets one wondering. He talked of little else ; except inquiries about Uncle Charles.[1] The girls were very dear to me, especially Victoria, who especially attracts me : they spoke most warmly of Uncle Charles, who will be a great loss to them.

The 2 engaged couples were in the drawing-room—Frances and Eustace Balfour, and George and his pretty little lady, Sybil ———[2] ; the Duchess knew and liked both Eustace and Sybil. Strange to see the new blossoming happiness in that house so full of a haunting memory.

Mount Clare[3] and London, *April 28th–May 4th*, 1879.—We visited old Pro. Owen and his pretty, *older* sister : he delighted me with an account of the monster N.Z. wingless antediluvian bird, whose leg-bone made Owen's fame.—*Mon.* Heard a fine speech of Uncle W.'s on the Budget, making mince-meat of it.

London, *May 5th–11th*, 1879.—A horrid debate in the H. of Commons brought on by Mr. Dillwyn, who gave notice of a motion blaming *the Queen* herself for

[1] Hon. Charles Howard, M.P. for East Cumberland, father of the 9th Earl of Carlisle.

[2] The name is blank. Lady George Campbell was Miss Sybil Alexander.

[3] The house of the Hugh Smiths near Richmond Park.

certain letters and telegrams she has sent (in one Lady Frere was supposed to be aimed at). This scandalous way of putting the Queen as it were on the floor of the House of Commons, to be called over the coals, is a pleasing feature of our Dizzian régime. It is much believed that she *has* used undue influence in support of Sir Bartle and Ld. Chelmsford ; but if she has, who is to blame ? Dizzy and nobody else ; for so long giving her her head and coaxing up in her ideas of prerogative which she would never have dreamt of but for him. Constitutionally, and every way, therefore, *he* ought to be hung, and nobody else, for any freaks H.M. plays *d'après* his guidance. However, Mr. Dillwyn seems to have taken fright at his own *coup d'état*, and turned the motion without notice into what was virtually one of want of confidence in the Government.

London, *May 20th*, 1879.—Party at Ly. Salisbury's to meet the Empress of Germany, a wizzy old lady, who was just curtseying and complimenting herself out of the house when we arrived.

Aix-les-Bains, *June 5th*, 1879.—Went to Chambéry to see an Agricultural Show—wonderfully like an English one, with thrashing machines and other steam implements, tho' how they employ them in this land of tiny properties is hard to imagine. The cattle charming little creatures, like Alderneys. An official in his glory issuing commands to people to bring out their " animaux " at the top of his voice, and every particular hair on his bristly moustache standing on end.

Aix-les-Bains, *June 8th–14th*, 1879.—Would be hot but for delightful light air. Pleasant little Sunday walk towards Marlioz ; threats of thunder sent us home. Wretched little chapel so crammed we could only get places in the morning by going early. The Chaplain (Mr. Phelps) having a voice like holystoning decks, and accordingly thinking fit to shout, I wrote him a polite anonymous note, intimating that there was an echo, and that he was much better heard when he spoke low ! Grieved I am very, when abroad, at the efforts of the English chapel arrangements to give as far as possible the impression that we neither believe in, nor

belong to, the Holy Catholic Church; in spite of the Apostles' Creed, which, I am thankful to say, even the Colonial and Continental don't omit from the services.

Brides-les-Bains, *June* 15*th*–22*nd*, 1879.—Final swim, tubbings, etc., and so farewell to Aix, and the inimitable Mme. Bernascon, who has stuck nearly all the time, night and day, to a fearful green plaid gown. Train to Chamousset, whence we posted about 40 miles up the course of the Isère, baiting at Albertville. The last 20 miles beautiful, up a mountain road. So to Brides-les-Bains, which we reached in melancholy rain. Maison Laissus, a boarding-housey primitive sort of hotel, rather depressing to our feelings at first after our Aix splendours: an ingenious paucity of views, no sitting-room, and 2 torrents roaring thro' the village at first maddened me with their noise. But we got a bedroom with a squint at a noble snow-capt mountain; and after some pushing about of furniture it wasn't amiss. *Friday*, 20*th*.—We rode on mules, for about $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours, past Les Allnes to a sort of table-land mountain-top called "Le plan des Danses." Here we sat down and had luncheon at the edge of a fir-wood, in presence of Mont Blanc, no less!—looking far grander than from Chamounix, being isolated and far-towering. I left F. (very tired and head-achy) resting, being anxious to get up to where the snow was still lying, and after $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour's gentle slope, becoming aware of a naked fine peak surging up on my right, I saw I had a chance of looking over the ridge of the mountain we were on, into the valley below. In a few more minutes, sure enough there I was, in the presence of most glorious things! A wide valley far below, with a torrent rushing at the bottom, and many tumbling into it from the opposite mountain: lovely woods, valleys, and snowy peaks, a great far-stretching middle-distance of purple hill-sides like a Claude Lorraine, the whole dominated by Mont Blanc in all his glory. To prevent the awful melancholy of mountain-scenery this perfect landscape was all enlivened with villages (I counted 20) and bright with running water—so far below, however, that I could barely

hear it rushing; and the deep stillness was one intense charm. I sat on a knoll for an hour, surrounded by gentians and heartsease, and fairly cried for joy! Then could not resist fetching F., who greatly admired, in spite of horrid headache. We picked white crocuses, springing by hundreds where the snow had melted; and coming down the mountain got lilies-of-the-valley and the sweet-smelling tall white orchis.

London, *June 30th–July 6th*, 1879.—London has gone mad over the principal actress in the Comédie Française who are here: Sarah Bernhardt—a woman of notorious, shameless character. . . . Not content with being run after on the stage, this woman is asked to respectable people's houses to act, and even to luncheon and dinner; and all the world goes. It is an outrageous scandal!

London, *July 7th–14th*, 1879.—We dined at the Archbishop of York's, meeting a very pleasing young Crown Prince of Sweden. Curious to see a Bernadotte still firm in Royal position, when the Napoleons are so overthrown. . . .

Had the delight of my one and only Comédie Française at the Gaiety; N.B. *without* the notorious woman. It was Molière's "Étourdi," and "Philiberte"; and profoundly Mrs. Byng and I enjoyed it.

Castle Goring, *July 22nd–28th*, 1879.—Tues., came off an excellent P.M.W.[1] treat at Ashridge—the entertainers, Ly. Lothian (Constance), Ly. Brownlow, Ly. Pembroke, and Margaret Talbot, a glorious sight to see, among all the good homely bodies. . . .

Wednesday, July 24th.—A ball at Spencer House on the ground-floor. I wonder when I last went to a ball! Felt sadly old and wizzy. F. in speechless amazement at seeing some middle-aged society birds still at it diligently, as they were 20 years ago. Charlotte is grown fat, but is still lovely. Althorp so taken out of at the death of an ex-aide-de-camp of his, Capt. Wyatt-Edgell, at a great slaughter of the Zulus, that

[1] Parochial Mission Women.

he would have put off the ball, if he had heard of it in time. . . .

F. at last accomplished R. Academy on Saturday; doesn't rave of Millais' noble picture of Uncle W. as much as I do. A Tory lady was looking at it, and said, "Why, it makes the old scoundrel look quite respectable!" when a voice behind her said, "Madam, I heard you call Mr. G. a scoundrel. Allow me to tell you I have known him from boyhood—at school, at college, and up to the present time: and I can only assure you that there is no one of more thorough religious principle and conduct." The speaker is said to have been Sir Thos. Acland. Sunday we spent in London: S. Margaret's and S. James, where they have put up a fine new reredos. Afternoon to Kew—my 1st sight of it: very pretty, and fragrant with lime blossom. Really a mild day. Met Ld. Alington in Piccadilly: when we told him we had been to Kew he looked scandalized and vowed that going to church afterwards was mere "hedging."

London, *July 29th–August 3rd*, 1879.—Had a famous successful dinner *last* week, of W. E. G.'s, Eddys, Mr. Herschell,[1] Bright and his daughter, to meet certain agreeable Yankee Choates,[2] who were over the moon.[3]

Holker, *October 20th–26th*, 1879.—The 5 children all insist upon playing whist!! Dick and Blanche have a very good notion of it, and John can preside over a hand and follow suit with great accuracy, looking like Solomon. Christian seats herself by one of the players and shouts "Tump it!" on all occasions.

Hardwick, *October 27th–November 2nd*, 1879.—We all broke up into a vast déménagement. Special train with all and sundry. Children and co. went to Chatsworth. Duke, F., and I parted with them at Chesterfield and came to Hardwick, where we have not stayed since the New Year 1874, before any of the dark days had come upon me. I was glad to be in the dear old house of ancient associations again. Our host[4] only

[1] Afterwards Lord Chancellor Herschell.
[2] No doubt the same Mr. Choate who was afterwards American Ambassador.
[3] Appendix A.
[4] Lord Hartington, to whom the Duke had made over Hardwick.

arrived from London on Thursday with a bad cold, which he said he vainly hoped would stop his speaking at Manchester. He is delightful as host, even coming down in time for dinner! I had long talks with good Mrs. Marriage, and visited in the stables and old house Mrs. Page, the new keeper's wife (who had grievous poacher-stories to tell), Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. Wilson, and Mrs. Miles; at Astwith the poor Blanksbys, who had a son killed by a fall from a cart; at Rowthorne, Mrs. Hibbart; at Stainsby, the old gardener's widow, Mrs. Holmes.

KEBLE COLLEGE, *November 3rd–9th*, 1879.—Came Monday afternoon to Keble College, and for the 1st time managed to spend as much as 4 nights there. All beautifully prosperous; even the dear Warden has not his usual *term*-look of tire, and darling Lavinia as brisk and strong as if she had nothing to do with the thumping fellow of 10 weeks old, by name Neville Stuart,[1] who kicks and crows upstairs. Nevertheless she is nursing him 5 times a day; but whips about the town and does all manner of jobs between whiles. The most notable event of the week was the arrival on a morning call of no less a personage than Cardinal Newman! An historical event it was, to see him sitting in the house of the Warden of Keble College. About 2 years ago he was made honorary Fellow of his old College, Trinity, which deeply gratified him; and since that he has occasionally come to Oxford, which he had not done before since he forsook the English Church. Oh dear! the sight of this flourishing College, with all that it represents of English Churchmanship striking deep roots and spreading far and wide, *must*, one would think, prove to him that there is some Divine life in the Church of his Baptism. He *has* said that he considers the Church of England a main bulwark against infidelity, which is something! Very soon I saw how it was that he was such a master of men's hearts, so winning, noble, and simple was his manner; his voice still flexible and musical, and such keen blue eyes, and eagle nose rather like Uncle W.'s. He is infirm

[1] Now Bishop of Pretoria.

and looks very old (he is about 79, I believe), but seems quite unchanged in mind. His business was to bring Edwarden some letters of Keble, which he didn't like to trust thro' the post; and he had to explain certain erasures he had made in them. This he did by word of mouth, Edward being at home; but there was also a most touching and interesting mem. to the same effect in his hand-writing along with the letters. He said the erasures were *only* of passages expressing such vehement self-depreciation as would certainly be misunderstood, and which Newman said he "could not" leave standing. He called him his "dearly, deeply beloved friend," and attributed the strong self-blame to the way his tender heart had been tried and wrung beyond what it could bear; enumerating the long list of public and private agonies which he, in common with all the great High Church pioneers, had had to undergo in the course of their noble fight. Amongst other unwarrantable self-accusations, said Dr. N., "he used to say that my 'becoming a Catholic' was his fault," which it certainly was not: "he had nothing to do with it." We asked him the date of the letters, and when he went back to those old heart-stirring dates —1822–1845—such a mournful, far-away look came into his eyes, and he fell into a muse while we all sate silent. He spoke of Dr. Pusey, and of his wonderful way of reading up vast quantities of matter and bringing them all to bear upon one proposition. Edward heartily agreed, and cited as an instance Pusey's book on The Real Presence. But Dr. N. wouldn't pursue that topic; he merely acquiesced, and there was a pause, which he broke by giving Edward the packet, with a most courteous, kind manner. He was drest in a very long coat (perhaps it was a cassock), and wore a red skull-cap under his shovel-hat. One evening we had Dr. Acland and Dr. Liddon and Miss Wordsworth (the Head of the infant "Lady Margaret Hall" for women) to dinner. Very pleasant, tho' Dr. Acland rather monopolized the talk; but it was interesting, as he is just back from the United States. Dr. L. said he was in favour of a sensible "Home Rule," viz., one applying to England and Scotland as well as Ireland,

and merely providing that each of the 3 kingdoms should have special Committees for the settling of their own matters. A mighty comfort it would be, for instance, not to have Scotch Presbyterians and Irish Romanists legislating on Church concerns !

Lavinia took me to see Ly. Margaret Hall [1] (I wish it didn't sound like a lady who has made a dowdy marriage), which is full already, and will flourish finely when once they have paid off the debt on the house and the starting expenses. Miss Wordsworth is delightful. We also called at "Somerville Hall," which is the same thing, only colourless in religion, but the Head, Miss Lefevre, (one of the daughters of old Sir John, who is lately dead), was out. Likewise visited Miss Bishop, late of Chelsea High School, now at the High School here ; and Lavinia so took to her that she there and then nearly settled to send little May there some day. Said little May most quaint and charming but alas ! entering the inevitable phase of self-consciousness. Warden minor [2] a jolly, darling ugly-mug with red curls, very like Bob ; F. took to him much the most of the two !

Oxford, *November 3rd–9th*, 1879.—Canon Farrar is socially disappointing : not conversible on any subject except Temperance which he has hotly taken up. When I spoke of school-mastering being exhausting work, he wouldn't agree, and said his work at Marlboro' was "child's play" compared with S. Margaret's, Westminster ; the constant intercourse with fresh young life so refreshing, compared with work among all that is old in vice. Sad departure on Friday, and curious contrast of Chatsworth with Keble ! No company here yet but Ly. Albert Gower and her little white mouse of a boy.

Chatsworth, *November 10th–16th*, 1879.—F. went to Leeds to hear a fine onslaught of the D. of Argyll's at a monster Liberal meeting. Friday and Saturday bright sharp frosts. Saturday we had a good lawn-t. campaign on the new concrete ground, at the end of

[1] The recently founded first Women's College in Oxford.

[2] E. K. Talbot, now Superior of the Anglican Community of the Resurrection.

which, without any provocation, crack went some small tendon in the calf of my left leg, and I shall hobble for days to come.

CHATSWORTH, *November 24th–30th*, 1879.—A very lively, pleasant week; its only weak point a short supply of young ladies: poor Edith Howard, a daughter of Sir John and Ly. Elizabeth St. Aubyn, and Lena Grenfell formed the staple. Major Burke (Edw.) and his bewitching wife (née Hatch, in India), Ld. Northbrook and daughter, Shannons, St. Aubyns and daughter, Trevelyans, Seymour Hadens [1] and daughter—he the great etcher and wicker-coffin man, and very agreeable, girl clever. Frost and snow. My Fred 43 on the 30th; he is very well and up to things; but alas! still given to aches in the back. Uncle W. is on his Midlothian campaign, making one grand speech after another, the finest, most brilliant, and most unanswerable one on Saturday, pitching into the Government finance. The old wasp Roebuck is dead.

WENTWORTH,[2] *December 1st–7th*, 1879.—To a political do-ment at Shipley on Monday, the hospitable Titus Salts putting us up at Milner Field, amid no end of luxury.—*Tuesday*. To Wentworth, where we met Thompson Hankeys, agreeable old birds, Ly. Gwendolen Ramsden, a die-away dull woman, like an old Indian, and her very handsome niece Hilda Graham. Pleasant little visit. Netty and Katie are here. The nice creatures Alice and Alby Fitzwilliam, and Katie, befriended my lame leg and carried me about ladies' cushion; likewise I was taken round in a go-cart to see the pictures. Noble, noble Vandycks; and such historical subjects—Strafford, Laud, Charles II at 14 especially. Was audience,[3] too, to fine old Bible of the stout-hearted Countess of Derby, with her notes and lamentations about Charles I's execution, etc. Meant to try and skate, but aggravated my leg afresh by a slip on the stairs.

HAWARDEN, *December 8th–14th*, 1879.—I went to

[1] Sir Seymour Haden, the etcher, advocated a particular method of burial.

[2] Lord Fitzwilliam's house. [3] Appendix A.

Hawarden Tuesday, arriving there the day after the Gladstones, who were received with frantic enthusiasm at Chester, after the memorable Midlothian campaign. It has been one long outburst of welcome and one long triumph ; yet the Conservatives still talk of winning. Uncle W. has poured out 6 magnificent speeches, besides a very noble Rectorial address at Glasgow ! and endless little addresses delivered bare-headed in the keen frosty weather ; and here he is as fresh as paint. Not so poor auntie ; she had to take to her bed Wednesday with a bad chill, which developed into erysipelas in her face ; it reminded me of her similar attack during darling May's illness. F. came Wednesday. Frost hardly gave at all, and folks skated. Sidgwicks (she née Balfour) came, and Ld. Wolverton, besides which Lavinia is here with her little May and Neville, and "William of Wickham"[1] and my godchild Christian and brother Edward ; so that one is wishing oneself in 4 places at once and possessed of 10 pairs of ears every minute. Packt in much church-going, one long sit with Stephy, another with Albert, another with Gerty, likewise luncheon at the Rectory and tea with Molly ; not to speak of village visits and trolls in Auntie P.'s bedroom ; the Great Man all the while interesting and delightful *beyond.* For the 1st time, I deliberately believe, in my recollection, he seems a little *personally* elated ! It has always hitherto been the cause, or the moment, or the circumstances, or *something*, that he thinks he is the mere mouthpiece of ; but this unheard-of enthusiasm for his name, in his own country (for he is a pure-bred Scotchman), and after the long time of abuse and loss of influence, has deeply moved him. On Saturday the neighbours came to see all the presents which were showered upon him in Scotland—plaids, wraps, table-linen, and all sorts of native products : a box of soap from Preston, rather a doubtful compliment ! One evening he begged F. and Ld. Wolverton to come and have a talk about commercial matters, à propos of the vamped-up "protection" craze that is on just now ; the Sidgwicks and I and Edward crept in to the Temple of Peace to

[1] Son of Dr. and Mrs. Wickham.

listen, and it was grand to hear Uncle W.'s brilliant disquisition on the whole subject, which sounded as if he had thought of nothing else for months!

London, *February 23rd–29th*, 1880.—Mr. Gurdon was at dinner, just back from S. Africa, and confirming a most grubous [1] letter lately had from Col. Lanyon who is administering the Transvaal. According to him, whether the annexation of the Transvaal was right or wrong, we have put all the fat in the fire now, by leaving it for nearly 3 years (regardless of promises) minus any constitution whatever; and the whole country is now full of discontent and fury, fanned by lying agitators. Both he and Mr. Gurdon stand up for Sir Bartle and think the arrival of Sir Garnet to supersede everybody a great mistake. Uncle W. had hardly breath to bestow on politics, being clean possessed by a wonderful "Life" just published, "Sister Dora." [2] He sent a copy to the D. of Argyll, and they both talked of it 19 to the dozen. When Southwark was lost, he wrote to somebody, "I should be very unhappy about Southwark, if it wasn't for Sister Dora!"

London, *February 23rd–29th*, 1880.—D. at Ly. Stanley of Alderley's, and had a P.B. [3] neighbour in the shape of Burne-Jones the painter. He was interesting, but desperately self-conscious. Rather maundered about Mazy, of whom he has made a marvellously clever, idealized sketch. After d. much talk with Matthew Arnold, who was interested about Alfred, whom he has lately met. He talked of his coming as Marshal to Hagley with his father-in-law Judge Whiteman [4] and old Baron Alderson: I vividly remember it, and the dislike I took to him!

London, *March 1st–7th*, 1880.—Went to a small meeting at the Stuart Wortleys of married ladies, to hear that wonderful woman Miss Ellice Hopkins speak of a most dreadful state of things hitherto *ignored*

[1] Appendix A.

[2] "Sister Dora" was a sister of Mark Pattison, the famous Rector of Lincoln, who was not much pleased at the fuss made about her.

[3] I.e. Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

[4] The judge's name was Wightman.

by the land—*little girls* from 10 to 13 years old entrapped into bad houses and sent upon the streets : sometimes brought up to it all by their own mothers. She is trying to bring about getting these poor little creatures under the protection of the Industrial Schools Act, which gets hold of destitute and begging children, and those who harbour with thieves, but takes no notice of these far-more-to-be-pitied children. The horror of the whole thing made me quite shaky.

London, *March 8th–14th*, 1880.—F. turned up from the House in the small hours, with the thunderclap news of a *DISSOLUTION* ! . . .

We dined Wednesday at D. House, where were Frank and Lou, and Cavendish looking rather ill and tired with a cold. His address to N. E. Lancashire, which he is going to fight, quite excellent, and a famous contrast to a sort of Peer's Address which Dizzy has put forth in the shape of a letter to the D. of Marlboro'. It's such a piece of bombast and Owdacious yet mysterious flings at the Opposition, that it will be worth thousands of pounds to the Liberals as a bone to be gnawed.

London, *March 15th–21st*, 1880.—We went on Palm Sunday with Alfred, who came to breakfast, to great S. Paul's for the glorious full service. Mr. Balfour came to luncheon and tea. Evensong at S. Margaret's. Canon Farrar preacht a fine sermon on Jonah.

Herbert Gladstone has been pounced upon to contest *Middlesex* !—all his expenses paid. It is a bold thing, Ld. Geo. Hamilton and Mr. Coope being supposed to be as strong as may be ; but the Liberal spirit seems growing every day. Lavinia, Mazy, Sybella, and I went to hear him speak at a meeting at Acton Saturday : he did famously well, and Alfred made a capital little speech at the end, backing him : so like Papa he looked ! only so young and buoyant.

Bolton Abbey, *March 29th–April 4th*, 1880.—A great and notable week for England ! the Borough elections came off thick and fast, and revealed a

mighty reaction; the week-end finds us with a gain of 55 Liberal seats. The greatest events have been Leeds, which puts Uncle W. at the head of the poll, majority 10,000, and a 2nd Liberal who polls —— more than the Tory next in order. Bradford, Halifax, Manchester, and many more are great victories too; manifest causes of true repentance for the wretched splits and confusions of the past. York kicks out "Jimmy Lowther." The same thing is going on S., E., and W. as well as N. As for F. and Sir Matthew Wilson, they have been making a regular triumphant "progress," and great fun it has been for me. Farming districts, big colliery villages, and manufacturing towns —it's all the same; close-packed meetings, roars of applause, all but unanimous shows of hands, and frantic enthusiasm of man, woman, and child. We dined Friday at Mr. Shaw's gorgeous house at Allangate, and, driving down in an open carriage to Sowerby Bridge, the whole population turned out to meet us. And all this the more delightful from being *Yorkshire*: such keen, strong intelligent faces listening intently and seizing upon the points of the speeches. As to the hospitality !—splendid banquets of every degree await us at every turn, to the sore perplexity of unaccustomed stomachs; wine and salmon and sweetbreads and feather-beds abound; and all sorts and conditions of men are working like horses day and night at the canvassing, "all for love and nothing for reward." The party seems absolutely united; many questions are sometimes asked as to drink, disestablishment, etc., but there seems no fear of losing any votes by these differences, and we fly into the arms of rabid Dissenters and teetotallers, all as gentle as sucking-doves. Mr. Illingworth (just elected with Mr. Forster for Bradford), who would not work for F. last election, turns up on our platforms and speaks for him; and he and I go *hooking* about together.—*Monday.* We led off with the excellent Dewhursts of Aireville, Skipton (who had 2 cooks from Manchester to do us honour !), and did 3 meetings to which they drove us. Barnoldswick the most interesting; an immense gathering. F. went off Tues. Todmorden way, and I staid the night at

Aireville, going with him and the Wilsons Wednesday to Bentham. Sumptuous luncheon at Mrs. Rice's. Thence Ly. Wilson and I went on to the B. Briggs at Keighley, missing 2 meetings, but coming in for splendid evening ones at Keighley. Here vaccination has been a perfect red-rag, but beyond a question or two we heard nothing of it. Harriet Briggs inveigled me to see Mr. Longsdon's chapel with my text in it. Likewise to a Confirmation on April 1st, after which we drove to call on Mrs. Craven and at Oakworth, Mr. Holden's gorgeous house, with miles of hot-house, and a most homely body of a Missus to do the honours. Said Isaac Holden a frantic anti-Church man, but now working tooth and nail for us! I ought to have mentioned Settle on Tues., where F. is well known from his chairmanship of Giggleswick Grammar-school, and where consequently there were delightful things said of him. Unlucky Messrs. Powell and Lister here first met my sight, winding up a poor meeting, at one side of the market-place, while we were high-gee [1] at the other.—*Thurs.* Ly. Wilson and I took it easy, while the hapless candidates stumped to Ripponden, West Vale, and Elland, and ended at a delightful old Mrs. Ormerod's at Brighouse, where we turned up to dinner. Two hot-and-hot meetings afterwards, where telegrams came in with the 1st series of triumphs—Halifax led off. Friday was the splendid Sowerby Bridge day. At Buttershaw we had the usual splendid spread under the auspices of an excellent old couple of the name of Bottomley; the lady in the most marvellous cap over her round red face: they killed us with kindness. Rattling good meeting afterwards in a spacious Independent School. We slept near Sowerby Bridge at a Mr. Morris's; a most uncommon fidget, with a fine-lady wife, but nice sons; and every luxury under the sun. Saturday there was no time to eat, the result of which was that we had 7 meals!! *Six* meetings, but the gentlemen were pitied and allowed to divide forces: Ly. W. and I stuck to Sir Matthew and had tea and supper and what-not at Mr. Craven's of Thornton: great meeting there. Got back to the Happy Valley [2]

[1] Appendix A. [2] I.e. Bolton.

in pouring rain at 12.30. At Addingham a maukin [1] tore after the carriage to ask "what Liberal gains," and when we told him, went madly cheering into the darkness. Sunday most lovely and delicious and heart-refreshing. Walk to the Valley of Desolation and the Strid. Tea with the Bellairs; he means to plump for F., tho' in a sad fright about the Church, but believing he won't pull it down, and much encouraged by the thought of getting rid of Lord Cairns and his vile Church appointments.

Bolton, Halifax, *April 5th–11th*, 1880.—Each day has brought fresh tides of conquests—counties began going right this week, tho', alack! at Bradford Liberal Committee room on Monday on our way to Halifax, we heard of Herbert's sound beating in Middlesex, as was doubtless to be expected; the time being very short, and as we have since heard, the Liberal registration in a sad state. He has won no end of praise, and polled a fine number of votes considering.

We left Bolton betimes for F. to vote at Ilkley for Sir John Ramsden and Sir Andrew Fairbairn (they both won, tho' neither is very popular!). Met Mr. Fison, our opponent of last election, in subdued spirits. Poor man, he said, "If our promises are kept, you ought not to win by 1,000." "Well," said I, "we will put up with 2,000"—knowing that the whole Liberal vote was going for us in one undivided rush. We had a splendid spread at a Mr. Booth's, then a meeting at Ovenden, then a never-to-be-forgotten final meeting in the drill-hall at Halifax; the whole area packed with men standing and two galleries filled besides. F. made a fine speech, and Sir Matthew was in the midst of his, pegging away with his usual spirit, when I became aware of an ecstatic whisper going round the platform—"Gladstone's in! Gladstone's in!" By some magic, the multitude found out in a minute, and there uprose an immense cheer like a roar of many waters. It was minutes before they could stop to hear the number, and the short telegram was interrupted again and again by renewed outbursts. In the midst of the shouting,

[1] Appendix A.

I wrote off a telegram in F.'s name, dictated by Mr. Stansfeld: "6,000 Yorkshiremen at Halifax Liberal meeting have received news of your victory with enthusiasm such as no living man has ever seen the like." Before we left the platform Titus Salt said to me, "They will have Herbert Gladstone for Leeds!"

Tuesd. I spent in peace under the hospitable roof of the Louis Crossleys, F. going to vote in Derbyshire and returning in time to dine with the Edward Crossleys. I went with Mrs. Crossley all over the noble old church. Wednesday, our polling day, we spent in blissful repose at Bolton, poor F. sleeping a good part of the time, I ploughing thro' heavy arrears of newspapers.

Wednesday the 7th, Declaration of the Poll at Bradford: F.'s majority 3,700—rather more than the highest expectations; and the total poll 100 more than the utmost stretch of imagination. Our poor opponents vanished into thin air. F. and Sir Matthew made their thank-you speeches out of the window of the Liberal Club (where Ly. Wilson and I were admitted) to a great throng of joyful people wedged in the open space below, and so ends our most triumphant campaign, with floods of enthusiasm. One gentleman in the club was seen with tears running down his face! We were cheered all the way to the station, and coming in for a crowd at Leeds waiting for another successful candidate (a townsman just elected for Newport), were ovation-ed there too, insomuch that F. had, in spite of himself, to spout his thanks in a "positively last speech" out of the railway-carriage. Got to Chatsworth at tea-time, driving from Chesterfield, resting on its laurels after the victory of Frank and his colleague. Thurs. was Eddy and Mr. Cheetham's polling-day; F. had to go off to vote in Lancashire after voting at Bakewell; Uncle George, Aunt Lou, and Jinny here.

Friday. Emma and I and the boys drove and rode into Bakewell for the declaration of the poll: triumphant return of both Eddy and his colleague, and warm enthusiasm. Eddy made a perfect little speech. Next

came news of Cavendish and *his* colleague's victory. Such a tide of triumphs never was !

LONDON, *April 12th–18th*, 1880.—Old Willy and his colleague won the day in E. Worcestershire, and I am now in the splendid position of having 8 relations (Liberals) in for counties : F., Hartington, Eddy, Uncle W., Willy, Charles Robartes, Bobby Spencer (the youngest M.P., I think, in the new House), Frank Egerton. . . .

The Queen didn't return from Baden till Saturday evening : the grub [1] is that she is very angry with Dizzy for having misled her as to the result of the dissolution and has been wigging poor innocent Sir Hicks Beach, who has been in attendance on her ! Sunday morning Dizzy went down to Windsor ; it is presumed to resign.

LONDON, *April 19th–25th*, 1880.—A week of great incidents. Final Tory Cabinet on Tuesday. On Thursday *Hartington was sent for*. He and Ld. Granville and Uncle William have, of course, come to an understanding about the leadership among themselves, but Uncle W. had to be dragged up by force on Monday the 12th from Hawarden for the purpose by a letter from Ld. Granville. His wish was to be perfectly passive, recognizing the other two as undeniably before the country as leaders but ready to accept responsibility *if* it should be their wish and the Queen's.

It was strange of the Queen to send for Hartington rather than for Ld. Granville, who of course has been the recognized leader ever since Uncle W. resigned in January '75. Some say she took specially amiss Ld. G.'s action at the time of the Royal Titles Bill. Hartington came back in the evening, nothing having been settled ; and on Friday he *and Ld. Granville* went to Windsor together ; a very good thing. That same evening *the Queen sent for Uncle William* ; and he kissed hands on his appointment as First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. And so I lose my bet of £2 (with Major Bourke) last Nov., when I bet that he would not take office again. At that time I did not wish it or expect it ; and up to quite lately I have been in great perplexity. Of course it was

[1] Appendix A.

impossible to foresee—no one did—the *immense* victory, brought about so mainly by his means. Even the autumn Midlothian campaign only made one hope that the tide was beginning to turn; and when we set off on our election travels, all we talked of was at first the likelihood of reducing the Conservative majority, then the possibility of the Liberals having a majority of 15, 20, or 30. I could not help thinking that for the ticklish job of working things under such circumstances, Hartington or Ld. G. might be better hands than Uncle W. One knew also that Uncle W. had undertaken to fight Midlothian, (and that only with the expressed approval of Ld. G.), for no personal object or with any *desire* to resume the lead, but simply and solely because he was told on good authority that his winning that seat would best promote the cause which to him was the cause of right and morality, viz., the turning out of Dizzy's Government. I heard later that he did tell Ld. G. that if he won Midlothian it would bring him to the fore again.

But the march of events this spring has brought one irresistibly to see what a dilemma the question has come to be. His victory has carried with it the victory of nearly the whole of Scotland, not to speak of England and Wales; and his magnificent speeches have, more than any other influence, united the party and raised them to a noble pitch of enthusiasm, beyond what anybody could have dreamed. He is in full vigour of mind and body, to a degree he certainly little imagined could be his case at 70 when he resigned the leadership 5 years ago. What position could it be right for him to take now, when the battle has been fought and won so mainly under his name? Can the responsibility be rightly vested in one man when the power and influence has been so largely exercised by another? I put aside as quite absurd any notion of his occupying some subordinate or extra post in the Cabinet. No good can ever be done by people in a false position towards each other and towards the Queen and country. The only workable alternative to his taking the reins would be his absolute retirement into country life, or silent membership; and how could that be right after

his strong expressions of political views and aims, and with no excuse of broken health ? and how could he avoid all possibility of matters arising upon which it would be his duty to bestir himself ? All these considerations weighed more and more with one ; and yet there was much on the other side too. After that never-to-be-forgotten scene in the drill-hall at Halifax, a regular vision possessed me of the grandeur of his retiring, on the very top of the wave of triumph, leaving it manifest to the whole world that he had fought and won with absolutely unselfish aims, and stopping evil tongues at once and for ever. All we had seen in our Riding too of loyal enthusiasm for Hartington made me think the Radicals would follow him stoutly, while it did not seem by any means so clear that the Whigs, and the timid section generally, would follow Uncle W. Then there was the certainty, much strengthened by his own excellent election speeches, that Hartington was " up to the job " ; and last, but hardly least, the knowledge that the Queen would far prefer either of the existing leaders to Uncle W., whom Dizzy has bamboozled her into dreading above all things. But the arguments on the other side could not, when it came to the point, be gainsaid ; and after the last few days of intense anxiety (there being one awful moment of difficulty with H.M.), our grand old ship of State has, as always, swung safely and soundly round to the wind, and we are in smooth waters. From the very outset, at the time of the Bulgarian horrors, it has been a great drama that has been enacted ; and while all the ruck of cynics and Philistines have been throwing their mud of base imputations and slanders, we who believe in a God above us, and who *know* Uncle W.'s noble and true motives, can see and believe that the whole bit of history, " che forse non morrà," has been guided to its present crisis by the Hand of God. Nothing, however, could have come right but for the perfect conduct of the 3 leaders towards each other and to the Queen and country. It did my heart good to hear Ld. Wolverton say this, almost with tears in his eyes ; and he has had every opportunity of judging, as he has gone much to and fro between them. He said they

had all acted with perfect truth and honour and unselfishness ; and with entire confidence in each other.

We were dining with the Henry Grenfells on Friday, and Arthur Godley was there, to whom arrived in the middle of dinner the most graceful little letter in the world from Ld. Granville, releasing him from his secretary duties, and setting him free for his old post as Uncle W.'s secretary. Arthur Godley much moved. The announcement was what first announced to us who was Prime Minister. We went up to Harley St. afterwards. Saw Cavendish, the Roseberys, Algy West, etc. Uncle W. lost no time in asking F. to be Financial Secretary in the most kind and delightful way ; and Auntie P. told me he said he could not undertake the Exchequer without someone like him to help him. She is proud and happy, of course, but by no means *tête-montée* ; on the contrary, grave and rather awe-struck. When the Queen sent for him and he told Auntie P., she said, as he was setting out, " Is there anything I can do for you ? " " Pray for me," he answered.—*Sunday, 25th.* We went to church at Putney, and lunched and dined with the Hugh Smiths at Roehampton : lovely blossoming spring. It looks as if we were to have fine seasons as well as other good fortune ! N.B. The Queen was quite gracious to Uncle W.

London, Wellington College, *April 26th-May 2nd*, 1880.—Filling up of offices and trying to fit square men into round holes went on thro' the week ; and Uncle W. looks as if a little more of it *would* send him into his grave ! Of course Lord Granville and Hartington had their choice of the leading places ; and it is excellent Ld. G. being at the F.O. and Cavendish Indian Secretary. Everyone steps into a hash of difficulties ; but I should think there was nothing to equal India, with the Afghan war dragging on and costing mountains of money every month, the country taxed to death and deeply discontented, and to crown all, a monstrous miscalculation of — millions in the Estimates, which will have to be made up somehow. The Radical element to be introduced into the Cabinet has been rather a knotty question ; Sir Charles Dilke

everybody thought would be the best man, but (a dead secret) the Queen drew the line there! and one can't wonder at her, as some years ago he publicly made an onslaught on the Monarchy. The alternative is the Birmingham demagogue, Mr. Chamberlain, a conceited man, but clever and honest, I believe; and just the sort who will have his teeth drawn by office and position. Sir Charles is Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs and will probably be very useful: not much fear of his Republican principles being ever heard of again!

Saturday we went to Wellington College and our political gossip was highly appreciated by the Wickhams and Edward (brother). Said brother is doing stop-gap master's work, and intensely enjoying it: delightful to hear Edward Wickham's strong approval of him. At this moment things are indeed most well and prosperous with the dear old 8. Mr. Childers (War Secretary) has appointed Nevy his private 1st secretary—a really perfect thing for him, and he for it, methinks; and Spencer is one of Ld. G.'s under-secretaries—he was getting very sick of his dilettante life, and it is a capital thing!

Oh dear! I have never mentioned how excellently Herbert Gladstone fought thro' his Middlesex campaign, speaking capitally and winning all hearts, notably *Mr. Lowe's*!! who fell regularly in love with him.

London, *May 3rd–9th*, 1880.—Sir W. Harcourt (Home Secretary) defeated at Oxford on his taking office! It looks bad, but is, I believe, purely a personal matter; his overbearing ways are not popular there, the Church party owe him a well-deserved grudge for his doings anent the effete "Public Worship Bill" when he came the glorious Protestant over everybody. The new Government has certainly had an awkward throw-off. There has been a general kick-up over a letter Uncle W. has just published to Count Karolyi, the Austrian Ambassador. In one of his Midlothian speeches he attacked Austria for having never done any good in the world, and for intriguing after part of the Christian provinces in the Balkan peninsula. At the time I thought, "Why this onslaught on a country we are at peace with?" and it was made capital of by the Tories.

Perhaps he *had* better not have thus gone out of his way. But he had strong authority for his belief about Austria's hankering after the country down towards Salonica; and as his strongest conviction on the E.Q. is that the Provinces should be independent, and no Anti-Porte steps taken by any power except in concert with the rest of Europe, he perhaps "did well to be angry." Also he took occasion afterwards to say that, if proof could be afforded him that no such intrigue was afoot, he would withdraw his words. Since taking office, Count Karolyi has satisfied him that Austria won't make the snatch in question; and he has accordingly lost no time in publicly accepting the disavowal and withdrawing his previous imputations. The world swears this is an abject apology, whereas it is really an acceptance of Austria's explanation, due from one gentleman to another; and Uncle W. doesn't trouble his head much about John Bull's offended pride, inasmuch as he knows well enough (behind the scenes) that what he has said has led to Austria's abandoning the ambitious designs, which were really entertained; and which Ld. Salisbury implied were to be expected.

London, *June 28th–July 4th*, 1880.—Poor Government labouring hard thro' obstruction English and Irish, and bespattered with death's-head-and-bloody-bones accusations; House sitting till 2, 3, and 4 and making no progress. The incoherent Irish as often as not obstruct their own measures, and fortunately quarrel among themselves. Saturday the 3rd the House sat till Sunday morning, but Uncle W. got off in the evening, and drove down with Auntie P. to a villa Ld. Aberdeen has taken for the summer—Littleburys, Mill Hill, beyond Barnet. F. and I joined them there, driving down deliciously to church on Sunday morning; and found Uncle W. casting care to the wind in the excitement of finding it was a villa built by Charles II for Nell Gwynne! A most elegant little white-and-gold drawing-room has Charles and Nell's medallions in plaster-work set round the cornice; and there is a quaint little succession of grassy terraces, one below the other, ending in a gazebo summer-house, also most prettily decorated with medallions, 2 *different* ladies

occurring here! In the drawing-room a portrait of the contemporary *Duke of Richmond* as a child (odd taste, as I don't think he was Nell Gwynne's son); and an inaccurate copy of our dear old Neptune and Cybele by Rubens at Hagley, which Papa sold for £500, to my grief. Nep. and Cyb. were rather horrid, but Cupids playing on the beach, among shells at the bottom, and a sea-god trumpeting through a conch-shell, were delightful. Church twice, with Uncle W.; Auntie P. and F. "drew the line"; but Uncle W. was as fresh as paint, picked strawberries, went a good quick walk with us to a Roman college, and enjoyed himself hugely.

London, *July* 12*th*–18*th*, 1880.—Ly. Granville's 2nd son born prosperously on Sun. the 11th, a great blessing, the last poor little thing having died with water on the brain.—*Tuesday*. Garden party at Marlborough House; the Queen there, looking her very best, walking round and very gracious. Still with *perfectly perfect* Royal dignity and grace, the more wonderful in a stout little great-grandmother drest in rather dowdy black!

Prince Edward of Wales very fair, noble-looking and handsome, and of tolerable height, but he doesn't look as well in a regular grown-up get-up, and has rather a weak face. Prince George a little fellow, with an ugly waggish mug. I believe he is a good deal the sharpest. The little Princesses are less scraggy than last year and are pretty chicks. Three good-looking Teck boys, the youngest a very jolly *dark* fellow: the only Royal creature not fair and blue-eyed. The Queen sent for Lucia Bagot and talked some time to her with a very sad, *kind* face about poor Constance Westminster, who is in terribly precarious health with heart attacks....

Pleasant afternoon (after a tremendous thunderstorm) at Wimbledon, taking Edith; Ly. Stanhope entertaining. Introduced to Mr. Lewis Morris, author of "The Epic of Hades"; *not* like a poet to look at or talk to. Dined in Great George St., meeting Farrars and Davidsons[1] (she one of the Archbishop of Canter-

[1] The present Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Davidson.

bury's daughters). He told me the Sun. Sch. Centenary splash at Lambeth was splendidly managed, and would have been a mighty success but for an hour's downpour, which drove 1,500 children home, and prevented the poor little creatures from sitting down. Also about 1,000 missed seeing the Royalties, who would not stay it out. But not a single accident or misadventure in getting the 20,000 children in and out of the gardens and home has been reported. The unlucky Irish Bill staggering thro' the Committee; to-day's incident was that villain Eddy, not content with not voting at the outset, spoke in favour of dropping it! *Et tu, Brute!*

London, *July 19th–25th*, 1880.—Dinner again in Downing Street meeting Maria Marchss.,[1] who is a real miracle in being *still* able to carry on her evening gown with bare shoulders and short sleeves *à la jeune fille*, and the crop of canary-hued curls. A rather ghastly and bony sight, but still it passes muster! Also met Ly. Ossington, old gossip Hayward, the Dean of Westminster, Ld. Enfield.

London, *July 26th–August 1st*, 1880.—Last of a series of little Tuesday drums in Downing St. Uncle W. kicked at the notion of having regular Parliamentary squashes, and these have been far pleasanter, but I should fear many folks have had their feelings lacerated.—*July 30th.* Rode with F. at 7.15. While waiting for him near the Downing St. garden door, saw Uncle W. talking to Althorp, looking perhaps a little tired (yesterday heard he *was* very). He walked over to dine with us (not dressed). The evening was chilly, and he seems to have been struck with a chill on his way. The J. G. T.'s, Nevy, Arthur, Edward, and Alfred dined with us, and M. told me his hand was clammy cold. He took me down to dinner, however, and said a cheery word or two, but he had no appetite; ate a little soup, and drank ½ a glass of port; leant back in his chair with his eyes shut and looked *horribly* ill. By and bye he said, "Don't mind me, but I think I had better go upstairs and lie down." Somehow we

[1] I.e. Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury.

were not *frightened*; I only thought he was dead-beat, knowing how he always takes notice of any ailment. Mazy was upstairs, and tucked him up warm on the sofa; he felt sick and wretched, but by and bye fell asleep, and woke up in an hour or so quite warm and revived. Meanwhile came the blessed news of the House being counted out. If it had not been, he meant certainly to go down, and I believe it would have killed him. As it was, he got quite into spirits, tho' keeping still on the sofa and speaking low: Auntie P., who came about 9 from a prize-giving, ordered the carriage round in an hour, he enjoyed some tea and toast, had another nap, and went home.—*Saturday, 31st.* Arthur Godley saw him and he said, "O, I am quite right again—I have slept 10 hrs." But about noon shivering fits seized him while Ld. Rd. Grosvenor was with him. As soon as Auntie P. heard of this, she went off and brought back Dr. Clark, who came just in time to prevent him attending a Cabinet and put him to bed. His temp. was then 103. Up to then, he had fully meant to drive down with her to Littleburys, after the Cabinet. This was the beginning of a serious attack of fever, with slight congestion of one lung. I only heard of the bad turn just as we were going off for Sunday to Mr. Roundell's place in Sussex, Osborne. Very charming country: he took us a good walk thro' lovely woods. Primitive little church at Fernhurst. Jolly little boy of 4, Christopher, who thinks of nothing but machines.

London, *August 2nd–8th*, 1880.—A notable week; dear Uncle W.'s fever ran on, down in the morning, up in the evening, till Wednesday; nothing bad developed itself, however, tho' Clark on Tuesday was in constant dread of typhoid. Temp. only once for a short time higher than 103. We came up in much suspense, getting grubous [1] papers at Hazlemere, and I underwent a dreadful qualm at the sight of a policeman stopping carriages at the entrance to Downing Street.—*Tues.* Arthur and Kathleen's [2] wedding—to think of

[1] Appendix A.

[2] Her brother Arthur married Kathleen Clive, younger sister of his father's second wife.

my having to squeeze it in ! ! On Wednesday temp. fell to 99, and since then he has mended steadily; quite free of fever and congestion Thursday. Wednesday morning he insisted on seeing A. Godley and dictating a letter to Ld. Granville on the Irish Disturbance Bill (which was thrown out by the Lords on Tues. by an unheard-of majority, including 60 Liberals ! 51 was the minority). Instead of being worse, he went to sleep afterwards and began improving from that moment. F. saw him Fri. and didn't think he looked amiss; they had to talk Savings-banks Bill, and Uncle W. did a small but difficult little calculation off-hand. His *head* has been perfectly clear all thro'. The streams of inquiries, cards, and letters have been marvellous, Queen, Lords and Commons, Opposition and Government, friends and foes, high and low, men, women, and children, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. He dressed and came down Saturday—convalescent. *Thank God.*

London, *August* 16*th*–22*nd*, 1880.—London very full this last week or so of the utterly disgusting fact, which I have only just been driven to believe, of old Lady Burdett Coutts's (66 or so) intended marriage with a young Mr. Ashmead Bartlett.

Munich, *September* 20*th*–26*th*, 1880.—Slept at Munich (good hotel *des 4 Saisons*), went by train to Murman, and posted thence by Kohlgrub to Oberammergau, which we reached just before dusk. The village stands in rather a wide marshy valley, with fine mountains; but there is nothing specially beautiful. Sunday, Sept. 26th, was *the* day. I got up early and went to Mass in the church at 6, joining as far as I was able and saying my own prayers. The church crowded, and many communicants. The village full of people, many swarming in from the neighbourhood. The play began at 8. We were very well placed, under cover, in the "Loge" with backs to our seats. I grieve to have to confess that I was disappointed; but I do believe chiefly because of the impossible ideal created by the extraordinary raptures I have heard and read from all quarters. I had not been prepared, for instance, for

the allowance one ought of course to make for the whole thing being done by the peasants of the village. It was no wonder that the music was very feeble, few good voices, and it went occasionally out of tune. Then the stage is inevitably exceedingly inadequate to the great scenes of the Judgment Hall, the Garden of Gethsemane, and the Mount of Olives. In a few respects, too, one saw the pity of the poor people having formed their ideas upon common rural notions of art; too much spotty brilliancy of colour, etc.; and then, in the Crucifixion, there was too much likeness to the usual great crucifixes by road-sides. But my principal criticism was the really unavoidable one that it was all hopelessly *inadequate*: the subject too tremendous for human power adequately to present; and this it was which made me feel that one could hardly get a glimpse beyond the mere *outside* of the great subject. So I realized rather painfully how possible it must have been during the actual Holy Days to see nothing Divine: for the words to be true, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" This, however, is the whole scope of my disappointment. The intense devotion, "recueillement," and reverence of everyone concerned, down to the tiny children in the tableaux, cannot be exaggerated; all thro' one felt one was assisting at a religious act: the acting was without exception dignified, unaffected, and in some cases (especially the Judas) of true dramatic power. Joseph Maier (the Christus) has a very noble appearance and manner, but his face is not of the traditional type. Our ignorance of German was a grievous drawback, for there was much more speaking than I expected; but it had one good result—of making the Bible words, when they occurred and one could catch them, shine out like diamonds.

BOOK XIV

OCTOBER 1880—MAY 1882

INTRODUCTION TO BOOK XIV

The final volume of the Diary covers little more than a year and a half, from October 1880 to May 1882. The last few days of the record make all that goes before them seem of little account. Yet a few words must be said of the eighteen months which seemed to pass so happily and with such happy prospects.

Politics, of course, fill more space than ever. Mr. Gladstone is again in power, since the April General Election. Lady Frederick had not expected his return to office and had even made a bet that he never would return. Indeed, even after he had become Prime Minister, she wrote to her sister-in-law, Lady Louisa : " Never have I been so perplexed as to what I wished ; and even now, if Mr. G. could have retired outright and altogether, I should have thought it best. But one did gradually get forced into seeing this was impossible, and therefore his taking the leadership was the only right and straightforward thing. It is a joy to know how perfectly and nobly Cavendish " (i.e., Lord Hartington) " and Lord Granville have acted all through." No doubt as the situation had developed, in consequence of Gladstone's return to politics and his Midlothian campaign, no other solution was possible. But Gladstone seems never to have realised that his conduct in throwing up the leadership in misfortune and resuming it after victory did not wear a very generous appearance. Hartington, however, made no complaints. He was never in politics because he liked them. He once said to his old nurse when she came to see him and talked about politics, " My brother Freddy cares more about politics than I do " ; and, though he may have

privately felt—he could hardly help it, for it was true —that Gladstone had not treated him very well since 1875, he, of course, recognised that there was no comparison between Gladstone and himself; and he was, besides, glad to get the burden off his shoulders. He wrote to Lady Frederick on April 26th, 1880, immediately after things were settled: "I am very well satisfied with the result of last week's proceedings, and feel much relieved at having got the weight of the great Liberal Party off my back." But there were moments when it seemed quite possible that it might soon be on his back again. Gladstone had only been Prime Minister a year and a half when we find him in these pages having a long, and apparently very serious, talk with Frederick Cavendish about a plan of resigning at Easter 1882. The whole conversation is illustrative of the curious unreality which was one side of Gladstone's mind and character. Nothing could be more absurd than to persuade himself, as he apparently managed to do, that he had been obliged to take office to carry out the Berlin Treaty (of all things in the world!), to settle Afghanistan and the Transvaal, and to restore the national finances; and that he could now safely leave to others such trifling difficulties as Ireland and the question of procedure in the House of Commons, or could at least cheerfully assume that they were in "a hopeful way of being settled." Of course, so sensible a man as Lord Frederick saw that there was "hardly a chance" of anything of the kind. But Gladstone in this as in other matters saw what he wished to see, and was blind to what he did not wish to see; as here to the necessity, which Frederick Cavendish put before him, of his going to the House of Lords if he would not lead in the Commons.

The conversation shows the great confidence with which Gladstone treated Lord Frederick, who was now his right-hand man at the Treasury, where he did all the routine work of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Indeed, Gladstone more than once said he could not have held that office without having Frederick Cavendish as Financial Secretary. And he himself, as well as other good judges, looked upon Lord Frederick as the future Chancellor of the Exchequer. Six months after the murder, his daughter Mary, in a letter to Lady Louisa Egerton, writes that her father had said that if anything had happened to Childers "there was no one before Freddy for the Chancellorship of the Exchequer." And when he took office in 1886 he told Lady Frederick that if her husband had been alive, he would have offered him the Exchequer.

This was the position Lord Frederick was winning, not in the opinion of the public or the Press, which knew nothing of him, but among his colleagues and at the Treasury, during the two years between 1880 and his death. His work was done, and his abilities proved, in the service of his Chief and in consultation with the permanent officials of the Treasury. He had little part to play in the great controversies about South Africa and Bradlaugh and the Closure, or even in the ever more and more menacing problem of Ireland, which between them occupied most of the time of Parliament and fill a large space in his wife's diary. In all of them she took her usual eager interest, warmly supporting her uncle's Transvaal policy and following him in all the changes of his Irish policy, but strongly disagreeing with him about the propriety of letting Bradlaugh take an oath which he had publicly declared had no meaning to him.

Meanwhile, the ordinary life in London, and at Chatsworth and Holker and Bolton, went on much as before, with ever more of London and less of the country as Lord Frederick got more involved in political work. But they did get to Bolton in 1881, though not till near the end of August, and even then, she says, "Cavendish and F. cause sad delay in the morning start; Cavendish groaning over Indian mails," and her husband no doubt

over Treasury documents. Lord de Grey, with no political cares on his mind, "kills double anybody else as usual." In any case, to her "the dear moors are as full of delight as ever," and, with her invariably perfect health (she notes at Holker in December, when seeing a doctor after a fall out riding, that it is the first time she has ever seen one there), she was able to enjoy every moment of what was to be her last visit with her husband to her beloved "Happy Valley." For the rest, life passes as usual. There are visits to country houses, and dinners and parties and "good works" in London; so like the life of people in her world to-day, and also so unlike, in some greater and some smaller ways; as, for instance, we find her using for the first time a pen that carries its own ink, seeing electric light for the first time, hearing of the new discovery of the telephone, with which Gladstone, with characteristic conservatism, refused to have anything to do.

We all live, and, happily on the whole, must live, in this way, unaware of events approaching very close to us which will shatter in a moment all "the things we have seen and have known and have heard of," and leave us standing alone in this world or another. So it was with Lady Frederick. Yet her religion had always in it a strong admixture of that feeling which is put in the words of Job to his wife, "What? shall we receive good at the hand of God and shall we not receive evil?" So the last volume of the Diary begins with words of foreboding:

"There is something awful in closing my last book, which lasted six years and contained the most terrible experience of my life, and opening this new one with the trembling thought of what may and must be coming."

What she meant by those last words I do not know. What terrible meaning they seem to take for us who read them after the event is plain. The Diary contains other passages which strike us as pregnant with awful meaning. Ten years earlier, not long after the assassina-

[*National Gallery, Millbank.*

BOLTON ABBEY.
From a sketch by Turner.

tion of Lord Mayo, she had met Lady Mayo at dinner. The meeting made a great impression on her. "She touched me much, in the indescribable way the Queen used to, by her unaffectedness and *straightforwardness* under the dreadful affliction, exerting herself to talk and take interest in things. . . . But it was *terrible* to sit there with the thought incessantly present, 'This is the widow of a murdered man.'"

It was almost as if some premonition of her own fate struck upon her now and then. But, as we shall see by her account, there was in fact nothing of the kind when the time came; less, indeed, than one would expect, considering the plain gravity of the danger to which her husband was going when she said good-bye to him on May 5th, 1882. But he was only to be away from her a couple of nights; he went on a Friday and was to have come back on the Sunday. Nothing of him came back except what was laid in Edensor Churchyard the following Thursday. And she had to live on for another forty-three years: striking everyone, as Lady Mayo had struck her, by her entire "unaffectedness and straightforwardness." She would occasionally write of what she felt to her very nearest relations; as when she wrote to Lady Louisa of the "sad disheartenment and blank underneath *everything*," which is "such a great cross, such a weary load to bear"; and again, of "the utter vanishing of all my old mainspring of joy and delight," which makes all life a "dreary, lonely plodding, so miserably unfit to be offered to God."

So she wrote, in September 1882, more fully to her beloved youngest brother Alfred, who had written to her from Bolton:

How nice it was of you to write to me from dear Bolton—once my "Happy Valley," and always to be a bright memory to me.

I shall see it from time to time, I hope in quiet empty times, in earlier summer months; but I shd think

"No more, O never more" in the dear old holiday Augusts.

I think of having reached the *end* of my life with a sort of stupefied feeling. There may be as many years again to live as I have already spent (for I can't imagine what is ever to weaken my leathery health), but I have entered on the solemn last stage for all that. The social delights, the absorbing political life, and all the fun of shooting-seasons, lawn-tennis, riding, is gone by and shut off from me, and I am stranded on an awful quiet shore, in the loneliness that none of the dear loving hearts that so help and bless me can ever approach unto or relieve. And it has all come literally in a moment, and before I had begun to feel anything of the flatness or languor of growing older, and just when we were in the very centre of the intensest life together. Oh, how great the happiness was! and thank God I *did* enjoy it! How pathetic every birthday of either of us was to me and how jealously I saw my own wrinkles beginning, and darling Freddy's soft hair sprinkling itself with grey, and how at Bolton (perhaps specially), and at all joyful times of rest and holidays, and during all lovely summer weather (such as he so deeply and tranquilly revelled in), I used to do what Granny called make "des confitures" of each day (gloat over it and make the most of it like jam). Now my wheels are all reversed, and the days and months may flee past like lightning and I shall put out no hand to stop them. Perhaps this is the beginning of "what I fain would be"—a patient woman looking for and longing after the end of all this "world of shadows" and the perfection of all things. But I am not good enough yet; I can as yet only feel the "glory and the dream" of this world gone, and a passive acquiescence in being borne along to what *must* be better. Oh dear! to think of my treating my poor old darling sunbeam of a fellow to all this, as he stands on the threshold rejoicing in his strength! I didn't go to do it, my old pet king—but you won't mind, especially when I tell you what a thing it is in my sorrow to remember how I used to rejoice in God's blessed gifts, and how I love to see every bit of youth

and hope and joy that is around me, as long as it is pure and thankful. It is a golden store laying up against dark days: such gladness does not die in the present.

Yet even in one of these same letters in which she pours out her sorrow, she can still say, "I get on wonderfully well from day to day," and so, as a general rule, those who saw her would have thought. She was perfectly simple and indulged in no luxury of woe, always "exerting herself," as she had said of Lady Mayo, "to talk and take an interest in things." The sorrow was in truth always present but seldom visible. She wrote to Mrs. Drew during the murder trials of 1883, when people spoke of the reopening of her wound: "You know I am never ten minutes together without the full and aching consciousness of what has fallen upon me; my heart is full to the brim of sorrow, so that all these details cannot add anything." Yet she lived a full and active life till within a few years of her death. And that was no mere Stoic endurance. In the very first moments of her awful experience, Gladstone had dared to say to her, "Be assured it will not be in vain," and at once, as she tells us, "across all my agony there fell a bright ray of hope, and I saw in a vision Ireland at peace and my darling's life-blood accepted as a sacrifice for Christ's sake to help to bring this to pass." In the power of that spirit she wrote to Lord Spencer, immediately after her husband's death, that she "could give up even him if his death were to work good to his fellow-men, which indeed was the whole object of his life." A priest in Connemara read those words from the altar, on which the whole congregation spontaneously fell down upon their knees. Lord Morley relates this story in his Life of Gladstone; and adds, "Well did Dean Church say that no Roman or Florentine lady ever uttered a more heroic thing than was said by this English lady when, on first seeing Mr. Gladstone that terrible night, she said, 'You did right to send him to Ireland.'" So,

for the rest of her life, she was enabled, not always, but often, to live on these heights of courage and faith which gave her power, through the love of Christ and of him whom she had lost, to transform loneliness and suffering and sorrow into a vision of triumphant hope.

To her beautiful account of the last days of her marriage and the first of her widowhood, I shall, of course, add nothing; though I will give, later on, her sister Meriel's account of all that happened on the night on which she received the awful news. The only thing which she would, I think, wish added here is a few words, not about her husband's death, but about his life and character. When he was appointed Chief Secretary all the papers attacked the appointment, and in the House of Commons it was received with surprise and some disapproval. Lady Frederick wrote to Lady Louisa that it was "impossible not to feel hurt in one's feelings by the shower of contemptuous comments." So far can a lack of the gift of ready speech and a certain want of ease and tact in dealing with men go to conceal ability, at least for a time, in political life. But those who had worked with him knew better. We have seen Mr. Gladstone's opinion of him. But it may be said that he was biassed by affection for his niece and his niece's husband. That cannot be said, however, of Treasury officials, such as Lord Welby, Lord Thring, Lord Lingen, Sir Edward Hamilton, Sir Arthur Godley, and Sir Algernon West, all of whom had a high opinion of his abilities. Lady Frederick relates that Sir Ralph Lingen, as he then was, told her that on Lord Frederick saying to him, "Do you think I am strong enough for this post?" he had replied that he considered him "strong enough for anything." He added, to her, "Indeed I had long thought that his brother and he had the future of England in their hands." Sir Algernon West related to her how he had told John Morley, then Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who had attacked the appointment

as that of "an unknown man," that, if he had asked any of Lord Frederick's colleagues, he would have been told that he was admirably suited for it. He adds, in his "Recollections," that "the Press had singularly undervalued Lord Frederick's character and powers." Lord Thring wrote of him to Lady Frederick in 1886 as one "who was taken away from us before an opportunity had been given to him of showing to the general public how great were his abilities. Had it pleased Providence to spare him it is quite possible that his gentle, firm interposition might have prevented, or at all events greatly diminished, the present political breach. All that now can be done is to try and imitate that union of courage and courtesy which distinguished him above all political men I have known." The view of him current in the front-bench world may perhaps be gathered from the little incident recorded in the Diary for the week beginning March 6th, when Lady Frederick dined without him at the Goschens'. She met the Enfields, and Lady Enfield told her of someone having said that all would have gone well in Ireland if Lord Frederick had been Chief Secretary instead of Forster; to which Lord Enfield, who had held various offices, added his agreement with that view, and bet Lady Frederick half a crown that her husband would be Chancellor of the Exchequer before the Session was over.

At any rate, if there were those who were ignorant of, or doubted, his powers, there was only one opinion about the beauty of his character. Mr. Gladstone, speaking of him in the House of Commons, said, "One of the very noblest hearts in England has ceased to beat." Sir George Trevelyan, who had lived in close friendship with him for many years, wrote to Lady Frederick long afterwards, in 1897, looking back to those days of political and personal comradeship and saying, "Those places just outside the Cabinet are the happy point of public life, and to feel oneself at that

point side by side with such a friend—such a man as never has appeared among us since for all that is good and high and true—and who, I am sure, was never surpassed in former days—was a piece of good fortune which I shall always consider the purest and most unmixed that could befall one." Lord Welby, who saw so much of him at the Treasury, said of him that while "almost always in political life people had some selfish aim," he "was absolutely devoid of any thought of self." It must have been some consciousness of this rarity and beauty of character, something much more than mere political loyalty or mere horror at the sudden cruelty of the murder, that sent members of both Houses of Parliament to the funeral at Chatsworth in greater numbers, I think, than have ever attended any other funeral so far away. It was that which his broken-hearted widow, and others, too, who loved him, found written on his face after death. What they saw was in truth what they partly knew and partly guessed. So it is not so very strange that the face which they loved seemed to them, as Lord Spencer wrote at the time, to look as if it were the face of one "whom no sin or sorrow had ever touched."

DIARY, OCTOBER 1880—MAY 1882

HAWARDEN, *October 18th*, 1880.—There is something awful in closing my last book, which lasted six years, and contained the most terrible experience of my life, and opening this new one with the trembling thought of "what may and must be coming." *O Lord, Thou knowest.*

Monday we came to Hawarden. Find Great People very prosperous. Uncle W. at his very best, and in buoyant spirits. Heard from Auntie P. and Mazy much that was most interesting about the late Dulcigno business. Uncle W. was in London straining every nerve to keep all the Powers up to the scratch. The Sultan appears to have reckoned on their splitting, and thus risked his intensely impudent refusal and defiance some little time ago. This performance only did good, and drew the Powers nearer together, as all were insulted. The Sultan, however, continued to snap his fingers at the Naval Demonstration; but an effective screw was found in Uncle W.'s plan of seizing upon the Custom-house of Smyrna and stopping all its trade. (I believe this was Uncle W.'s own notion, but Mr. Childers seems to have hit upon it too, with collusion!) There remained a mighty difficulty in getting all the Powers to join in this step; but, by God's good providence, the Sultan no sooner was informed of the threat, than he at once "caved in"! —little guessing that on the same day France, Germany, and Austria had all declined to take part in the seizure. (It is, however, very likely that the step would have been taken by England and the others, as "mandatories" of the will of Europe.) Uncle W. wrote to Auntie P. in great joy and thankfulness, saying the question had begun by being a small one but had grown large: "It is the working of the European Concert

for purposes of justice, peace, and liberty, with efficiency and success, which is the great matter at issue. That has always been the ideal of my life in Foreign Policy; and if this goes forward rightly to the end it will be the most conspicuous instance yet recorded, the best case of success achieved." The letter begins: "A large sheet for a good day, and good news. . . . It is that the Sultan, learning yesterday from Paris that we had proposed to the Powers to seize upon Smyrna, determined to give in!

"Praise to the Highest[1] in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His works most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways."

He got back to Hawarden next day (October 11th), and when they all joyfully welcomed him, he was quite niobe.[2]

HAWARDEN, *October 28th*, 1880.—Sir Th.[3] and Ly. Gladstone and their Mary are here—so kind, and nice and pleasant, in spite of politics, which are of course rather avoided. Mary still so handsome it's wonderful she is an old maid. The two brothers are pleasant and funny to see together; so extremely alike outside and entirely unlike inside! they talk no end over old recollections, and Sir T. is also great audience[4] to the trees and walks, which Uncle W. is particularly high-gee[4] over just now, having delightful new walks, laid out by Willy in the park, and Boobery wood to show off. F. got home Saturday morning; and after breakfast talked over Irish matters with Uncle W.: grubous major.[5] He says the panic is very great, and all the people he spoke to unanimous as to the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, on the ground that it has never been known to fail in putting down sedition. Certain landlords are said to be in danger *because* they are good ones; Parnell and Co. considering they stand in the way of their revolutionary schemes. Mr. Forster very patient and stout-hearted in his trying isolation. No

[1] It ought to be Holiest. (Lady Frederick's note.)
[2] Appendix A.
[3] Mr. Gladstone's eldest brother, who was a strong Conservative.
[4] Appendix A. [5] Appendix A. [6] Appendix A.

one but Government supporting him or agreeing with him as to non-coercion for the present, while the Land Leaguers are equally down upon him. Parnell has nicknamed him "Buckshot Forster," with the base intention of gibbeting him as cruel, when he must know that it was to prevent the ghastly danger of *bullets* that he suggested buckshot for the use of the constabulary. F. put the black view strongly before Uncle W. that he might know the worst; but F. is as strong as Uncle W. against extra-legal measures being resorted to except as a last resource. "What?" he said, "are we to lock up 500 people in gaol? Baths, Mr. MacColl, Mr. Leveson, and George[1] came. Lord Bath went off upon Ld. Salisbury's crookedness with the same zeal and fervour as at Longleat and Highclere.

London, *November 22nd*, 1880.—Went to the Mon. Pop with Spencer and Alfred; alack! it was rather beyond me. Sent off a letter which is to appear in the *M. Packet*, in answer to an unprovoked attack on High Day Schools by Miss Sewell.

London, *November 24th*, 1880.—Hugh Smiths, Mr. Birch, Governor of the Bank, and wife (he *the* vainest man I ever met), Sir John Ros,[2] Johnny and Childers dined. On Wed., by the bye, we dined at the Admiralty, and went on to a party at the Childers', where I had the pride of talking to Sir Frederick Roberts,[3] the hero of the fine march from Candahar and the victory just afterwards. He is an ugly little man, with pleasant, unaffected manner; his face burnt red and without an oz. of flesh.

London, *November 26th*, 1880.—We dined at Spencer House. I sat by Mr. Bright, who was very pleasant. To my surprise he talked *Froudism*—i.e., how nations that could not win independence were better under somebody's thumb. I don't suppose he had the Balkan nationalities in his eye! they have not yet had time to prove their capabilities.

[1] Mr. Gladstone's private secretray, now Sir George Leveson-Gower, K.B.E. His father, always spoken of in the Diary as "Mr. Leveson," was Lord Granville's brother.

[2] ? Ross.

[3] Afterwards Earl Roberts.

LATIMER, *November 27th*, 1880.—To Latimer, where I had the joy of finding Charles and Mary,[1] and that nice young person Maud.[2] She has a darling face with fine dark blue eyes. . . .

The descriptions of Rosalind's [3] manners and customs at Castle Howard make one despair of her ever knowing how to be gentle, humble, or considerate; and yet she *is* kind and affectionate.

KEBLE COLLEGE, *December 12th*, 1880.—Little May [4] is as quaint as ever, but more gentle and feminine, with a pathetic little voice, no end of fun, and very affectionate. The following scene took place as I was reading by the fire and she came up to me. May: "Aunt Looty got crinkles on oo forehead!" Aunt Looty: "Yes, and I'm afraid they won't rub out." May: "What, not with wingy-wubber?" and she fetched a bit and tried very hard; but, alas, it was a case of the leopard and his spots. The boys are big bouncers: Edward exactly like Bob, with Warden's little blue eyes! no beauty certainly, except lovely reddish hair; Neville a handsome, dark-eyed fellow, rather like Gertrude's little Charlie.

LONDON, *December 12th*, 1880.—The Irish matters are going from bad to worse. A certain agent named Boycott having affronted the "Land League," no one would work for him or cut his crops (this was some time ago). Troops had to be ordered to protect some labourers from the N. who housed the crops, and unhappy Boycott has had to flee the country. The plan is now getting very popular, and in other cases agents or landlords are thus sent to Coventry, tradesmen forbidden to deal with them and servants and labourers to serve them, under peril of life or limb: it's called "Boycotting."

WINDSOR CASTLE, *December 15th*, 1880.—We had the excitement of going to Windsor to dine and sleep, also the Gladstones. Great was my romance at revisiting

[1] Her eldest brother and his wife. Latimer was her father Lord Chesham's house.

[2] Now the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Wyndham.

[3] Wife of the 9th Earl of Carlisle.

[4] May Talbot: now wife of Very Rev. Lionel Ford, Dean of York.

those dear maid-of-honour glimpses of the moon—for the 1st time with F.: I did go in '69 alone. Sweet peace in snug little rooms with tea and books till dinner-time. The Queen very kind; talked a good while to me after dinner (standing about in the corridor, according to present uncomfortable fashion), and took very gracious notice of F., asking him about his "hard work," telling me he wasn't like Cavendish, but was like his mother. Edwarden[1] preacht before H.M. last Sunday; she said, "He is not handsome—not like his father"—didn't mention his sermon to me! but said something civil about it to Auntie P., only "it was rather long," (N.B. 20 mins.).

The grey hair is really almost the only change in the dear Queen's looks since my day; she was grave for the most part, and no wonder. Ireland is a great distress to her. She had a long talk with Uncle W. before dinner. Ly. Ely told Auntie P. that H.M. thought Uncle W. "very kind" to her, and was struck by his serious view of the state of things and by his great loyalty to all his colleagues. Princess Beatrice a nice creature, pretty from her gentle brightness of expression, and bloom: talked a good deal to me. Gave rather a dismal account of poor Princess Louise who has never recovered from her ghastly sleigh-accident in Canada. Ly. Waterpark was Ly.-in-waiting; Ly. Ely here too, so altered I did not know her. Ld. Thurlow and another kissed hands on being made Lords-in-Waiting, and I sat by Lord T., who was on his best behaviour dining for the first time, and looked upon me as an old hand. After H.M. had done with us, we joined the Household, sitting round the round table just as of old: venerable Caroline Cavendish, Miss Phipps, Sir H. Ponsonby, to whom I puffed Constance Neville, who is going to marry his sub-secretary Col. Bigge[2]—a great favourite of the Queen's. Thursday morning the Queen sent me 3 prints of herself, Princess B., and Princess Alice, and so away from the stately towers.

[1] I.e. Edward Talbot, Warden of Keble, afterwards Bishop of Winchester.

[2] Now Lord Stamfordham, Private Secretary to the King.

W. E. G.'s dined with us. He is very well, but certainly rather older and more tireable. How will he ever got thro' the horrible impending Session? The Queen was full of interest and affectionate sympathy about Constance Westminster,[1] who is dying. Sent down to Ly. Waterpark Thursday morning a very hopeless account from Sibell Grosvenor.

London, *December 17th*, 1880.—I went to see Lord George Quin (88) and Ly. Newburgh. Lord George said his Irish tenants had one and all refused to pay rent, against the grain however. He has just cut a tooth!! and given up spectacles.

London, *December 31st*, 1880.—Went to Downing Street after dinner on Thursday and dined there Friday. Poor Uncle W. looked ill and harassed and dead tired on Thursday and had a touch of lumbago. Fri. he was much brighter and quite well! Having the Cabinet off his mind was a great thing. Marvellous to say, the principle of the Land Bill was agreed to, tho' Uncle W. (little as it is suspected) more Conservative than most upon the question. Habeas Corpus is to be suspended; alas for the need! So ends a year of many clouds—over both public and private horizons. God be with us all.

London, *January 5th*, 1881.—Throw-off drum at Downing Street; such a jabber as never was. Everybody very anxious about everybody's health, on the threshold of such a campaign! H.M. took a sudden (*not* a new) quirk against the promise to give up Candahar in the Royal Speech, and kept the unhappy Ministers hours at Osborne, bringing her round—Uncle W. having to telegraph argumentative messages in cipher! All this is a dead secret, but everyone knew the delayed departure of the Ministers who turned up late for Downing St. dinner.

London, *January 8th*, 1881.—To the "Fool's Revenge," with the good new actor Edwin Booth. Very good, and I wept sore!

[1] Daughter of the 2nd Duke of Sutherland and 1st wife of the 1st Duke of Westminster. She was a first cousin of Lord Frederick Cavendish. She died a few days later.

London, *January 9th*, 1881.—I went to the H. of Lords, where Ld. Lytton was ill-advised enough to attempt a defence of the Afghanistan policy. His speech was fluent and clever, but he had not a leg to stand on, and oddly enough did not defend *himself*, as his notice prepared us for; but went on the old dead anti-Russian ground. He was followed by the D. of Argyll, who, with perhaps unnecessary fire, demolished and scattered him to the winds in a most brilliant, condensed, and perfect little speech of only ¾ of an hour. (This was the last time I saw Dizzy.) The House much interested and edified, I believe, but as usual quite incapable of showing its feelings at all; it must be like speaking to people "hard of hearing" and ½ asleep.

London, *January 17th*, 1881.—Towards evening the wind got up, and blew all night and all Tuesday with a big snowfall. The drifts were no joke, and by Wednesday we found out that there is a kind of universal block and stoppage of traffic, more or less, all over the British Isles and the Continent into the bargain. No post from the country whatever on Wednesday. I walked up to Bulstrode Street on Tuesday at 6 and had no real difficulty in fighting my way, but there was hardly a vehicle to be seen. It snowed most of Wednesday into the bargain. Uncle W. reappeared in the House on Monday and made a thundering fine energetic speech against a monstrous Irish amendment to the Address. The wretched carriage had to drag F. to dine at the Speaker's, so it took me over to the Granvilles', where I found I was in for a fearful diplomatic dinner and any amount of French. Sat by the Greek Ambassador and avoided politics!—*Thurs. 20th.* The snow and wind are over, but the streets don't improve much. The snow is in huge heaps on either side, and pathways cut out in the drifts across squares, etc.; cabs mostly with 2 horses, hansoms tandem. The *silence* is quite beautiful.

London, *January 31st—February 6th*, 1881.—A very notable week of Parliamentary events. The "debate" on leave to bring in the Coercion Bill began afresh on

Monday, *and the House sat for* 41½ *hours*. The Speaker and Dep. Speaker (Dr. Playfair) relieved each other, and the House divided itself as before into relays. On Tues. night F. was to sit up, and to go to bed at 8 on Wednesday morning the 2nd Feb. Instead of which, when he turned up at that hour, he announced that after some breakfast and a tub he was to go back again, as a *coup d'état* was decided on. The Speaker had gone on patiently calling the wretches to order over and over again, and about midnight the Tories made a dead set at Dr. Playfair, who had taken the Chair, to "name" one of the lot. He wouldn't do what the Speaker had declined to do, and a bear-garden ensued. The Front Opposition bench all stalked out of the House, and rest took to shouting. Only poor Mr. Childers was on the Government bench at the time; but after a bit Bright came in and made a good speech which quieted them. Meanwhile F. went off in a cab to Devonshire House and pulled unlucky Hartn. out of bed at 1 when he had just got there and was sound asleep. The rest of the night passed peacefully. Very few even of the Government knew what was planned between the Speaker, Uncle W., and Sir Stafford; but some notion of a decisive step impending must have prevailed, for at 9 a.m. the House was pretty full. I hurried matters at home, but couldn't omit Prayers for any *coup d'état*! so that I was just in time at 9.30 to be too late. The Speaker took Playfair's place at 9, and without sitting down made a stately little speech as to the obstructed condition of things, and proceeded to say that under the exceptional circumstances he should call on no member to speak, but should at once call for the division. Biggar, one of the most offensive of the Irish, like a hunched-back toad to look at, who was comfortably expecting to resume his speech (interrupted by Playfair's leaving the Chair), was thus left high and dry! and, before any of them could say Jack Robinson, the division was taken and leave given to bring in the Coercion Bill, which was immediately read a 1st time. When I got there, a bit of the business was being got thro' and then came the announcement that the House do adjourn (for only 2½ hours!), received by a worn-out

cassé cheer of joy as the hapless M.P.s rushed out of the House and home to bed. We came across Sir Bow-wow Harcourt and Cavendish by Westminster Hall in high feather, Sir Bow-wow saying that it was the 1st time in history that Cavendish had been known to be in bed at 1, and then he was pulled out of it! F. went to bed, but had to be back by 12. Motions for adjournment went on just as if nothing had happened, and so came 6 with no progress made. Uncle W. then gave notice of Anti-Obstruction Resolutions.—*Thurs., Feb. 3rd.* The Irish evidently meant to play the game of interrupting Uncle W. on some pretext or another whenever he tried to introduce his Resolutions. Perhaps they might have contrived to do this with temper and success, but an announcement made at the outset of the sitting utterly overthrew their composure, and they were delivered into the hands of the House. The most mischievous agitator who has been stumping Ireland is one Mich. Davitt, a ticket-of-leave man. His last speech was so outrageous, that he has now been arrested, as forfeiting his ticket-of-leave. One of the Irishmen asked Sir Bow-wow if this was true, and they were all rendered frantic by his short answer, "Yes, sir," and by the rather bad taste of cheering which followed. On Mr. Dillon rising when Uncle W. was on his legs, and before he had finished one sentence so that there could be no pretext of a "point of order"—the Speaker called him to order—he defied the Chair, was "named" and immediately whipt out of the House by the Sergeant-at-Arms, backed by 5 messengers, on a motion of Uncle W.'s followed by a division. This performance had to be repeated 4 times, Paddy after Paddy interrupting Uncle W. When Parnell (their leader) was thus marched off, all the Home Rulers rose *en masse* and shouted "Privilege! Privilege!" waving arms and hats. As unhappy Uncle W. had each time to begin his speech, each time to be interrupted, the Speaker then to do the "naming," Uncle W. then to move the member's expulsion, a division to be taken, the M.P. to refuse to go, the Sergeant-at-Arms to be called in, with or without others to back him, and the rebellious M.P. finally to be marched

off, we should have probably spent the next fortnight at the job of getting rid of the whole brigade. But luckily, after the 4th performance, the whole lot were demented enough to refuse to leave the House *en masse* for the division, upon which Dick Grosvenor solemnly reported to the Speaker that he was unable to clear the House. The 1st time this defiance was overlooked, but the 2nd time the whole number (29) were "named together," and after a last division, marched out, one after another, the necessary application of "force" varying from the old Sergeant-at-Arms single-handed, to 3 or 4 of his myrmidons besides.

Before the whole batch, singly and collectively, had been disposed of, poor Uncle W. had had to make 6 abortive starts on his speech, and had had too, after each "naming," to act as executioner. *Punch* said he had to be up and down between his seat and the table like a *hen on a hot gridiron*. Who but he, after such a couple of hours, at ¼ to 9, without his dinner, could have finished up with a noble, energetic, and perfectly-expressed speech, of which F. told me that he could not have improved it in any degree, either by omission, addition, or alteration, or in the delivery, if he had had a fortnight to prepare it in, and his own moment to deliver it.

I was comforted for my absence by the delight of getting F. home to dinner (at 10!) in one of his rare bouts of intense love and enthusiasm bursting forth. The effect on the House seems to have been *beyond*,[1] old Tories cheering themselves purple, and Sir J. Hogg (a bitter Conservative of the Pennant type) coming up to F. and saying, "Gladstone has met us most fairly, and we will do our best to meet him." In the speech there was no tinge of temper or vindictiveness; it was a strong, tense show-up of the hopeless nature of the obstruction, and a grand appeal to the House for its own sake ("I speak now, not of myself—my lease is nearly run out") so to act now as to cease to be the laughing-stock of the world.

London, *February 7th*, 1881.—I ought to have men-

[1] Appendix A.

tioned a smart little drum at Downing St. last Wednesday when we met the D. and Duchess of Edinburgh. Mazy said Uncle W. had been delighted with the Duchess all thro' dinner, she was so lively and intelligent. Ugly, undeniably! but it's no wonder our long-nosed Princes should look out for pug-nosed wives.

London, *February* 14*th*, 1881.—Old Carlyle, "the prophet of Chelsea," died a little while ago, of mere old age. I am glad I was once introduced to him, and can remember his shock head and outpour of broad Scotch. We read the "French Revolution" when we 1st married, and I own I had had quite enough of it before I had done, but yet there are plenty of noble and eloquent and humorous passages. He wd have been buried in Westr. Abbey but for his own wish to be taken to Scotland.

London, *February* 15*th*, 1881.—Auntie P. and I went to hear that wonderful woman, Miss Ellice Hopkins, speak on how to save little girls from the horrors they are exposed to, and generally on the spirit with which all should be inspired to fight against the terrible "social evil."[1] Much was of course unutterably painful and shocking, but her own Christlike spirit of pure love of souls was more striking than I can say and she held me spellbound. The main principle (never to be forgotten) that she urged, was the training boys from their very childhood to honour *all* women and, as they grow up, to loathe any thought of bringing any woman to shame, or helping to keep her there. And she spoke strong words—not one bit too strong—against the devilish opinion of the lost and miserable class of women being a "necessity." A strong impulse came over me to write to darling Alfred, now he is in the thick of London life, both social and professional, to beg him to use that sunny influence of his for good in these directions.

London, *February* 16*th*, 1881.—Dined with the Tre-

[1] I have seen a beautiful letter which Lady Frederick wrote to one of her godsons, a young naval officer, on this subject, calling upon him never to believe that a pure life is impossible and to remember it is only by a better example among officers that a higher tone can be brought about among the men of either the Navy or the Army.

velyans, met Matt. Arnolds (oh ! still I feel of him as I did 25 years ago—" I do not like you, Dr. Fell "). He was agreeable enough and there was good literary talk about Carlyle and George Eliot ; but his chin was always in the air. Drum at Ly. Harcourt's.—*Thurs.*, 17*th*. P.M.W. at Ly. Geo. Hamilton's. Drum in Gt. Geo. St. Drum at Ly. Reay's, where I saw Alfred who said such a warm, loving word of thanks for my letter.

Battle, *February* 19*th*, 1881.—To Battle, meeting Henry Cowper, F. Leveson and son, the Derbys, and Morleys. Duchess [1] as youthful and sportive as ever ; my box was shot out at the wrong station, and I had to don a smart tea-gown of hers, which did famously, tho' it wouldn't meet in front !

Battle, *February* 20*th*, 1881.—Pleasant grey day. Nice services in fine Perpendicular church. Good walk ; Lord Derby very agreeable and full of humour ; I never took him in that light before ; but 10 to 1, if one met him a week hence, he would not know one from Adam. He even joined the Dss.'s youthful sports and did Irish brogue, etc., very well. Not a word of politics did he speak. I like the dignified kind old Duke, with his clever, ancient reminiscences.

London, *February* 23*rd*, 1881.—Escorted Princess Louise over the Kensington High School, where Medge is a pupil ; great excitement of all concerned. She did it very kindly and thoroughly, *à la Royale*. In the afternoon she was to have had tea in Downing St., but didn't. A very pleasant little party there enjoyed themselves nevertheless : Ly. Bath, Freddy Leveson, Mr. Lowell the American Minister, Charlotte Spencer. Uncle W. high-gee [2] having gone at the Queen about Ash Wednesday. H.M. had fixed a Council at Windsor for that day at a church-going hour, and neither Althorp [3] nor Ld. Granville had the courage to tackle her ! Uncle W. did, however, with perfect success ; H.M thanking him politely and fixing the hour much later.

London, *February* 24*th*, 1881.—Consternation of F.

[1] Of Cleveland, mother of Lord Rosebery.
[2] Appendix A.
[3] I.e. Lord Spencer.

and me at breakfast, getting an official notice of Uncle W. having slipped in the half-melted snow at the garden-door coming home from Marlboro' House last night, and cut the back of his head open on the edge of the doorstep. It sounded too horrid, but on arriving there we found the state of things wonderfully comfortable : he was not stunned even for a moment, and Sir James Paget and Clark were quite easy about him. It was the hard bone of the *crown* which bore the brunt ; I believe if it had been an inch or two lower down he might have been killed. I asked Paget if the loss of blood was not serious at his age, but he laughed and said I would not think so if I knew how many " broken heads " he had bled *till they fainted* when he was a student ! It was the thing to do then, and he never knew any harm come of it. However, Uncle W. is to be kept quiet in bed for some days, and will enjoy himself thoroughly.

London, *February 27th*, 1881.—Gertrude Pennant has a fine little daughter, born on the 24th, the hapless George Pennant's 8th dau. and 11th child ! Called on Adèle. She was very full of the disgusting Burdett-Coutts marriage, which has actually come off, dreadful to say. The breakfast was next door but one to Adèle's, at Ly. B. Coutts' aged sister's (Mrs. Trevanion, who, being over 80, looks upon the Baroness as a young thing). The bride wore orange-flowers and cream-coloured satin and had her veil off her poor old face ! and a huge bouquet.

London, *March 15th*, 1881.—Negotiations are going on with the Boers. It does not need to be a jingo to feel the humiliation of making peace without a victory after 3 defeats. But (owing I fear to our dear Sir Owen Lanyon) we have brought the situation a good deal on ourselves, from not setting negotiations on foot the minute we came into power, and so getting out of the mess the late Government had got us into. Lanyon was strangely blind, believing all along (as his letters to me show) that the whole disturbance was nothing but the whipping-up of a few self-seeking agitators, working upon a silly ignorant people. As to

humiliation, nothing could be worse than shedding blood in order to do what we know to be wrong; moreover, there has been no knuckling down since Majuba Hill, inasmuch as negotiations were on foot before.

London, *March 28th*, 1881.—Drawing Room distressing from the age and wizziness or blowsiness of my friends! Ly. Clifden, with her fairly nice-looking daughter to present, has grown huge and almost ugly. Saw my old flames, once so lovely, Ly. Feversham and Nelly Baring (each with daughters), sadly worsified both. The Royalties looked sadly grim, in blackest black; how ghastly it must be to be undergoing a Court mummery with their poor hearts all full of the Russian tragedy! The D. and Dss. of Edinburgh went off to S. Petersb. the very day of the murder,[1] and the P. and Prss. of Wales have gone to the Funeral. Most plucky, when there can be no sort of security against their being blown up all together. After the drawing-room I drove to Clapham and gave away prizes to the "Middle School" there.

London, *March 30th*, 1881.—Miss Lilley came to see me, and we went together to Lady Jane Lindsay's, and trolled over a proposed Scarlet Fever Convalescent Home with a nice widder-woman, Mrs. Clifton. Before this I had an event *au beau milieu* of St. James' St., the horse falling down, getting up again in a panic, and kicking and plunging till it looked like complete smash of either himself, brougham, or sundry human beings. Nothing worse happened than shivered shafts, thank God. It is my 4th adventure with horses in London: my come-down in Rotten Row, my knock-over ditto, and the kicking of Meriel's horses on the famous occasion when Sir Robt. Peel and Lord Huntly flew to the rescue.—*31st.* Poor old Dizzy is very ill with gouty bronchial asthma.

London, *Sunday, April 3rd*, 1881.—*Saty. 2nd.* F. with such a cold on his chest that we gave up Wellington College.—*Sunday.* Kept him in bed all the morning,

[1] The assassination of the Emperor Alexander II.

and at home all day. Algy West came to tea high-gee [1] Budget details; had seen Uncle W. hard at work with Mr. Welby in the middle of the day, and poked fun about his Sabbath keeping. But I said I would answer for his having been to church, and sure enough I ascertained afterwards that he had been to the full service at Chapel Royal and *again in the afternoon*, and had only worked 2½ hrs. between whiles!—topping up with *reading a sermon.*

Holmbury, *April 30th*, 1881.—Came just in time for dinner to Holmbury, with Mr. Cowper; find Mr. Leveson and George, and Mr. Welby.—*May Day. 2nd Sunday after Easter.* Lovely flying lights and shades. Only one church, alas!—it is a lovely church. Beautiful walks and a nice day altogether, with much lively talk. Mr. Cowper and I drove up from the station together yesterday and tried to analyse Uncle W. and Dizzy. He has always been rather fond of Dizzy; said he was more affectionate and made and kept more friends than Uncle W., and that he could be very charming in private life when not upon politics but talking books, etc. We rather differed about Uncle W. and his warmth of feeling; Mr. Cowper (while *immensely* admiring him) said he thought he had some of the "egoism of genius"—i.e., that a great cause would so absorb him as to make him view his friends and colleagues almost exclusively in the lights of instruments for the attainment of the end he had at heart. He thought Uncle W. had few devoted friends out of the circle of his belongings; but I think he has quite as many as Dizzy had: his past and present secretaries, Freddy, Algy West, Eddy Hamilton, Lord Wolverton, and (I think) Ld. Acton and Ld. Rosebery, all love him. It is quite true that grief does not remain long with him; but I don't think this is from want of true acute feeling when friends die, but partly from his curious inability to dwell upon *anything* when he has something else he must work at, and mainly from the extraordinarily perfect *health* of his whole self—mind and soul and body—which gives him wonderful spring and elasticity. It is strange in a man whose one mental

[1] Appendix A.

deficiency is a certain want of sense of proportion that this grand well-ordered balance of all his powers should exist to such a degree.

London, *May 2nd*, 1881.—Uncle W. made a most faultless speech, moving for a monument to Dizzy in Westminster Abbey—generous, appreciative, unreserved, and yet scrupulously true and with no blinking of their long antagonism. He ended with a hearty declaration that he never saw in Lord B.'s attitude towards himself any personal antipathy (and indeed, tho' in one who hates what he thinks evil "right sore," as Uncle W. does, there almost *must* be hot personal feeling, yet I am certain, with him also, the hatred was of Dizzy's political principles, not of himself). I heard afterwards that many Conservatives were moved to tears, and Sir Stafford followed in an excellent speech in which he said Mr. G.'s words had already supplied Ld. B. with a noble monument. Certain Radicals who had intended to oppose refrained from voting, and some votes were given in support which would have gone the other way but for the speech. One of these converts was Herbert Gladstone! . . .

A bill for rendering the Parliamentary oath permissive has been proposed by Government. There is no other way of getting rid of the wretched Bradlaugh mess. Uncle W. sticks to it, and I believe he is quite right, that the H. of Commons has no legal power to prevent any duly-elected member taking the oath. The law won't let him affirm: while the Conservatives (and I *do* feel with them) won't allow him to break the 3rd Commandment in the face of heaven and earth by publicly taking to witness God whom he has explicitly denied the existence of. Nothing is left but legislation, and so the Tories have said; but they can't resist making party capital out of the whole confession, and are now obstructing the bringing in of the Bill. The peculiarly odious worry of this, and also the great effort of preparing the Beaconsfield speech, lately made Uncle W. ill. It is sadly clear that he cannot stand wear and tear as he used. Bradlaugh has begun a course of presenting himself at the bar to swear, and getting handed out.

BONN,[1] *June 4th*, 1881.—Having squeezed in nineteen baths I felt I might go off and meet F. at Bonn on Saturday ; he has only four nights to spare, poor wretch, as evil fate has put Supply down first thing on Thursday. . . . Then came the joyful moment of meeting my Fred at the station about 3. Drove off deliciously together after he had had some supper, to Godesberg : it's rather a cockney drive, but he loved the sweet air. . . . He has brought out with him, to my delight, the new Revised Version of the N.T. It has been all but 11 years in hand, and ought to have had on the fly-leaf, " Revised 1870 to 1881," instead of the latter date alone. The Bp. of Gloucester, in introducing it to Convocation, gave an interesting account of the immense elaboration and minute pains bestowed on it. I should think it had been overdone, and that translation, like original work, ought to have *some* instinctiveness about it.

LONDON, *June 13th–19th*, 1881.—One of these days Uncle Wm. dined with us : we kept off politics and went high-gee [2] into the Revised Version. When he was last ill from overwork and worry a little while ago, he went at it as he lay in bed. He doesn't like it—objects to the pedantry of abjuring all synonyms and quasi-synonyms (as " pity " and " compassion " : " immediately " " forthwith " and " straightway ") and sticking to one word ; of forcing the poor English verbs out of their own manners and customs to fit them into the literal Greek (thus the auxiliary is constantly dropped, to the damage of the sense, i.e., " I *glorified* Thee on the earth : I *finished* the work . . ."). He said translation ought to have an element of *instinct* in it, which he thought lacking.

BROCKET, *June 18th*, 1881.—To Brocket. *Sunday 19th.* Lovely day in this delicious umbrageous place. Made great acquaintance with the dear little body Ethel Fane,[3] aged 14, Henry Cowper's orphan niece. She has her mother's pretty dark eyes. We had no end of topics in common, being equal lovers of Miss

[1] Lady Frederick had been taking baths at Kreuznach.
[2] Appendix A.
[3] Now Lady Desborough.

Yonge, and I did enjoy the little body's intense enthusiasm and great discernment, coupled with very pretty modesty. She is a loving little Churchwoman, and I trust may influence her uncle (who adores her) as she grows older. The odd couple, Auberon Herbert and his wife, are here, with 3 very taking children and a baby. Auberon less of a bore than as I remember him 100 years ago buttonholing Uncle W. at Hawarden : Lady Florence very nice. Ly. Lymington, Ch. Clifford, and the Giotto Trevelyans [1] also here.

Wellington College, *June 26th*, 1881.—Heard about Prince Christian's eldest boy, who is here ; seems a nice, well-disposed, lively fellow, but having been favoured and petted at his 1st school is terribly ill-grounded and inattentive. He is on just the same footing as the others, except that he must not be flogged ! and this greatly bothers his tutor.

Sunninghill, *July 10th*, 1881.—There came off a grand review of volunteers in Windsor Park, over 50,000. No end of croakings heralded it, for up to last Wednesday the weather has been tremendously hot for 10 days or more. Tuesday night, however, brought a prolonged thunderstorm, and Saturday was a perfect day of bright sunshine and fresh breeze, with clouds and a little showering in the afternoon. All went off without a hitch : railway arrangements faultless, military ones ditto. Only 130 or thereabouts had to go to the ambulance at all, and only 1 man has been ill enough (from sunstroke) to be sent into hospital. The Queen immensely delighted, and the Crown Prince of Germany, and other foreigners who were present, struck all of a heap. So many men have never been reviewed in England before. I now gnash my teeth at our never having thought of going to see it, but the authorities did nothing but discourage people. To make it more provoking, we were in the close neighbourhood, having accepted an invitation to " Peck " Hamilton's, close to Sunninghill. F., of course, ran the *one* train so fine that we missed it, and had to go by one of the innumerable specials to Staines. There we found we were

[1] A name she gives to Sir *George Otto* and Lady Trevelyan.

9 miles from Sunninghill, and not a fly to be had. Left servants and luggage to twirl their thumbs till 8 p.m. and set out walking. Luckily a charming shady road and cool evening. Asked in vain for a trap at many a public, but after walking about 2½ miles, found a crampy little dog-cart beyond Egham, and got to "Peck's" triumphantly about 7.50. Enchanting, delicious place, and most heavenly weather.

London, *July 18th*, 1881.—On Monday, just after midnight, died Dean Stanley, after about a fortnight's illness, ending with erysipelas in the head and lungs. I saw him last at his "Window-gardening show" in the grounds of the Abbey, when he is supposed to have caught a fatal chill. The following Saturday he preached (as he had been doing for some weeks) at Evensong on one of the Beatitudes, although ill and sick; and, feeling rather better last week, wrote part of a sermon on Ld. Hatherley which he was to have delivered yesterday. I tried to speak to him at the flower-show, but he was bustling about so actively among the people, that I could not catch him; and gave it up, little thinking! . . . He makes a great blank, and nobody can ever entirely replace him as to loving-hearted, universal kindness, genial courtesy, picturesque eloquence, and beautiful purity and tenderness of spirit. A true and deep love of God and man he most surely had; and I for one have had a strong feeling for him ever since hearing him preach long ago in S. James's, Piccadilly, on the "Eloi, Eloi" text. More than was his wont he gave in that sermon a glimpse into his own inner self; and spoke, so as to move one to tears, of the soul clinging to God in the midst of darkness and difficulty. I believe his strange negation of all dogmatic faith was from intellectual causes, while his love of God was of the heart.

London, *July 26th*, 1881.—We dined with the Roundells; met Goldwin Smiths and Leckys. (I can't bear Lecky! with his innocent long face, looking as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth.)

Rickmansworth, *July 30th*, 1881.—We came to Rickmansworth Park, the Birch's. Met the Spanish Am-

bassador, and certain Palmers ; she in a nursing Sister's dress. It seems she is the head of the new Cancer Hospital, where a peculiar non-cutting system is adopted. How this goes with married life I know not ! but they seem very comfortable together. Mr. Birch the funniest specimen of all-round and unmitigated self-complacency I ever came across : impossible not to chaff him wickedly. Most hospitable.—*Sunday, July 31st.* Poured hard all the morning, but to my delight a little bus and one took us to a nice church at Chorley Wood, where an old Cornish curate preacht excellently. Pottered endlessly most of the afternoon, being audience [1] to the Birch grounds, Birch trees, Birch cows, Birch dog, Birch glories of all sorts. The trees are magnificent. The Spanish Ambassador (who gave occasion for a little airing of Birch Spanish) a quaint person, amusing from his vehement gesticulation of hands, arms, shoulders, and above all *eyes*. He talked interestingly of the poor Prince Imperial : I felt more sympathetic over his longing to fight under the English flag than I ever did before : the Ambassador said he was a very high-minded and noble fellow, terribly hampered by his foolish mother's attempts to keep him a baby, and wishing for something more manly than being petted thro' a London season. Of course there was also the desire to distinguish himself before the world. The Empress seems to tread hard on Bonapartist toes by constant slaps at parvenus and showing her ring about ancient blood, to which the Ambassador says he was always inclined to retort, " It was, however, a parvenu that made you an Empress ! "

London, *August 3rd*, 1881.—The remarkable day of my first (and last) concert : got up for me by Mazy [2] and Spencer. Free Forester quartetts and quintettes (Spencer, Edward, Messrs. Ratliff, Bray, and Muir Mackenzie), a little violin and p.f. pair of Polish sisters called Bulewski, an American Miss Bube : brothers also each sang a solo and Mazy played. Company rather dowdy, but delighted.

[1] Appendix A.

[2] I.e. Mary Gladstone.

London, *August 8th–14th*, 1881.—I think it was last week that Bradlaugh made a horrid scene at the House. His line is to insist on trying to take his seat by force; so he had to be stopped in the lobby and hustled downstairs by main force, fighting hard. The plea put forward by himself and all his backers irritates me to death: to listen to them, one would suppose he was the victim of intolerance and religious tests. Whereas the one and only point in question is whether an oath, taken by a man who has explicitly, in black and white, declared, *à propos of the very oath in question*, that its solemn words have no meaning for him, is a valid oath at all.

The Coppice, *August 14th*, 1881.—Great suspense about the Deanery of Westminster. I believe it is hanging between Edwin Palmer, Dr. Bradley, Dr. Hornby, and Dr. Barry. The 1st would be *excellent*, tho' he is so little known.

Bolton Abbey, *September 5th–10th*, 1881.—One day F. and I went to Keighley for a Church stone-laying he had to do for Mr. Longsdon, the Vicar: we had a sumptuous tea afterwards in a gorgeous Louix XV palace, outrageously inappropriate to its surroundings, entertained by Mr. ——, the owner, who, being a Yorkshire manufacturer, gets himself up as a French buck. Wonderfully he aired his villa at Nice and his "little coterie" of Comtesses and Duchesses there. The event of the day, however, was the meeting between F. and a certain Yankee Miss ——, a showy old-young lady much painted, who turned out to be no other than "Philadelphia," so called because he never could remember her name, but about whom I used to chaff him. They were acquainted when he was in America with Evelyn Ashley and Dick Grosvenor, 22 years ago; the fair creature tried to make out that it was 20 years ago and that she was then only 14; but no: she has probably nearly reached my mature age. We were introduced to her aged Mamma in a flaxen wig, rather like Mrs. Skewton. What they are doing at Mr. ——'s I can't quite make out, but I suppose Miss will end by accepting his heart

and hand and the villa at Nice and the "little coterie" and all.

Holker, *September 19th*, 1881.—On the 19th President Garfield died, after a marvellous struggle for life of — weeks. A few days ago he was moved from Washington to fresher and purer air, the great heat having tried him; and he did not seem the worse for the journey which was managed with immense care and tenderness. The post-mortem reveals that there was no chance of his recovery from the first; the bullet was in quite a different place from what the doctors thought, and there were frightful signs of blood-poisoning. He must have lived on by dint of sheer vitality, and of calmness and courage; also his poor wife's devotion and sanguineness seem to have kept him alive. The Queen has telegraphed her sympathy and inquiries constantly, to the intense gratification of the Americans, and has now sent a very touching message to Mrs. Garfield.

Holker, *September 26th—October 2nd*, 1881.—The feeling throughout England for Garfield very strong; Monday was his funeral, and in London the Exchange and many shops were closed, and all the 'bus men had crape on their whips.

Marton Hall,[1] *October 5th*, 1881.—Wednesday, F. and I went off on notable jaunt. First for 2 nights to Middlesbrough, to celebrate its jubilee and the inauguration of a statue to the late Bolckow; then to Leeds, where Uncle W. had a magnificent reception. He has been due there ever since the election, to thank them, first for his own return (which they engaged to bring about before there was any idea of how the tide would turn), next for Herbert's.

Marton Hall, *October 8th*, 1881.—Leeds eclipsed all this[2] pretty completely! and indeed the mighty enthusiasm there outstrips anything we saw or heard of last year at the general election. Unluckily dear old Sir Edward Baines could not receive us as he had intended, owing to his wife's illness, tho' she was getting better (she died shortly after), and his brother, who

[1] Mr. Bolckow's house. [2] I.e. the Middlesbrough festivities.

lives a long way out of the town, was a timid old boy who took pains to keep us out of the thick of events, much to my disgust. We left Middlesbrough early on Friday, hoping to come in for most of the 1st meeting; but were driven off remorselessly to the Baines's retreat and had to lunch there. Pleasant daughters and a benign old wife. The evening banquet made up for much: it was most beautifully done with white and red hangings, and lit up resplendently with the wonderful new electric lights, mixed with gas. The speech we missed in the morning was a first-rate demolition of the new craze called "Fair Trade," which Uncle W. summarised very pat by saying it was an improvement on the old precept, inasmuch as it would make it read "If thine enemy smite thee on the one cheek, *thou shalt smite thyself on the other*." In the evening he spoke on Ireland, and never did he speak with more weight and power. I could see, sitting near him, how deeply he felt the awful responsibility of the moment; for what he had to do was to warn Parnell and Co., that the "long patience" of the Government had all but reached its term. He had to say that now the Land Act was law it was to have fair play. Parnell has been inciting the people to take no advantage of it until he is pleased to give them leave. He is now explicitly warned that if he persists in this line, he will be stopped. Uncle W. also dwelt with overwhelming force on all the incitements to lawlessness and violence in Parnell's speeches. It was as clear as possible that a new line was to be taken by Government. The applause was immense. After dinner he was escorted home by a procession of torch-bearers (again we were safely convoyed home, out of all the fun! by poor old Frederick Baines).

Other functions followed on Saturday, but *the* thing was the monster mass meeting of about 25,000 people. I was frightened to death for the 1st ½ hour. The atmosphere was horrible; and the people, tired of waiting, would not listen to anyone except Uncle W. and Herbert, and took to that dreadful *swaying* which is the most awful thing to see in a great crowd. Air, however, was let in and all went well when once Uncle

W. got up. The 25,000 cheers that uprose were something never-to-be-forgotten! followed by "Kentish fire" and then by roars of "He's a jolly good fellow." At last came silence, and he began "Mr. Chairman." Hearing his clear voice throughout the hall started them afresh! and they roared like many waters for several more seconds. The speech went into points of Foreign Policy chiefly, and, as always, I was struck with the keenness and quickness with which each point was taken. I never was more struck by his glorious gift of raising every subject on to a high moral platform with a power of conviction that carries these great multitudes up with him like one man. He was rather hoarse all along, but his voice rather improved as he went on. . . . Nice to see the intense affection for "Herbert," as everyone calls him ("'towd mon and Herbert"). He made an excellent, perfectly-expressed little speech; his voice a beautiful flexible tenor, almost equal to his father's, tho' very different. After this back to Holker.

Holker, *October 24th*, 1881.—Dear old big brother wrote me word of a son-and-heir[1] with a hooked nose being born on Sunday the 23rd. A great event to us! The little fellow is born with that most blessed of heritages—the good and noble examples of *three* generations of his name.

Hawarden, *October 31st—November 6th*, 1881.—That enchanting new marvel, a *telephone*, has been put up, whereby Castle and Rectory converse *ad libitum*. Uncle W., who is in some respects the greatest Tory out, will have nothing to say to it. Sir John Lubbock came and 2 pleasant daughters, one a handsome Mrs. Mulholland and quite young, whose husband died some years ago on their honeymoon, 3 weeks after marriage: the other cock-eyed but agreeable and clever. Also came Mr. Goldwin Smith, and later in the week, Sir Bow-wow Harcourt (fresh from good big bow-wow speeches at Carlisle), wife and son; and Sir Ralph Lingen, whom F. brought with him from Ireland, whither he flew on Wednesday for 2 nights. This company, with the

[1] The present Viscount Cobham.

addition of the frog Mr. MacColl and great Bp. Lightfoot (who is the image of a toad), made it a notable week, full of interest.

HAWARDEN, *November 4th*, 1881.—F. had talks with Uncle W. about his resignation, which he is very seriously contemplating about Easter, on the strength of having carried out all the great foreign matters of policy that he took office to do. The conversation as I have it from F. was pretty much as follows. Uncle W. began by saying that resigning the Chancellorship of the Exchequer would have the great drawback of in a manner binding him to remain on as P.M. for an indefinite time. His reasons for wishing to give it up altogether he then went into.

(I ought to have put in, after his words about the Exchequer, what he then proceeded to say as to his having been called to office. All the special reasons which justified his taking office were at an end or nearly so : the Berlin treaty carried out, Afghanistan evacuated, Transvaal settled, finance put on a satisfactory footing. Two matters that had since arisen no doubt still required his care—the state of Ireland, and Parliamentary Obstruction ; but these were, he trusted, in a hopeful way of being settled.)

Never liked the tone even of Sir Robert Peel, when he used to complain of the severity of public service ; which, in his (Uncle W.'s) opinion, was fairly requited and not heavier than duty called for. At the same time, he considered that *after* 50 *years* of public service it was not well to be obliged to work with the intensity which office now entailed, nor was it desirable to look forward to end one's days in the contentions necessarily entailed by the office of P.M. In the next place, his position towards the Queen was intolerable to one who throughout life had reverenced her as a constitutional sovereign, inasmuch as he now had to strive daily with her on the side of liberty as opposed to jingoism. In the 3rd place he said it was only fair to Lord Granville and Hartn., who had led the party thro' difficult and disagreeable times. F. acknowledged the force of all this, but represented the practical impossibility. *While he retained his full powers*, the

country would not let him resign and nobody else could lead. Uncle W. then suggested temporary abstention on his part as meeting these difficulties; though he acknowledged that a retired Minister was inevitably the centre which attracted all discontent.

Subsequently, he mentioned the House of Lords, but said he thought of that with great reluctance. F. replied that to take a peerage was his only possible course if he was bent on retiring; that the country would otherwise always be turning to him and clamouring for him; that in the H. of Commons he could never occupy a 2nd place. Uncle W. laughed and said, "You have indeed put a serious bar in the way of my retiring." When he spoke of Ld. Granville, F. said he had heard on good authority (which he did not quote—it was a letter from Lord Acton to Mazy) that Ld. G. meant to retire whenever Uncle W. did. At this he was greatly surprised; but said he did fear Ld. G.'s life was not a good one. He spoke of the effects of old age: said he was constantly reminded of Cobden's remark about Ld. Palmerston—that with age authority was apt to increase as powers of judgment decreased; and quoted the D. of Wellington as another instance of harm done by old men. Nevertheless he was obliged to confess that he had stood the hard work of the last session without harm, and was in perfect force, and better than he had been. Spoke of a former time when he could not sleep on one side without disquiet and bad dreams—was now quite free from that. He tried to make out that Ireland might be quiet and the regulation of the House all settled by Easter. F. thinks there is hardly any chance of this. Within this very week he has given F. to read an able and exhaustive paper (such as might furnish matter for a 3 hours' speech) on Local Government for the guidance of Mr. Dodson. How could this be launched and then left to others? (F., however, has learnt since that it is to be laid before a special Committee on which Uncle W. will not sit.) The talk ended by his saying he would consult Lord Granville.

The impression F. gathered from the whole conversation was that the thought of retirement was not so

much prompted by the personal longing for it (tho' without doubt it is a vision which refreshes and cheers him to turn to) as by conscientious scruples with regard to Ld. G. and Hartn., and as to his own conviction against old men going on at politics till they drop. He hates making himself the exception. (But N.B. *what* an exception he is, as a matter of fact!)

The upshot seems to me that he will find it impossible to retire before there is some indication of serious overstrain in him, either mental or bodily. That otherwise, however he might seclude himself he would remain a great power in the country, such as would necessarily hamper his successors. That the only feasible way, supposing his powers anything like what they are at present, would be by taking a peerage. That, unless he *should* be in real danger of breaking down, it could not be right for him to leave the helm in the present state of politics; nor can the moment be foreseen when it would be right. I think the hope of being able to retire soon will continue to please him; but that he will find it impossible at any given moment except under the above-mentioned conditions. Taking a peerage and continuing to be P.M. might do; but it could hardly be bearable for him to be P.M. with no power over the H. of C. and in a minority in the H. of Lords.

HAWARDEN, *November 6th*, 1881.—Eaton[1] meanwhile beautiful but bewildering; no end of rich and good detail; and the little semi-detached "living-house" very snug. But it's too great a conglomeration. Sibell Grosvenor and Bibi Cavendish did the honours; the Duke we only saw for a minute. Sibell a most engaging creature, and the comfort of his life: her poor husband gets worse rather than better. She has 2 blooming pretty little girls; but the poor tiny boy[2] is a sad sight; so inanimate and waxen, tho' nothing ostensibly wrong.

CHATSWORTH, *December 19th*, 1881.—All the schoolboys at home: Wm. frightfully big, with the dawn of

[1] The new house of the Duke of Westminster, a few miles from Hawarden. [2] The present Duke of Westminster.

a moustache and a gruff voice ! ! Fritz, tho' quite a little boy still, has launched in life, passing 9th out of 82 who went in for the *Britannia* entrance exam, and that without any special cramming or coaching. From quite a dot he was always a steady worker, with a great notion of doing what was to be done. Victor, poor dear, a *very* strong development of the family "mouton qui rêve" countenance ; but he may be a comely man yet, as he will be tall and long-legged, if he acquires a good big beard. Dick laid up with a feverish cold : he is rather a pretty fellow and very taking.

London, *February* 21*st*, 1882.—Wretched Bradlaugh "sprung" his "oath" on the House, producing a Testament out of his pocket and going thro' the form before anyone knew what to be at. I hoped this wd give a good handle to Uncle W. to take the initiative agst the man, but he wouldn't, sticking to his original view that the House had exceeded its legal powers in preventing his taking the oath in due course ; and therefore not choosing to take the responsibility of censuring him for taking the oath irregularly. I daresay this is right and consistent from his point of view ; but I can't hold with it ! He did speak strongly agst this horrid move of Bradlaugh's. The upshot was that Sir Stafford,[1] after 1st making a mild motion of keeping the man "outside the precincts," was sat upon by Woodcock (Randolph)[2] and, seizing the opportunity of Bradlaugh's stalking in and taking his seat, moved his expulsion, which was forthwith carried out, without his even being allowed to speak in his defence. The division was very odd : Uncle W. and some other Ministers not voting at all ; Cavendish voting with Sir Staffd., and the Liberals generally dividing their favours ; it was a big majority. Things had come to such a pass that every course had something objectionable in it. There is no end of irrelevant talking on both sides. I see no sense in the line of the *Pall Mall* and *Spectator*, etc., which go off anti-tests, religious liberty, and so forth. The Parliamentary oath, tho' I daresay

[1] I.e., of course, Sir Stafford Northcote, leader of the Conservatives.
[2] Lord Randolph Churchill ; he was M.P. for Woodstock.

never so intended, *is* a test against atheists. If one hates tests, the only proper course is to make the oath optional or abolish it altogether. As long as it stands, it surely is proper to insist on its being respected. I never heard before of its being the correct line for friends of "religious liberty" to sanction the *profanation* of tests. Hitherto persons suffering under disabilities have waited for and agitated for the *removal* of tests, and Liberals have worked for that. Nobody but Bradlaugh has ever before dreamt of claiming the privilege of taking an oath after elaborately asserting that its sacred part is meaningless to him. I went in the evening with Susan Oldfield to a tea-party at dear old Limehouse, instead of Ishbel Aberdeen, who is a beloved "Lady Supplemental," but expecting a No. 3 baby and unable to come. We were hugely welcomed. —*Ash Wednesday*, 22*nd*. S. Martin's, and St. Margaret's. Revd. Fox, the extreme Low Church incumbent of Christ Church, Broadway, preacht beautifully. By the bye, the Bradlaugh business was to-day: a fit Ash Wedy. penance for England generally.

London, *February* 23*rd*, 1882.—Went with Mazy to young Richmond's and saw his wonderful new picture of Uncle W. It has a sort of "Vision of Ezekiel" look about it; he is in a red robe (splendidly managed) and looks over one's head right out to a distant horizon with a wild, inspired expression; the eyes are miracles of painting, and indeed so is all the face, and it is a most powerful likeness. (An engraving from it was much finer than the painting, '87.) But he has cruelly marred the effect by a perverse rendering of the *skin*, making it coarse and weatherbeaten to the greatest degree, as if he had been a Scotch shepherd; the hand too is a ploughman's. This is unaccountable, for, tho' Uncle W. has a very sallow and deeply-lined complexion, the texture of his skin is particularly fine. The picture makes him 10 years older than he is. Also the forehead is too high: it is broad, not high. Dined with Justice Brett [1] and sat by Ld. Derby who made himself mighty agreeable.

[1] Afterwards Lord Esher.

London, *March 6th–12th*, 1882.—The most enchanting mild spring: everything a month beforehand. F. had to go off Saturday for 3 nights to Holker; Barrowums [1]: I dined *en garçon* at the Goschens', and sat by Lady Enfield who was mighty civil and said many interesting things about F.—how some bitter anti-Forster man said all would have been well in Ireland if F. had been Chief Sec.! I said, "Heaven forbid!" but Lord Enfield agreed with the man. Bet me 2*s.* 6*d.*, which I took, that F. would be Chancellor of the Exchequer the end of this session.

London, *March 15th*, 1882.—We dined with Ly. Ashburton. I sat by Mr. Froude, and tho' I can't bear him (his writing proving to me that he doesn't know right from wrong), I expected to find him agreeable. But we unluckily got upon Uncle W., and speaking of his oratory, he praised it, *qua* oratory alone; saying, "I never read anything of his that was not *essentially ordinary*!" "Well," I said, "Mr. F., I should think you were unique in that opinion among friends and foes," and I asked if he really thought this country could be governed for so many years, off and on, by nothing but the music of eloquence—especially in the line of Budgets. He stuck to his assertion that there was nothing else about him which was not commonplace; and I was *that* disgusted, that I took refuge with my other neighbour, Lord Something, tho' a sad goose I found him.

Latimer, *March 19th*, 1882.—To Latimer, finding Duke of Westminster, May Lascelles, and the family; including Will, grown into such a fine tall fellow. Poor Ld. Chesham in very precarious health, but pretty well and very cheerful. Sunday lovely and mild as usual: F. and I had a Darby and Joan afternoon walk and pickt primroses and white violets; wild strawberry blossom and daffodils are out. We suspected nothing (who would have thought such a thing likely!), but heard afterwards that the Duke and *Katie Cavendish* settled after morning Church to marry each other. 32 years between them!... But he is so delightful,

[1] Appendix A.

that I don't wonder at Katie. I set my cap at him myself and altogether showed marked want of tact.

London, *April 1st*, 1882.—Saturday to Holmbury, meeting Granvilles with their nice little 15-year-old girl Vita[1] who will be much helped towards prettiness by lovely figure and hair. Fanny Leeds and her pleasing eldest son[2] of 19: too like a very lanky pair of scissors, but nice-looking.

London, *April 3rd–9th*, 1882.—Did not get away till Wednesday; so had the immense treat of S. Matthew's Passion-music in S. Paul's Cathedral on Tues. Every corner of the Church, galleries and all, filled with the throngs of people—their behaviour devout and most attentive. The music far *greater* than the S. John, tho' the S. John has special beauty of its own. Mazy, Nevy, and Arthur came with me, A. and Kath. being up for a bit.—*Wednesday, April 5th.* Nevy and I to St. Paul's again, for Mattins at 10. Came home afterwards for a final lesson with my peggy[3] whom I am preparing for Confirmation. We got to Holker at 9. Found the Duke alone, but Eddy's and boys come Thursday. Services very well attended both at Cartmel and Flookburgh.—*Good Friday.* F. and I went to Flookb.—they sang "The Story of the Cross" beautifully. Lovely day as usual; and so was Easter Day.

Exeter, *Thursday, April 13th*, 1882.—My Fred had to go off to Dublin. We set off together[4] at 7.40, and I came to Exeter,[5] getting here in time to sit down to dinner before 8. Little Frederic Temple, a fine bouncing fair rosy fellow, with round blue eyes: the baby[6] a very pretty dot with the gentlest expression. A great contrast to either Holker or London life.

London, *Tuesday, April 18th*, 1882.—Stayed till Tuesday and found my Fred at home, safe back from Dublin and horribly discreet as to state of things in Ireland. I don't know what o'clock I should have

[1] Now Lady Victoria Russell. She married Harold, eldest son of Lord Arthur Russell.
[2] The present Duke of Leeds.
[3] I.e. maid-servant.
[4] I.e. from Holker.
[5] I.e. the Bishop's Palace.
[6] Now the Rt. Rev. William Temple, Bishop of Manchester.

seen him but for a lucky count-out which brought him home to dinner. (N.B. The Tuesday counts-out are getting a bad scandal.)

Wednesday, 19th.—Tory papers started the affected notion of Tories wearing primroses in his honour, announcing it his "favourite flower." Remarkably inappropriate.

[Written some time after her husband's death.]

I must try and put down what I can of the end of my blessed 18 years' happiness—the end of all the bright hopes for the future, and the deep interest and anxiety of the present. All over now, and "my heart within me is desolate."

London, *Saturday, April 29th,* 1882.—I called for my Fred, as so often, at the Treasury, to go off for one of our happy "Sundays out." He was greatly disturbed at the political state of things. Ld. Cowper's resignation of the Ld. Lieutenancy was out. Ld. Spencer to succeed. There was the question to be decided whether or no to release the Parliamentary "suspects" from Kilmainham Gaol, and there was also the likelihood of Mr. Forster's resignation. The Coercion Act expires next Sept., and long ago F. told me it wd have to be settled before the end of the session whether it shd be renewed or what shd be substituted for it. Some little time ago there was a marked symptom of a change of mind among the Parnellites. Mr. Redmond, one of the most violent, moved to bring in a Bill which amounted to a recognition of the Land Act, being a Bill for dealing with arrears. Uncle W. said that the suggestion was quite one for discussion. It was well known that Parnell was virtually the author of this; and it was at once pointed out by some of the papers that it wd be strange to discuss proposals as fit to be considered by Parliament when their prime mover was in prison. Parnell was put in prison for defying the Land Act when it had become the law of the land, and for inciting the people against it. Now that he seems willing to recognize and amend it he is changing his course. Uncle W. went this Saty., with Atie. P., to St. George's Hill; and we heard aftds that on Sunday

LADY FREDERICK CAVENDISH.

From a photograph taken in her later years.

he there received, under cover from Forster, a letter from Parnell, through[1] Mr. O'Shea, an M.P. friend of his, Parnell's, own, to say that if, as he understood was likely, Govt. meant to bring in a Bill for dealing with arrears of rent, by way of gift, all possible excuse for outrage wd be removed, and the Irish party would support law and order. Atie. P. told me, that on getting this information Uncle W. greatly rejoiced, saying it looked like a "surrender" on Parnell's part "all along the line"; and wd, as proving that he meant to take a new and law-abiding departure, justify the release of him and his friends. All these months they have been imprisoned without trial—a state of things most deplorable, and which the Tory papers have lately been very strong against. It is, Uncle W. thinks, for Govt. to put an end to such a humiliating anomaly as soon as ever they are satisfied it can be safely done. Of course we only knew all this later. We went from Liv. St. to Waltham Abbey, and thence drove to Warlies, Sir Fowell Buxton's pretty place, close to Epping Forest. Wild gale and rain all the afternoon and night. We found at Warlies Sir F. and Ly. Victoria Buxton and many children; Granny's old friend Lady Gainsborough, and a Mr. and Mrs. Noel.

Warlies, *3rd Sunday after Easter, April 30th*, 1882.—Our last Sunday and such a beautiful and happy one. F. busy, but he did not dwell on anxieties. We walked to a little school for Morning Service, and the simple village services suited my Fred: I noticed he sang everything in his funny monotone, which he never did unless he was enjoying the service. After luncheon we had a long and lovely walk about Epping Forest: Sir Fowell pointing out to us the clearings and improvements and the beautiful openings and distant smiling views. Weather perfect. We went to the spot where the Queen was to be received the following Saty and to declare the Forest open to the people. I interested Sir Fowell in the notion of enabling the Woodford patients to see something of the ceremony. Came in to tea, and to a little sit together upstairs, when I read

[1] The word "through" is not in the original.

to my Fred a few pages of a fine sermon of Scott Holland's on the Sufferings of Christ.

We both drove with Ly. Victoria for Evensong to Waltham Abbey. The Rector preached on the "Revised Version."

London, *May 1st*, 1882. *May Day.*—We came back to London in time for me to go to church at S. Andrew's at 11: H.C. Drove with Atie. P. as usual to the Lon. Hosp. She was much excited about the crisis. Did not tell me much, but I gathered that Mr. Forster, tho' he had highly approved of Spencer's appt. to succeed Ld. Cowper (indeed had almost suggested it), seemed suddenly taken aback at finding Spencer strong for Uncle W.'s views (i.e., in favour of the release of the M.P.s). When we got home, she asked Eddy Hamilton at Downing Street if he cd tell her what decision the Cabt. had come to. He told her nothing had been settled and Uncle W. had gone to the House. I found aftds that Forster had held out agst the release, and that there was to be a final effort this evening to bring him round. Meriel came to tea with me (also Atie. P.), and was pleased to see me in my brown velvet gown. D. in Bry. Sq.,[1] F. coming in late, and going back to the House after dinner. I think I sat by Mr. Lowell.[2]

London, *Tuesday, May 2nd*, 1882.—There was a Cabinet. Mr. Forster's resignation announced in the House by Uncle W. In the H. of Lords the 3 things (all unexpected by the Peers) were given out together: the release of the suspects, the non-renewal of the Coercion Act (to be accompanied by strengthening of the ordinary law—N.B.[3] this of course meant the Prevention of Crimes Act), and the resignation of Mr. Forster. Mrs. Grenfell came to tea with me, and we wondered who wd succeed him. I saw nothing of my Fred till dinner-time. We dined with the Miss Hollands in Brook Street, and on the way there he told me his name was among those to be considered for the Chief Sect. ship. He was much disturbed, and I was very

[1] 9 Bryanston Square, the house of her father's widow.
[2] James Russell Lowell, American Minister in London.
[3] These words from "N.B." to "Crimes Act" were added later.

much vexed, hating his being taken out of what he was doing so well, and wishing it could be Cavsh., who had done so well before as Ch. Secy. along with Spencer. At dinner I sat by a young ——;[1] Mr. Lowell was opposite me. There was some talk of the action of the American Govt. in demanding the release of American suspects, but I didn't otherwise hear much said about Irish matters. The Dundases were there, and aftds Alice told me that when we were gone there was a talk as to who wd succeed Mr. Forster, and she said, "Perhaps Lord F. C." My Fred went back to the House soon after dinner.

Wedy. morning the 3*rd* he was in a great worry—said he must go over to Ld. Granville and put before him his "disqualifications," and make him weigh the question of Cavendish being the better appt. He felt sure that if Cavsh. were satisfied that Uncle W. really wished him to go he wd go. But Uncle W. did *not* wish it—he thought Cavsh. "too big a man"—in a position that wd make it very awkward for both him and Spencer to take such an office. It would also be a serious hindrance to his future career which if he lives must be the Prime Ministership, for him to take an office now which is so almost inevitably one of odium and failure.

F. came back from Ld. G. saying he had vainly represented to him "disqualifications." "I told him I had no tact, no real knowledge of Ireland, no powers of speaking." But Ld. G. wouldn't hear of all that. F. then went off to the Treasury, and about 2 o'clock I got a little note from him (the last) saying, "From what Godley tells me, I think all personal danger is over." (The post had been offered to Mr. Porter, the Irish Attorney-General, who declined.[2]) For a moment I felt a little flat, for I had strung myself up to the thought, and knew well he was equal to the task. But very soon I felt glad and relieved. There was the Woodford Home Ann. Cttee. at No. 21; Atie. P. came to it, and it lasted till late. She was still with me at 6 when F. came into the room and said, "Well, I am

[1] Blank in original.

[2] Added later.

in for it." We had a little talk, but we were all hurried, and of course he made the best of it before her. He said Spencer (who was going somewhere) wanted him to drive with him to the station, and I heard aftds that Charlotte said to F. (this was at the station Fri. night: she went to see them off), "What does Lucy think of it?" and that he answered, "O, she is as brave as possible, and has confidence in her husband, which is very odd." I took Atie. P. to Gerty's and then went to At. Coque: they were full of interest to know who wd be appointed, but I was to tell no one before the Queen had approved. I got home rather late, and Ld. G. came over and saw me in the study. He was most cordial—as strong as possible in favour of F.—said (I think) that all were agreed, that the Queen wd be much pleased, etc. He said, "When he told me he did not know Ireland, I said, 'that is not true.'" (Indeed F. has been 2 or 3 times to Dublin lately on Treasury business, besides formerly on the Factory Acts Comm. and many times to Lismore, and has gained much information there.)

We dined at Sir John Lubbock's: my poor Fred all along in great perturbation, but dwelling not at all on interruption of his congenial and most successful work at the Treasury, or on any other personal objection, but only on whether he could be the fittest man for such a difficult post. At dinner the length of the table was between us, so I heard nothing of the conversation at his end, but was told that he said to Mrs. Mulholland, "Don't you pity Mr. Forster's successor?" Or, "Whoever he is, I pity him." I sat between Sir John and Mr. Chenery of *The Times*, so took care to avoid all talk abt Ireland. I spoke to Sir J. about the Closure and his hostility to the "bare majority" plan. Also we talked about Darwin, who has just been buried in Westminster Abbey. Ld. Aberdare was at dinner, and F. told me aftds that he was so kind and cordial (in spite of being now so dropped out of everything) that he cd not resist telling him of his appt. and that he was most warm about it. I had a good deal of talk with Ld. Aberdare upon girls' schools and other educ. matters. I coaxed my Fred to come

with me to the Downing St. party (he protested he had no gloves, but he came). There, he told some of his intimate friends and other political associates. Amongst others Lord Rosebery, who knew the appt had been offered him, said to him, "Are you going to your martyrdom?" Mr. Welby spoke to me, and said to me, "Be sure he takes out the very best man as Priv. Secy.—don't let him do a kindness. He ought to have 'the cob' (i.e., Eddy Hamilton)." I said, "O, Mr. Welby, when Mr. Gladstone is to lose his right hand, wd you rob him of his front tooth too?" F. himself told Mr. Forster, who came up to me and just said in my ear in his gruff, kind way, "I am very glad of what I have just heard as to who is my successor." I spoke to Mrs. Forster and said how very sorry I had been and how much I felt for her during all she must have gone thro' lately; she, I found, did not know abt F.

Late in the evening I had a little talk with Uncle W. He looked at me with a curious deprecating expression, showing me he guessed that the appt was a blow to me. So I said to him, "Oh, Uncle W., we are both greatly flattered." This pleased him and his face cleared up. He said something strong about his certainty that he had chosen the best man, then he said, "I don't think you will find there will be more pressure on his time." And then, "But what I am to do without him I can't imagine." Freddy walked home with Eddy and told him all about it—convincing him he had no alternative but to accept it as a call of duty: they walked up and down C.H.T. for some time and Nevy joined them: aftds Nevy had a good talk with F. and also was convinced it was right. F. sat up till 2 writing his election address. That night we did not talk much, but when he came to bed he said, "I know you have been praying for me." My Fred was not restless, but in the morning he said to me, "It's very odd—I don't think I was worrying much, but I don't think I slept a wink."

London, *Thursday, May 4th,* 1882.—After bkfast I opened his letters for him as usual. He had the draft of his address to the N.W. Riding ready, and we set to work at it, I writing out the fair copy. He knew

I had a P.M.W. meeting to attend in Tilney St. at 11.30 and didn't want to keep me, but I said, "I think this is of rather more consequence." I arrived late at the meeting, and cd not explain why; but said, "I appeal to all married ladies present whether, if one's husband wants one, everything ought not to give way." Ly. Selborne was there, and I just whispered the news to her as we came away.

After luncheon, I took Medgie Talbot to a concert at Grosv. House in aid of distressed Irish ladies (impoverished thro' non-payment of rent). We came away before the end, because I thought I might hear the announcement of the appointt. in the House. When I got there, however, I found it had come out only thro' Ld. R. Grosvenor moving for a new writ for the N.W. Riding. It was received, I heard, with great astonishment and indignation; no one having guessed it. But all this was over when I got there. A messenger came up to the Ladies' Gallery to ask Atie P. if he might telegraph the news (I suppose to the papers). I soon went to George St. and found that Johnny had sent Meriel word. He came in himself by and bye, could not of course congratulate me. From his point of view, it was dreadful, sending any one out to carry out a changed policy; for he disapproves of the release of Parnell, etc.

We dined at Dev. House, my Fred coming in rather late. The poor Duke had hated the appt. (F. told him of it just before dinner on Wedy.); so much so that F. was much disturbed, and told me on Friday that he cd hardly have taken it if he had known beforehand how strongly his father wd object. His grounds, however, were hardly what ought to have outweighed the other considerations: he couldn't bear to think of losing him so much from Holker, or seeing him undertake so thankless and odious a task. I said to F., "I don't think these things ought to weigh too much with you, as you are now in public life and have to consider your duty as a public man; your father's personal wish wd be to keep you all round him in the country." But it troubled him sadly. I think he made time for a talk with his father this morning (Thursday).

The Duke said not one word agst it this evening. As he took me in to dinner, he said, "Well, I suppose it's all settled. I hope it will do well." Of course we talked of little else all dinner-time. Cav. and the Eddies, Frank and Lou dined. I had a talk alone with Lou aftds. I said to F., "I wonder if you will be called 'Buckshot Freddy'?" He said, "Something worse, I dare say." My Fred and I both talked to Emma abt the Ch. Secy's Lodge and what sort of things I should have to do, and he told her they wd have to come and see us on their way back from Lismore.

F. went off early to see people. We settled plans for next week: Bp. Temple and B. were to dine with us Mon., and to dine with us at Dev. H. Tues. Wed. we were to have to meet them at dinner Sir R. Lingen, Mr. Welby, Arth. Godley. He came home late, and came straight up to our bedroom, in an agitated state, saying he had been greatly distressed about Uncle W. this evening—that for the 1st time he thought things were getting too much for him and had advised him to give up the Exchequer. (I think their talk was between 5 and 6.30.) The week had of course been frightfully trying (Cabinet on Tues.—"cabinet conclave" Wdy.—Mr. Forster's resignation—the whole question of the release and also of the new Prevention of Crimes Bill—the losing F. from the Treasury and the difficulty of finding a successor. "And to make him quite comfortable," said F., half laughing, "I had to tell him that I thought Courtney was the only man who wd do;" and Uncle W. had no particular liking for Courtney.) Then to-day there was a long Cabinet conclave, and F. found him much overwrought. I since heard from Atie. P. and Herbert how lovingly he spoke to F. himself and of all that he had been to him, especially these 2 years at the Treasury, where latterly F. has practically done all the detail work of the Ch. of the Exch. And Atie P. said F. broke down when she saw him afterwards. But this my Fred did not dwell on to me: he was so occupied about Uncle W. He told me he thought Uncle W. wd certainly give up the Exch. and that Mr. Childers had just told him that Cavsh. had accepted it. This much astonished F. and

proved aftds to have been an unaccountable blunder of Mr. Childers. I found from Tallee aftds that F. went to Spencer H. after dinner and talked long with Althorp.

Thurs. night he slept all right, but on Fri. morning was still much disturbed. The last strong thing he said about his appt. was as we set out together abt 11.30 to walk across to Downing St.: he said, "The more I think of this business, the more sickening it is; to have to go at new Coercion." I think it was in answer to this (perhaps not—more likely it was Wedy.) that I said to him very seriously: "If you really do think yourself incompetent for it, you ought to refuse; but if you can't say that, then it must be your duty to accept." I felt half afraid when he paused, lest he really shd feel he was incompetent: but with all his modesty, he had too just a judgment to say so. He answered "Well, as to that, I must let the others judge for me." He knew what thorough means of judging Uncle W. and all his colleagues must have. We talked of plans, he thought he shd probably go to Dublin by the night mail, but was not quite sure: I was to order dinner early on the chance.

He said he thought we must both go to Dublin for Whitsuntide. (There have been many ups and downs this spring about Lismore: at one moment it was settled we shd go there with the Duke at Easter, but as we could barely have given 10 days the D. finally settled to go with the Eddys at Whitsuntide.) I was rather surprised, for I knew the Parliamentary holydays were to be only 5 days, and I said, "Oh dear, then we shd lose our little bit at Hagley" (we had proposed ourselves to the Parsonage). He looked at me *very* gravely and said gently in reproof, "Oh, my little woman!" I said directly, "Oh, don't think I am unwilling—I am ready to go at any time, only I thought there really would not be time." He said, "Very likely we shall have to stay there after Parlt. meets." During this bit of a walk, and once besides, he said to me, "It'll be hard upon poor little woman to be all her autumn and winter in Ireland." I said, "Why, Fred, I shall enjoy myself with you; and I daresay we shall

have some nice bits at Hawarden." I said, "Well, at all events to be Gov.-Gen. of India would be worse." He said emphatically, "O no!" He never said a word about its being hard on him, tho' he loved Holker with all his heart. At the steps into Downing St. we saw Bobsey Meade going up before us. He avoided catching our eyes, and I said, "How shy he still is!" (since Lina's death).

We parted in D. St. and I went off to see poor people in Westminster. All of them in consternation when I told them he was going to Ireland. At 1 I went to Spencer House. Tallee and Bobby were there, and, before Charlotte came down, Ly. Cowper came in. I was struck with her dreadfully sad, depressed look. She and Charlotte and I had a little talk. Ly. Cowper said, "I cannot congratulate you," and spoke of the despairing state of things: the cold-shouldering of the gentry, the isolation. She said, however, that she had never fought shy of the people; had driven herself about in her pony carriage in Dublin shopping, etc., thro' streets considered bad, and had never met with any rudeness. As I had no sight of Charlotte alone I settled to come again at 4.

About 3 I went to the Treasury to give up the key of the passage door which F. had given me when he was 1st appointed Financial Secy. My Fred was standing in the window in the corner of the room talking to Mr. Welby. It was a lovely day with sun streaming in, and he was looking quite cheerful and as if he had made up his mind. I made a little joke of delivering up my key to Mr. Welby, and said to him something of my anger at the unanimous scolding of all the press abt the appt. Mr. Welby said, "To get the good word of the papers you have to make up to them a little," or words to that effect. This had certainly something to do with it; F. had never made time to cultivate editors and wd not have cared to do it: then his work, tho' immensely useful, has been a good deal out of sight, and his not being a good speaker prevented his getting prominently "before the public"; but above all, the papers were all furious at having been on a totally wrong tack: Mr. Chamberlain was

for some reason in almost all the papers. F. said, "The papers have never any good word for me." I asked him if he was really going that night. He said, "Well, if I don't I must send you word." He was very anxious not to go yet if it could be avoided, wishing to wind up at the Treasury; but Spencer wanted him very much to go with him, and it depended on whether F. could be sworn in at once on arriving. (I found telegrams in his blotting-book at home aftds about the swearing in of both Sir Mich. Beach and Mr. Forster, which, I suppose, showed F. it could be done.)

At 4 I went back to Spencer House and had a delightful talk with Charlotte. She said it was the greatest possible pleasure to Spencer to have Freddy to work with; he knew how perfectly they wd feel together and how comfortable their footing wd be. For herself, tho' she knew well what a serious state of things it was in Ireland, she said she cd not help liking to go: she knew all the ins and outs of the position and all the part she wd have to play, and had spent there 5 of the happiest and most interesting years of her life. I asked her much about what F.'s duties and position with regard to Spencer wd be, and about entertaining, etc. She told me how Spencer and Cavsh. used to meet every day at luncheon and talk everything over together. All seemed encouraging; we neither of us doubted that Spencer and Freddy wd make a good and hopeful start, and wd win confidence. She said we shd have to give dinner parties, and that she hoped we wd invite them, during the autumn.

I saw At. Coquitty, and catching sight of old Sir Math. Wilson going past their door, I ran out to him. He congratulated warmly. After this I went to see Kitty Clive, who was full of loving sympathy and interest. Tho' at the other extreme of politics (especially as regards Ireland), she was always a little enthusiastic about F., thinking him like her husband in uprightness and single aim; she kept saying, "He is too good to be sacrificed." We talked of what might have to be done to put down outrages and she was strong for taxing districts where bad things happened.

I did not get home till just before 7 and found F.

there with Atie P., who soon left us together. He was very busy writing to Sir George Young, having told me before he had thought of him for his Private Secy. They had made great acquaintance on the Factory Commission, and F. thought him extremely able, and well-informed on Irish matters ; his wife is a very clever Liberal Irishwoman. F. had written to him from the Treasury, begging him to call this evening at No. 21 and see him ; but the letter was brought back, Sir Geo. being out of town. Accordingly F. had to offer him the post by letter, and he took immense pains over it (tho' his dinner was waiting for him), saying it was a great favour to ask of a man in his position, and making me read the letter and tell him if I thought it careful and civil enough. It was " an appeal to his patriotism " which wd have moved anyone, and offered a high salary out of F.'s own pocket. Sir Geo. told me aftds how gladly he consented to take the post under F., tho' he would not for anyone else. He telegraphed acceptance to Dublin—the telegram was in my Fred's pocket and I am glad he had the pleasure of getting it. The messenger was waiting for the letter ; I stuck it up at dinner. The messenger asked F. to frank it, but he would not " because it was not sent from the office," and pulled out 2 coppers instead.

As we sat down to dinner he showed me my copy of his Address, with some marginal corrections and additions in pencil by Uncle W. At first I did not recognise the hand. " What ! don't you know it ? " he said. I said, " Well, I think I shall keep this ; it is historical." We had a very cosy dinner : he was quite cheerful, and hungry. We talked of Mr. Forster's explanation of his resignation—F. did not like the way he had spoken ; also he told me with much pleasure of Mr. Givan, an Ulster man, having spoken warmly of the appt. after having 1st objected. Alfred came in late, not knowing we were dining early, and Nevy also came in to dress for dining out and just saw him. How glad I am they had this last sight of him ; perhaps of all my brothers they were the two he has always very specially loved. As he was putting things up afterwards, I said, " You know you will come in for the State entry." " O no,"

he said; "I am going in my shooting-things, and I hope I shall get quietly into a brougham."

There was some hustle at the last, as the servant was putting clean shirts into his portmanteau at the last moment (the train was at 8.20), and we laughed about it. My Fred ran into his room and took some bank-notes out of his writing-table drawer. I said, "Have you money enough?" He said, "O yes—I shall go free most of the way" (because he had a Director's pass). Then came our good-bye—our last kiss. There were no particular last words. I had not a feeling but that he was coming back on Sunday night: I called to him, "Mind and send me word of yr train, that I may send to meet you." I saw him go into the brougham and drive off—standing on the doorstep. Perhaps I shd have gone with him to the station, but for darling Alfred being there; but I am only glad he was there. I heard aftds he all but missed the train. This was my last sight of my own darling.

Alfred and I went back to the dining-room, and I told him all I knew about the release of the "suspects" and Mr. Forster's resignation (Alfred having been out of town). After dinner, Stephy came in, and we talked about Mr. Parnell, and the reasons there were for believing that he was really feeling remorse at finding his course of action had led to such horrors (especially, i.e., the murder of Mrs. Smythe). I think I must have animadverted upon his shifty conduct in not telling the plain truth to the House about his desire to put down outrage and to support law and order; Stephy spoke of the danger and difficulty of his position with regard to his own party, and how we ought to be patient with him: perhaps he was even in peril of his life for having made advances, such as they were, to Govt.

Next morning, *Saturday, May 6th*, I read a short prayer at Family Prayers for my Fred, that he might be guided right, and strengthened for his terribly anxious work. Told Mrs. Adams of the appt. and how she wd have to go to the Ch. Secy.'s Lodge and housekeep there for us. I was rather amused at her thinking nothing short of the Cabinet at all worthy of Freddy. Dear old Nevy asked on Thurs. if he shd look out

lodgings for himself. I told him we shd want him with us as much as ever, as we shd continue to be in London all the session. The post brought me a Middlesbro' paper, with an excellent article on the appt., appreciating my Fred who was known in Middlesbro', especially since our visit there last autumn, and showing, too a very clear understanding of the political situation. I sent for several copies of it. I had another poor visit or two to make in Westr. and took the paper to G. St. to read to the Talbots. Johnny, however, and the girls were off to Epping Forest, which the Queen threw open to the public to-day. (I had been busy up to yesty. arranging for the Wdford. patients to see the sight, and it all came off successfully; a most lovely day. I heard aftds that, an Irish M.P. at the function remarking on the beautiful weather to another Irish M.P., he replied, "Yes, and it's a good omen for Ireland —you will see, we shall hear of no more outrages now.") Also I took the paper to Downing S. and delighted Mazy with it; poor old Auntie looked very sad, imagining we shd have to live in Ireland entirely, but I cheered her up when I reminded her that F. would have all his Parliamentary work in London.

To luncheon came Nevy, Mr. Palgrave,[1] and Mr. MacColl: the latter Mazy sent across to see the Middlesb. article. Mr. MacColl was very warm and hearty abt. the appt. Told me he had heard on good authority that Parnell was really remorseful. He strongly urged me to get F. to take lessons in elocution, but I told him his defective "r" and "th" could not be cured. It was nice to know how, in spite of these defects in his articulation, his speaking had improved in fluency; and Lord Enfield told me in March that his way of answering questions was always liked by the Opposition. Mr. Palgrave was full of cordiality too, but, not caring to say much abt it before others, wrote me a most hearty letter immediately after he got home. Altogether we got quite a packet of congratulations on the appointt.

It was very near 3.30 before I cd get out, but I went to the Abbey, thinking I shd at all events hear the

[1] Francis Palgrave, the editor of "The Golden Treasury."

concluding prayers and cd have a quiet time there for prayer. But I got there while they were singing the anthem "In that day"—at the passage "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." These words were sung first by one voice, then by another, then a third, then in chorus, with the most lovely harmony and sweetness; and I thought, "O, these are the very words for my Fred"; during the final chorus I knelt down and prayed for him with my whole heart, but not that he might be saved from peril—(a mere idle thought crossed me once—what if the steamer shd go down on the passage?)—that I never thought of—but that he might have wisdom and strength and help.

Aftds I went again into Westr., and then to the Treasury to write to him, Mr. Spring Rice having said he shd be sending a pouch, and I thought perhaps I might gain time by sending my letter in it. I told him all the little things I thought he wd like to know, abt kind letters and visits, etc., and ended, "I hope he is keeping up a good heart." Mr. Spring Rice pulled out a drawer where was some of our private writing-paper which F. kept for private letters. This went off at ¼ to 5: it came back to me unopened.

After 5 I went to see Mrs. Forster. Driving there, I noticed placards abt a disturbance in Ireland at Ballina, when some lads were killed by the police; and it gave me a "mauvais moment," thinking what miserable anxieties F. wd. have. I wished to call at Sir Ch. Trevelyan's and inquire after Mr. Dugdale, who a little while ago was terribly hurt in his coal-mine, trying to save life, but I had not time. I had a long talk with Mrs. Forster; she was most kind and helpful, but gave me the impression of all the look-out being sad and dark. I said, "Perhaps we shall come in for a kind of pause—for a better state of things," and she said, "Perhaps so." I asked her all I cd think of as to what my own duties wd be. She spoke of Mr. Burke, and what a right hand we shd find him. Also of Miss Burke, very affectionately. Said she thought the society the Ch. Secy. had to see was pleasanter than the Ld. Lieut.'s—physicians, lawyers, etc. As I went down-

stairs, her daughter Florence followed me to say how very glad Mr. and Mrs. Forster were at the thought of F.'s succeeding him.

I did not get home till 7.30—and even then at that terrible moment, which was ending all my happiness, I had not a thought of harm or fear. Alfred was standing on the doorstep, coming to dine with me; he turned round to greet me with his bright face, and we ran upstairs together, full of eagerness to see the evening papers. I heard that Tallee had been to the door in the aftn to see me, and had left word that they had had a good passage, and an excellent reception in Dublin. Frank and Lou came to dinner, and we had a very cheery evening. I felt as if the worst was over, all the anxiety as to the decision, and the pain of accepting; and now we had to face it bravely and hopefully. We talked much of all I shd have to do—how smart I shd have to be; I don't think we talked of anything but Ireland.

After dinner dear old Meriel came in. Lou was going on to the party at Ld. Northbrook's. I had forgotten it and was not dressed (the card had somehow got mixed up with things on my table). I said to Lou, "Oh, if you are going, shall I come too?" but she demurred, saying, "But you are not asked"—and it was to this mere chance that I owed the not having the dreadful thing to go thro' of hearing it all at the Admiralty, as poor Lou and Cavsh. and Atie. P. had to do. Meriel stayed late; I read her a nice letter of Uncle B.'s, raving of her children, whom he had been with at Falconhurst: and I said to her how sad it seemed that a character like Fred's shd not be transmitted to children, and we settled what I shd do on Sunday, which I think I had never had to spend in London before without my Fred. I thought I wd go to the early Communion at the Abbey, then perhaps to Mr. Lowder's church, S. George's-in-the-East; in the afternoon go and see Aunt Mary, and end at Meriel's for 7 o'clock service at S. Margaret's.

I was not left alone till near 12. I sat down at my writing-table and wrote 2 notes, one to the little sisters [1]

[1] I.e. her half-sisters.

to ask them to tea on Monday; another to the Byng girls, to propose their coming at 5 on Sunday for some reading. Then I took the paper off a set of beautifully bound little books (his "Gleanings"), which Uncle William had sent over in the course of the day, with a most affectionate little letter to me, begging me to ask Freddy to give them a place on his shelves "in memory —in grateful memory on my part—of what he has been to me these past 2 years." I was just writing to thank him, and had begun, "Dear Uncle William, I must write one line (though how unnecessary)——" when the door opened and Lou came in. No thought of fear struck me at first; I knew she wished for a talk, and I only thought that on her way home from the Admiralty she had looked in so as to find me alone. But as soon as I saw her face, the terror seized me, and I knew something must have happened to my darling. She had the dreadful telegram in her hand—but it said "dangerously wounded," and I clung to the hope he wd get over it. She could not tell me, but I felt that she did not say a word of hope.

Then Meriel came in, and then the whole anguish fell upon me. All my blessed joy of many years wrecked in the darkness. In the midst of the black storm a confused feeling came over me that it wd kill Uncle W. who had sent him out in such hope—as indeed a "son of his right hand." But then Uncle W. himself came in with Atie. Pussy—I saw his face, pale, sorrow-stricken, but like a prophet's in its look of faith and strength. He came up and almost took me in his arms, and his first words were, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Then he said to me, "Be assured it will not be in vain," and across all my agony there fell a bright ray of hope, and I saw in a vision Ireland at peace, and my darling's life-blood accepted as a sacrifice for Christ's sake, to help to bring this to pass. I write these words at Holker, Feb. 9, 1883, having only been able to write the whole history bit by bit as I could bear it. This my 1st ray of hope has never entirely forsaken me, through all the dark, blank months emptied of joy. I said to him as he was leaving me, "Uncle Wm., you must never blame

yourself for sending him." He said, "O no, there can be no question of that." Once he said, "Poor Forster!"

I will copy here what I wrote in Retreat at S. Mary's, Stone, Nov. 14, 15, 1882. I had never gone to a Retreat before—never able to bring myself to leave my own darling only for my own sake.

> "The Name of the Lord is a Strong Tower."
> "The prayer of the humble pierceth the clouds."
> "He healeth those that are broken in heart."

God be thanked for His wonderful teaching, when He sent upon me the terrible blow, that took away the desire of my eyes with a stroke. No word or presentiment of warning was granted me: one minute I was crowned with the fulness of earthly joy and love —my life full to the brim of hope and interest—the next, all lay shattered around me in one dark wreck, and with what circumstances of horror and fear! How was it that reason and faith and nerves did not give way: how was it that I did not sink down into despair?... "The Eternal God was my Refuge, and underneath were the Everlasting Arms."

O, let me never forget what He did for me, now that the weary weeks and months are bearing me on through my changed and darkened life, and the miracles of those early days are over, and I have to face it all with only the ordinary help of His Spirit.

In the hours of foreboding and despondency, when "naked and forlorn I stand among the ruins of the past," this memory at least ought to be a never-failing ray of Divine Light shining in my soul—that in my extremity, when I could do nothing for myself, His immense Love came to my rescue, enfolding, upbearing, soothing me, above all that I could ask or think.

All the attendant circumstances were most tenderly ordered for me, so that I had round me all loving human help, and was at home among his dear ones and mine. Only by an "accident" was I prevented, at the last moment, from keeping an engagement out of town; which would have taken me among comparative strangers. By another "accident" I did not go out

that very Saturday evening. It was without my arranging it that dear Lou, and Meriel, and Alfred were all with me at dinner and afterwards. (In the same "chance" way Eddy happened to be with his father at Chatsworth.)

Other things there were to bring me help beforehand; most especially the anthem at Evensong on Saturday at the Abbey. I could only go very late to the service, and only expected to come in for the concluding prayers; but the anthem was being sung as I came in, and the blessed Divine Promise came over and over, in lovely pathetic harmonies. "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." Thus in minute and tender ways did He care for me "more than a mother doth." "He remembereth that we are but dust."

But now let me turn to the greater miracles of mercy, whereby alone I was saved from sinking in the deep waters. In the first hour of darkness God sent Uncle William with a message straight from Him, which alone at that moment could give me strength, and which still abides with me, though so often I can but feebly cling to it: the assurance that my darling's life was not given in vain. In the midst of the storm, the vision was granted me of my darling called to that highest honour, of being allowed to die, guiltless (*most* guiltless, as regards Ireland), and thereby good to come, and peace, and better days: that thus his death, and my sorrow, might, for CHRIST's sake, be accepted as a sacrifice, and ascend to GOD in union with the One Great Sacrifice.

Later, I had the thought sent to me how earnestly I ought to try and not spoil my share in the sacrifice by any repining or want of resignation; but offer up my will with the same single heart as my darling did.

All through the long awful night I was saved, I know not how, from nervous agony such as would seem inevitable under such a blow. I believe I had a faint hope it was not true. But when I knew it certainly was true, I had some of the misery of consternation—the sense of defeat—all the reviving hopes for Ireland, with which Uncle William had sent my

darling out, and with which he had gone, shattered to pieces, and the fear of what would come next. All seemed wrecked in the darkness. Then came from Heaven into my soul the thought of the greater darkness —the more terrible defeat—which seemed to have overwhelmed the Church in her very beginning, when her LORD had died and was buried. And yet that Death was her life; and I could take comfort in hope again. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." So GOD carried me in His arms through the first terrible hours. He soothed me, even by the very exhaustion of grief, so that I could sleep; and when (as happened for the first 10 days or so), I used to wake in the early dawn, alone, clearly and vividly conscious of all that had happened (when too it is my nature to see everything on the dark side)—at those times—the most free from excitement, when there is "deep silence in the heart, for thought to do her part"—and I should have expected a fiery trial of anguish—then there used to come over me an indescribable sense of something guarding and enfolding me. I could lie perfectly still, feeling that I was sinking deep, deep, into the depths of sorrow, so that the floods ran over me, but that beneath and around me was some mighty Protection. Or as if I was indeed falling down a precipice of grief, but with the feeling of *falling soft*. I knew then that it was the love of many—the prayers of thousands—which were helping me; drawing down to me in my helplessness the Boundless Love of GOD.

O, how is it that this wonderful experience, never to be forgotten, does not enable me evermore to possess my soul in peace, and in my very sorrow to rejoice? "I said, it is mine own infirmity; but I will remember the years of the Right Hand of the Most Highest."

(Written in Retreat at S. Mary's, Stone, Nov. 14, 15, 1882. Finished writing out here, at Morpeth Rectory, Mar. 7, 1883.)

LONDON, *April 17th*, 1883.—I must try and write all that I can remember.

Sunday, May 7th, 1882.—I sat all day in our dear, dear house, full of familiar things, and thought I

realised that all was shattered and gone from me, but did not: hardly yet can I do it. It was about dawn I think that Lou (who never went home all night) came gently into my room where my darling old Meriel had spent the night with me. Lou had a little kind smile on her face, and for one second I thought "she has come to tell me it is not true." But the hope vanished. Messages had come during the night saying Charlotte and I were not to go to Dublin; that I shd be able to see my Fred's face placid and beautiful at Chatsworth. My darling Alfred came upstairs soon afterwards, and it was while he was with me that I thought of the victorious sufferings of Christ.

Mrs. Forster came to see me. She told me how often she had been in trembling fear when her husband was late of an evening. In the middle of the day my old Charles and Nevy came from Latimer. My poor old Nevy threw himself upon me in a great agony of tears, and Charles was quite white. My Fred had been to them all a sort of father and brother in one. The D. of Argyll came later; he was very kind and affte., but went on to speak despairingly of Ireland, and what he said struck like lead into my heart, and I don't know what wd have become of me, only just then came in dear Edward Talbot and soothed and blessed me, and comforted me about Lavinia. Poor little thing, she was only confined 3 weeks ago and had written in such joyful hope and excitement over the appointment, but saying it had almost been too much for her. I also saw Arthur and other dear loving people. I heard that Kitty Clive had been in the house in immense distress for me. Atie. Pussy spent the night with me. Capt. Ross of Bladensburg was sent from Ireland to tell me things.

Chatsworth, *Monday, May 8th*, 1882.—Lou and I, Nevy and Alfred, went down to Chatsworth together and I went straight to the Duke's room. He had written me a few words of heartbroken sorrow. Eddy had had to tell him, and said that he fell on his knees. He looked piteously shattered and stricken. I tried to say to him how I hoped he wd never think it had been wrong for him to go; and he said no, he knew

it was his duty. He said, "He was the best son, and I do believe the best man." I sat in Lou's little room, and masses of beautiful flowers kept arriving.

My own darling was laid in the chapel. His face beautiful and serene and pure, like sleep, only more tranquil: the lines smoothed away. No sign of hurt except a little scratch on the bridge of the nose. His look, as Althorp wrote to me, "as if no shadow of sin or suffering had ever come near him." His soft hair falling back from his forehead as it used to do. I put on his breast the little locket with my hair which I gave him in the "golden days." Mary Gladstone made a long beautiful cross of white flowers and ferns to lay on the coffin, and we covered the floor of the chapel round him with wreaths and crosses. Edward Talbot and Arthur came from Oxford and said prayers with me in my room every day. Nevy or Alfred went out with me a little in the garden. All was lovely, outbreaking spring and bright sunshine, speaking to me of the Eternal Joy and Brightness.

Thursday, May 11th, was the day of the funeral; it was beautiful, but the sun was veiled in the early part of the day. On Monday the House of Commons only met to adjourn, and Uncle W. spoke of how my Fred had gone out "full of love to Ireland, full of hope for her future, full of capacity to render her service." Thurs. the House was only to meet late in the day, so as to enable members to attend; and I saw from Lou's window the great numbers who came, coming up the approach to the house, and, as they waited there for a little, looking round them at all the glory and stateliness of the place, I thought how perhaps it was striking them that my own darling might have spent his life in enjoyment of all such things, but chose rather to work hard and do all the good he could. Dear Lou drove with me. The Duke walked with Cavendish and Eddy, and a great multitude followed. All my darling brothers came except poor Albert,[1] who must hear it all in that far-off country. The way to the church was one great concourse of people; but there was no disorder. The little half-sisters sent me a wreath of roses with a card "For dear Brother Freddy,"

[1] He was in S. Africa.

and I took it with me and dropped it into the grave. The Grey-coat Hospital sent a wreath of dark-red roses, with the words, "The Noble army of Martyrs praise Thee," and this was laid on the coffin, on the transverse of the cross. Edward Talbot read the service beautifully, so as to be heard far round, and said at the end, "Give peace in our time, O Lord."

At the end of the week I went to Keble Coll. and found darling Lavinia hardly recovered, and so overwhelmed with sorrow for me. It is a sweet little baby, whose happy birth was a sort of culminating blessing at the height of my happiness. I remember, when I heard of it, thinking, "Well, this completes the wonderful prosperity of us all," and thanking God, as indeed I did thank Him continually, for all the joy of my life. At Keble I got from the *Illustrated Lon. News*, which did not print it, a most perfect photograph of my darling, done on the 7th, in the bed at the Ch. Sec.'s Lodge.

After a while I had to come back to London, "full of emptiness," and try to face the weary days. For weeks there kept arriving masses of addresses and letters of sympathy to me, the Duke, Spencer, Cavsh. and Uncle William, from all parts of the kingdom and from America, etc. The 1st card left on me was Mr. A. M. Sullivan's,[1] "with deepest sorrow." Many full of deep sorrow and shame from Ireland. One to me from an old priest in a province of France. The Irish members were all shocked for a few days into silence, and so allowed the Crimes Bill (which was all prepared but had not come before the Cabinet and was not to be introduced till "Procedure" was through, there seeming then no hope of passing it or any other measure without the help of the New Rules)—to be introduced the week of the 8th May. It was only for a few days that opposition was suspended; afterwards there was bitter obstruction. The Bill did not become law till the end of July. At this time all seemed hopeless about finding out the murderers or breaking up the conspiracy; but in July Spencer wrote privately to Cavsh. a letter which showed a good deal was known.

[1] An Irish M.P.

In it he said, what I felt nearly sure of from the first, that it was not my darling's life that was aimed at, but poor Mr. Burke's. Spencer said it had been ascertained that men had been lying in wait for Mr. Burke some days before, and that "he knew too much of Fenianism." I knew that it was hardly possible that any one in Dublin should have expected my Fred, for he had not himself actually decided on going till Friday afternoon; and no one could possibly guess that he wd have set off alone to walk from the Castle to the Viceregal Lodge (just what I shd have fully expected him to do —he loved a quiet walk in a fine evening after hard work), still less that Mr. Burke would have caught him up, jumped off his car, and joined him (which was of course a mere chance). One of the Secs. went to offer Fred a lift, but he had left the Castle. The Arrears Act was passed after the Crimes Act, in spite of some threat of being thrown out by the Lords. Other murders and outrages occurred, especially a hideous murder of a whole family at Maamtrasna; the murderers were convicted and hung; but the Crimes Act proved of great use, and agrarian crime and "boycotting" began steadily to lessen.

In London I had talks with some of my Fred's friends. Tho' I knew how well he was liked and looked up to, I hardly knew how deep and strong was the love felt for him. Mr. Welby said that almost always in political life people had some selfish aim; but that Freddy was absolutely devoid of any thought of self. I tried to say that I hoped his death wd so touch people's hearts far and wide as to do even more than his life. But he could not so be comforted, saying, "Oh, but such men are the salt of politics." Sir Ralph Lingen,[1] a dry man of figures, whom Freddy had often to struggle with a little—making him soften down official replies, etc.—had, I was told, cried like a child. I had a long talk with him. He was with my darling at the Office till nearly the last moment, winding up Treasury matters. The last thing F. signed there was the vote for a large grant to the Irish Constabulary. F. said to Sir Ralph, "Do you think I am strong enough for this post?"

[1] Afterwards Lord Lingen, Permanent Secretary of the Treasury.

Sir Ralph said, "I told him I considered him strong enough for anything. Indeed, I had long thought that his brother and he had the future of England in their hands." Mr. Algy West also came and saw me. He said he had caught the 2 editors of the *Pall Mall Gazette* walking together just after the appointt. and had scolded them for the cold notice they had taken of it. "Oh," said one, "he is an unknown man." "If you had asked any one of his colleagues or any Cabinet Minister, you wd have been told that he was admirably suited for it," said Mr. West in answer.

. . . A beautiful engraving has been done of W. B. Richmond's picture of him—more beautiful than the picture; his expression when he sat deeply thinking—gentle, earnest, strong, full of thought and nobleness, and strangely pathetic. It looks younger: his hair had grown rather thinner over his forehead, and his forehead had developed and his countenance gained in strength and thought. Richmond lately therefore wanted to paint him again.

Keble Coll., Oxford, *October 23rd*, 1884.—It is so weary an effort to me to write in this book, that I have not written a word for more than a year. Yet there is much I wish to put down. I saw Mr. Trevelyan[1] in the course of the summer of 1882 and can never forget the expression of his face, as of a man who had grown years older in those few months—and a look as if in constant presence of death. At that time he and Spencer knew well that the dreadful gang of murderers were all in Dublin, bound together by the widely ramified conspiracy of terror. He said to me, "Things are better in the country, but Dublin is as black as it is possible to be." By degrees the police knew many of the murderers, but no shred of evidence cd be got till after the Crimes Act was passed the end of July, when the power of examining witnesses in private brought evidence at last.

I had a most precious and touching talk with him [Mr. Gladstone] at Hawarden just before he went [to Cannes]. He said there was no one left like Freddy

[1] Sir George Trevelyan succeeded Lord Frederick as Chief Secretary.

for the combination of deep enthusiasm with strong sense and judgment, and for single-minded, self-forgetting aims. Seeing how his words moved me, he said, with great tenderness, "But that is only to say how ready he was to go." He spoke of the future of the party, and said there was no lack of clever and able men, but none that had those high gifts combined; and he told me he had begun to think that hereafter, when Cavsh. was called to the Upper House, Freddy wd probably succeed him as leader of the H. of Commons. (This, I have heard, was also Mr. Fawcett's opinion, and when some one demurred on acct of Freddy's not speaking well, he instanced Ld. Althorp (Uncle Jack) and Hartn. as bad speakers who had improved, and had successfully led the House.)

. . . The trials lasted through long and terrible weeks. Four were executed: Brady, Kelly, Curley, and Fagan; others were imprisoned for life. People wrote full of sorrow for me, thinking it must "reopen my grief," but how should that be, when it had never, never for an hour closed. There was no reopening of grief, but it became a long pain to me that my own darling, so gentle and loving-hearted, and so full of faith and hope for Ireland—so tender-hearted for others tho' so strong to endure hardness himself—should be, with Mr. Burke, the most innocent cause of all this ghastly bloodshed and have his death associated with such terrible wickedness. O, how cd I ever bear it, but for that One Death of Him Who met it at the hands of wicked men.

In the course of the summer I saw Althorp. He was most gentle and kind and told me everything he could to comfort me; but he cd hardly bear to look at me. I saw him last when we dined almost alone with them at Spencer House early in '82. He is greatly aged, but well, and full of his usual strong, brave, patient courage. He told me that a cousin of Mr. Burke's, a Sister of Mercy, Mrs. Kirwen, had visited the condemned men unweariedly in prison to try and bring them to repentance. She found them all fanatics—not worse than other men—but defending what they did as "obeying orders"; "it was for Ireland." She

asked them what good they hoped wd come of it. They never seemed to have thought of that. She persevered, and was satisfied at last that some of them were sorry. I have heard since that they were sorry and disturbed about Freddy.

At one time Bobby Spencer came to see me. I think it was in '82. He told me how Spencer and Freddy set to work at the Castle as soon as ever they were sworn in. It was noticed that my Fred took the oath in a peculiarly solemn way. And some one told me that he said on being spoken to about his coming, "I have come to do all the good I can"; but I don't know who heard this.

Bobby said he came in to luncheon very cheery and said he was very hungry. They set to work immediately aftds; going carefully thro' the different provisions of the Crimes Act, my Fred putting in a plea for moderating it when he cd. Bobby had been uneasy until the reception, procession, etc., was all over, having had some vague intimation of danger (which made him accompany his brother). But when all had gone off well, he thought no more of it. The course of the trials revealed very plainly that Parliamentary politics had nothing to do with the murders. The whole conspiracy was against "the Castle," first Lord Cowper, then Mr. Forster (again and again) was lain in wait for; then, when Mr. Forster had got safe to England, the orders went out against Mr. Burke, as the next highest representative of "the Castle"; and days before the release of the suspects they were seeking his life. My own darling was utterly unknown to them, and was only attacked because he defended Mr. Burke.

In '83 I saw in London Miss Franks, who was the head matron of Stevens' Hospital when Freddy and Mr. Burke were brought there. She had had a heavy day's work at the hospital and had nearly been persuaded by a friend to go to Phœnix Park in the evening; had she done so she wd have seen the attack. She was out when she saw Mr. Burke driving off alone, and she said to her friend, "See, there goes Mr. Burke with his life in his hand," and a little later she saw Spencer riding away

from the Castle with only a groom, and wondered at his not being more guarded. I said to her, "But did you know then that there was danger?" She replied, "My father was a district magistrate in Galway and often had had things to report to Mr. Burke, so I knew something of the conspiracies." Her friend was going away by train, and she was going to the station with her when a message was sent to Miss F. telling her about the murders and summoning her back; her friend came back with her. The nurses in charge had taken the most reverent tender care of the bodies, putting them together alone in a small ward, but locking the door and allowing no one to touch them till Miss Franks came back. When they were attending to my darling, he looked so beautiful that one of the young nurses burst into tears and said, "He looks like our Saviour taken down from the Cross."

Dear Bobby Spencer, she told me, came himself, and either suggested the photograph being taken or at all events saw about it; the beautiful flowers I think the nurses thought of. Bobby with his own hand cut off the lock of hair for me, and prayed by my darling. They were moved to the Chief Sec.'s Lodge in the quiet of the evening, with no excitement or crowd. When Spencer saw my darling's face he broke down into tears for the first time, the horror all stilled by that heavenly look of peace.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE NIGHT OF MAY 6TH, 1882[1]

On Saturday, May 6th, 1882, I went after dinner to 21 C.H.T. and found Lucy, the F. Egertons, and Alfred. Lucy was in good spirits, and we had a great deal of talk about what she was to do to help Freddy in his new position. She said she had been asking Mrs. Forster about the amount of entertaining there would be, and we chaffed her about being smartly dressed, etc. It was all very bright and happy, and I saw that, now the decision was made, she was throwing herself into the new life with full energy and spirit. The Egertons went away to Ld. Northbrook's party, and Alfred went. I stayed on with her till 11½, when I came home. I found a hansom standing at our door, and Turner told me Adml. Egerton was in the drawing-room. He had come to tell me the awful news and to send me back to Lucy.

When I got back, I found Louisa Egerton with her. She had only told her that Freddy was dangerously wounded, and when I came in Lucy was saying, "Oh I know he will pull through, if I can only go to him at once; he is in such fine health just now, I know he will get through it." Her voice was quite hopeful and eager. Then I suppose she suspected something from our manner, and she said, "Tell me everything, tell me the whole." Then she knew, and the change from hope to utter hopelessness was the most pathetic thing I ever saw. She sank down on the floor, leaning against Lou, and moaned, but so gently, and her first words were, "It is cruel, so cruel," and then almost directly, "Don't let them hate them, don't let them be angry with them; Freddy wouldn't like it. I don't think they could have done it if they had known about me."

[1] This was written by Mrs. John Talbot and is published by permission of her son Mr. Justice Talbot.

Very soon the Gladstones came in. He said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. I don't repent sending him; I was *right* to do it." After he went, Lucy said, "He is like an oak to lean against." I could see that all he said suited her and strengthened her. She saw Ld. Hartington for a few minutes, and I heard her begging him to make the Duke feel that it was *right* F. should go to Ireland; she repeated that often.

Then we took her upstairs, and she undressed and lay down in bed, and I lay down by her, and we were alone for some hours. She cried a good deal, and talked to me; it was wonderfully natural; she never seemed bewildered, or to lose her balance. We spoke of Mrs. Talbot,[1] and of what had helped her; a great deal of Freddy's tenderness, and their ways together, how they were just like lovers always. She even seemed to face her life alone, said she should go on in that house which had been his home. Sometimes, "How *could* they do it—it was cruel. He only wanted to help them. He never said one bitter word against Ireland. He always thought if the right remedy could but be found, they would behave well." Then, rather suddenly and almost brightly, "I see now, I see that our Saviour's death seemed a failure; it seemed like the end—the defeat of all His life's work—the collapse of His followers' hopes, and yet it was victory, and Freddy's will be like that; it will do more good than his life, that is real comfort," and all the rest of the night she never quite lost hold of the thought, but dwelt on it and leant on it.

About 5, Adams brought her a cup of tea; she kissed her and said, "You always made Ld. Frederick so comfortable, he never had any bothers about his house."

She thought she was going to Dublin at once, in order to see him once more, but it was decided that she ought not, and she said she did not know how she shd have borne the journey. "I think God will allow me to see him again—the only thing I care for"; and she did see his face at Chatsworth, before any change had

[1] Mother of J. G. Talbot, a great friend of the Lyttelton and Gladstone families. Her husband had died young.

passed over it, the look one of perfect rest and dignity, and strength too.

I believe this is all I can remember of that wonderful night. I feel in looking back to it that to be with Lucy through those first hours of her great sorrow was to be allowed to see a marvellous manifestation of the power of religion, and of the blessedness granted to those who all their lives have kept their faith in God pure and strong. Her faith never failed her for one instant; it was *there*, ready to her hand. She had not to look for it, but only to lean heavily upon it, and she was enabled to be patient and trustful, and absolutely without one thought of bitterness, much less of revenge on those who had shattered her earthly happiness in one instant.

MERIEL S. TALBOT.

APPENDICES

THE HON. MRS JOHN TALBOT.

From a portrait painted in 1920 by F. H. Shepherd.

APPENDIX A

GLYNNESE

The Diary frequently makes use of expressions not to be found in any orthodox English dictionary or phrase-book. They are derived from a family language called "Glynnese," talked by the Lytteltons and Gladstones, children of two Glynne mothers. The scholarly Lord Lyttelton, who, like Mr. Gladstone, seldom or never spoke it himself, compiled a gravely humorous Glossary of its chief expressions, from which, generally in his words, without change though often with omissions, I take the following explanations.

A was an Admiral,
B was a Boatswain, etc.

These expressions, which might be continued through the twenty-four letters, are taken from the infantile book called "The Child's Alphabet," in which it will be remembered that, for the assistance of the imperfect memory of childhood, each letter is illustrated by an original design of an individual of a class or profession of which the first letter is the same as the letter in question; and inasmuch as the said individuals are represented in the full appropriate costume of such their class or profession, and inasmuch as, from the homeliness of the execution, their countenances and appearance are invariably of an inexpressive and indistinctive kind, these phrases are used to describe real people who, in the view of the speaker, are *mere* generic specimens of the class to which they belong: bare types in which the individual and original has been repressed and rubbed out by the conventional and professional.

Example.—*Mr. Gladstone to Lady Lyttelton:* "What sort of person is ——?"

Lady L.: "Oh, C was a Clergyman."

Audience

The form in which this is used is always that of a given person *being audience*, often with an epithet, as "*being*

immense audience." It has no particular reference to the sense of hearing. It seems to be a patient, sympathising, adulating, condescending, and probably half-sincere admiration of something in praise of which the owner rather prosily holds forth. Again, it is to be observed that the person *is audience*, not to the other person who speaks but to the thing admired. So the author heard Lady Lyttelton say, "I went to see —— and *was audience to his pony*," not at all meaning that the pony made any noises whatever, but that she blandly listened to commendation of him on the part of his reverend owner.

Bathing Feel

A significant description of the state of mind previous to some rather formidable undertaking, resembling that of a child about to fall into the arms of the bathing-woman. Mr. Gladstone, so long ago as 1841, had so far advanced in the language that, on being asked how he felt on becoming Vice-President of the Board of Trade, he was able to reply, "Bathing feel."

The Use of the Verb "to be"

This is a peculiar and very emphatic ellipse.

Example.—On entering into a room at Hagley or at Hawarden during one of those great confluences of families which occur among the Glynnese, and finding seventeen children there under the age of twelve, and consequently all inkstands, books, furniture, and ornaments in intimate intermixture, and in every form of fracture and confusion, the experienced "Mother of Millions" [1] will find relief in the aphorism, "Well, children *are!*" . . . This is always uttered as if it was a singularly full and perfect statement to which nothing could possibly be added.

Beyond

This term . . . is a form of ellipse . . . of "belief," "description," or some such word. Mrs. Gladstone might say, "Really, teaching Stephy is beyond"; and if the Author is not mistaken, he has heard such an astonishing combination as this: "Went to . . . dinner: *beyond stupidissimus.*"

[1] Lady Lyttelton.

Blowing

"Blowing" means some action which, if not overbold, at least requires considerable assurance and self-possession in the person who does it. It always means something done in public. The only possible etymology which the present commentator can venture to conjecture is that it is drawn from the walk of a lady in a high wind with all the inconvenient results of that atmospheric fact. To walk up a long room lined with company is decidedly "blowing"; and the Rev. Henry Glynne, who has a marked aversion to any performance of this kind, would whisper with a wink to his sister that he would avoid having to return thanks for the Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese as "much too blowing."

Break

The etymology of this elegant term is sufficiently clear. It indicates any event or circumstance that breaks, or tends to break, the monotony of existence. Its proper and most frequent use is of something of this sort which is agreeable and rousing: yet is this not invariably so. . . . Miss Lyttelton would call the appearance of a new baby, born to one of her numerous friends, "an immense break."

"Dayums"

The termination in "ums." A rude and inartificial idiom, for which the authority is the Dean of Windsor.[1] The affix *ums* is tagged on to some substantive or adjective, and the ugly compound is then dragged into some sort of meaning by the aid of the auxiliary verb *to have* and the definite article *the*. Thus *to have the churchums* (a phrase signally and almost exclusively applicable to Sir S. Glynne) means to be much occupied in, and specially to devote much of one's conversation to, the subject of churches. . . . It is perhaps an attempted analogy from some illnesses, or bodily afflictions, as "to have the measles."

Died—Killing

These murderous metaphors are indicative of a very harmless meaning. They simply denote amusement. It is not denied that the original derivation of them is from the common English expression "dying of laughter," but in the Glynnese use it would be wholly alien from idiomatic

[1] Hon. George Neville, brother of Lady Glynne, the mother of Lady Lyttelton and Mrs. Gladstone.

propriety that any expression referring to actual laughter should be joined with these phrases: nor indeed do they necessarily imply laughter.

Examples from Mrs. Gladstone's letters to Lady Lyttelton:

"So George[1] was quite a dandy at your great dinner: killing."

"William this morning sang a tipsy song to amuse little Mary: I died."

The boldness of assertion in this last phrase, when used by a person in her usual health, has a curious effect.

A Face

This is a precise rendering of the Latin *umbra* in the sense of an uninvited, or self-invited, guest at a dinner. It is frequent with the Rev. Henry Glynne, who would say, "I went and dined at Hugh Cholmondeley's *as a face*."

Fragment

A curious expression used with extreme brevity by the Glynnese. In its special sense it means not merely, as in English, something unfinished, but something unintelligible and of which no account can be given. . . . When a certain Bishop was expected from abroad, and his arrival was long delayed, no one knowing anything about him, Lady Lyttelton said, "So the Bishop is a fragment," which the Author leaves to explain itself.

Good Heart

[Not in the Glossary; but its meaning may be gathered from what Lord Lyttelton says of "no heart" and "bad heart."]

In these expressions the heart is regarded only as the seat of courage or spirit, never as that of the softer feelings. "Such a bad heart" in English means a want of kindness or natural affection; in Glynnese always a want of enterprise or confidence.

Groutle

Appears to mean *rubbish:* what is worthless and may be used for very vile purposes.

[1] Lord Lyttelton, who was not exactly a smart man.

Grub

A very vulgar metaphor for which we appear to be indebted to the Dean of Windsor. The Slang-Dictionary and Epsom-Downs meaning of this word is food, luncheon carried in a basket; from which service that dignitary has attempted to elevate it to mean food for the mind, information, etc., but it has not reached a higher level than to mean "gossip," "news." So, if one of his nieces had been on an amusing visit, he might beseech her to come and sit close to him on the sofa, and say, "Now, my dear, grub, grub."

Grubous

A term perhaps derived from its own sound or aspect when written. It appears properly to mean *dingy, dirt-coloured, mud-and-water-like.* But custom seems mainly to confine its use to these appearances when produced by temporary indisposition.

High Gee

A pleasant colloquialism answering nearly to the English phrase "in full fling," or the like. It is used of any pursuit in which the individual referred to is earnestly and hopefully engaged. It is placed in close juxtaposition with the word denoting the pursuit, and the two together are used in the most violently abridged and anti-grammatical manner.

Example.—Mrs. Gladstone to her sister: "I went to the Palace to see Lady Lyttelton. Found her high-gee accounts."

Hydra

A word of similar meaning to "groutle," except that while "groutle" means necessarily rubbish, "hydra" means what is in disorder but deserves to be kept.

The ground of the expression is, of course, that papers, etc., require constant sorting and arranging to prevent their daily increase.

Local

This is a satirical expression indicating a derisive criticism of communications or remarks as limited too exclusively to subjects of narrow and paltry interest connected solely with the place where they may have occurred. The single word is

deemed equivalent to a complete sentence, and in fact to imply all the answer which the communication deserved.

EXAMPLE.—Fragment of a dialogue between Lord and Lady Lyttelton on the pier at Brighton.

Lord L.: "I dreamt last night that —— was to marry—— and that —— had got twins."

Lady L.: "Local!"

MAJOR

The use of the single Latin comparative "Major" as "break major" means merely a great or notable break. It seems to be remotely derived from the designations of boys in an Eton school list, or possibly from the name of the constellation *Ursa Major*.

MANNERS

This means behaviour, as in English, but with a difference. In English it is used generally as "the manners of the upper classes." In Glynnese it always means the habits of particular people in particular circumstances. So on arriving on a visit anywhere, a Glynnese would enquire, "What are *your manners* before luncheon here? Do you go out, or what?"

MAUKIN

The word *maukin*, which is in English an abbreviation of the word *mannikin*, and is often to be met with in familiar compositions like letters, meaning a small figure or effigy, such as Guy Fawkes on the 5th of November, means in Glynnese always a living person, and signifies an *unknown individual*, one discovered somewhere where his business is questionable, an unexpected apparition: and so is sometimes applied even to known persons in similar situations. . . . A sick person much exposed to the unexpected visits of friends and of strangers was pitied as being liable to a "succession of maukins" coming into his room.

MOTH

An old woman; almost always an old *lady*; such an one, when short, faded, somewhat dowdily dressed, and in sad-coloured garments, fragile-looking, of inexpressive countenance, dim-eyed, serious.

Niobe

An elegant classical similitude with the obvious meaning of a person dissolved in tears. The boldness, however, and originality of the language is vindicated in that this word is not used in the way of resemblance but of actual personification: "I was niobe." It is further to be remarked that, by the best authorities, as Mrs. Gladstone, this word is always written with a small *n*.

Phantod, and P.H.

Apparently a corruption of the English word *phantom*. The sense, however, is essentially different. It signifies generally "an imbecile person," "one incapable of serious and rational procedure." It is perhaps most frequently used of one who has *become* so by the lapse of time or by an unforeseen calamity. But it must be observed that this complete form is not much in use. The authorities generally substitute for it the expressive initial abbreviation "ph"; not, however, pronounced as one letter, as "f," but in two: "p," "h."

Pin-toed

This word is applied to children and means a child brought up too delicately; and so one not ready enough for hard games or the like. It is perhaps confined to little girls. Its etymology is still disputed among the learned. We do not see how any light is thrown upon it either by a reference to the Italian *pinto* or to any such idea as that the child so described can have *pins* instead of *toes*.

Pompé

This mysterious word, pronounced "pawmpy," is meant to be the French participle *pompé*, which signifies *pumped* or *pumped out*; and so in Glynnese is figuratively applied to mean "jaded" or "exhausted."

Powder of Post

The Author believes that this designation means some twaddling little compound, of domestic use, known to ladies, housekeepers and the like, but beneath his knowledge as a votary of philological science. It is applied among the Glynnese to an inadequate medical prescription or more

often to letters. A "powder-of-post letter" means a letter full of words but with small sense, and especially one which is so written *intentionally*.

EXAMPLE.—*Mrs. Gladstone:* "I sat down and wrote a powder-of-post letter to a tiresome woman who wanted to know all about William's vote on Maynooth."

REBOUND

The metaphor in this word is taken from the game of fives or the like. It always signifies an impression or opinion about A, which may be either person or thing, communicated by B to C. Further, it always means a *pleasant* impression or *favourable* opinion; and, moreover, such as B imparts to C without any intention that it should be repeated to A or the owner of A.

SAG AND TRAPES

These uncouth and barbarous monosyllables . . . describe forms of locomotion. *Sag*, which is both a verb and a substantive, is said of quadruped, *trapes*, which is a verb only, of biped, motion. . . . They both mean somewhat painful and toilsome, and mostly compulsory and unsatisfactory, locomotion. A *sag* means especially going uphill in a carriage. Every expedition with any of the ancient, skinny, legless, and windless horses which have for many years abounded in the Glynne, Gladstone, and Lyttelton families is a sure and grievous *sag*. On the other hand, Mrs. Gladstone will inform her sister, as an action of some merit, "I have been *trapesing through the mud* to my court."

TO SHOOT

This is, of course, a sporting or a military metaphor. . . . It means rapidly and suddenly to discover or hit upon, especially perhaps something at a little distance; from which definition a remote clue to its derivation may no doubt be gathered by the perspicacious reader. . . . The Dean, as an agreeable piece of intelligence, wrote in a letter: "Last night I shot the Bishop of London in a corner at the Queen's party."

TO SHOW ONE'S RING

The ground idea of this is of a rather vulgar and silly bride (compare Mrs. Major Waddell in "The Inheritance") who,

to show her promotion to the order of married ladies, loses no opportunity of obtruding her wedding-ring. Hence with admirable audacity it is applied to any act of vanity on the part of anyone of any age or sex.

Example.—Lady Lyttelton, with great complacency to her husband, "Who shows his ring about his eldest son's Latin?"

Sitting Tight, and Sitting Cross-legged

These phrases mean nearly, yet not quite, the same. Both mean sitting in expectation of some probable event. To *sit tight* is, however, to be in eager expectation of an event which is imminent but may fail. To *sit cross-legged* is to be in patient expectation of one pretty sure to happen, but may be delayed. Etymological considerations justify this view. To *sit tight* suggests the idea of a person who feels that any movement on his part might hinder the desired event; to *sit cross-legged* is the posture of composed or resigned expectation, especially of something unpleasant. A lady will *sit tight* when looking for an advantageous proposal for her daughter; she will *sit cross-legged* when awaiting a summons to the dentist.

The Use of the Latin Superlative

Among the forms of this language is the adoption of the Latin adjective superlative, in which it follows the rules of Latin in the single respect that it indicates excess. In all other points it sets rules at defiance with characteristic audacity, treating the adjective as indeclinable, knowing only one gender, and deriving an adjective superlative not only from English adjectives but from substantives or any other part of speech. Mrs. Gladstone, always pre-eminent in the boldest inroads on the established rules of language, once said, "I was niobissimus major"; perhaps an instance that in so short a space cannot be surpassed of the violation of grammatical laws.[1]

Take

An anomalous transformation of a verb into a noun. "My take" signifies "my particular way," "the course that I consider best."

[1] Lady Frederick in her Diary once speaks of a view as "beyond lovelyissimus major."

Than Which

Perhaps the strongest instance of ellipsis to be found in this highly elliptical language. Its use is confined to Lady Lyttelton, and is by her meant to indicate an extreme opinion of some sort or other about something she has just mentioned; but all the particulars of that opinion are left to conjecture, together with the grammatical complement of the phrase. As thus: "I have been half an hour teaching Albert to write: than which." . . . It is said in a tone of despairing good-humour, and with a sort of combined smile, sigh, and resigned shake of the head.

Twarly

This word appears to be limited in its usage to young children. It signifies "querulous," "peevish," "disposed to cry."

Ums

For this termination see under "Dayums."

Who's Who and What's What

A curious idiom, the use of which is confined to those versed in the higher forms of the language and chiefly to Mrs. Gladstone. On a quondam lover talking to her when surrounded by his children and in a scene of former ineffectual declarations to herself, she would say, "I thought who's who and what's what." . . . The difficulty of tracing the etymology of this expression will have been perceived. But it may proceed from such a strong sense of the change that has occurred in the person in question as causes a general bewilderment of faculties and universal suspicion of the identity of men and things.

A Witch

Means *half-dressed, en dishabille*, and is used in an adjective manner. It is never "I was like a witch," but "I was a witch." So Mrs. Gladstone, in a letter from Naples, "Seymour Neville came up and found me a witch."

APPENDIX B

LIST OF THE NICKNAMES, ABBREVIATED NAMES, AND INITIALS, OF PERSONS, PLACES, ETC., MOST OFTEN OCCURRING IN THE DIARY

ADÈLE.—Mademoiselle d'Henin, a family friend of the Cavendishes; daughter of an *émigré*.

AGGY.—Agnes Gladstone, daughter of Mr. Gladstone; married the Rev. Edward Wickham, Headmaster of Wellington, and subsequently Dean of Lincoln.

ALGYS, THE.—The Hon. Algernon Egerton, son of 1st Lord Ellesmere, and his wife Alice, daughter of Lord George Cavendish, uncle of Lord Frederick.

AUNT CAROLINE.—Lady Caroline Lascelles, daughter of the 6th Earl of Carlisle, and sister of Lord Frederick Cavendish's mother. She married the Hon. W. Lascelles, and her daughter Emma married Lord Edward Cavendish.

AUNT COQUE AND AUNT C.—The Hon. Caroline Lavinia Lyttelton, Lady Frederick's aunt.

AUNT EMMIE OR EMY.—Wife of the Hon. and Rev. William Lyttelton, Rector of Hagley.

AUNT FANNY.—Sister of the 7th Duke of Devonshire; married Frederick John Howard, grandson of the 5th Earl of Carlisle.

AUNT HENRIETTA.—Wife of Lady Frederick's uncle, the Hon. Spencer Lyttelton.

AUNT K. OR KITTY.—Not really an aunt, but a cousin. She was Catharine Pole-Carew, daughter of the Hon. Caroline Lyttelton, who married the Rt. Hon. Reginald Pole-Carew, of Antony, Cornwall.

AUNT LAVINIA.—The Hon. Lavinia Lyttelton, daughter of the 3rd Lord Lyttelton; married the Rev. Henry Glynne, Rector of Hawarden, and brother of Mrs. Gladstone.

AUNT LIZZY.—Lady Elizabeth Grey. She was a daughter of the 6th Earl of Carlisle, wife of the Hon. and Rev. Francis Grey, and sister of Lady Burlington, Lord Frederick's mother.

Aunt Mary.—Lady Taunton, sister of Lord Frederick's mother, Lady Burlington.

Aunt Wenlock.—Daughter of 2nd Lord Braybrooke and wife of 1st Lord Wenlock; great aunt of Lady Frederick.

Aunt Yaddy.—Adelaide Seymour, second wife of the 4th Earl Spencer and mother of the 6th.

Auntie Pussy, or A.P.—Mrs. Gladstone, sister of Lady Frederick's mother.

B.—Beatrice, daughter of Lady Caroline Lascelles ("Aunt Caroline"); afterwards wife of Archbishop Temple.

Bob, Bobby, etc.—Generally her brother, the Hon. Robert Lyttelton, who begins as "Bobby," but becomes "Bob"; but Bobby, later on, usually means her cousin, the Hon. Robert Spencer, who became 6th Earl Spencer in 1910.

Bobsey Meade.—The Hon. Robert Meade, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, son of the 3rd Earl of Clanwilliam; married, first, Lady Mary Elizabeth Lascelles, and, secondly, Caroline Georgina Grenfell, whose mother was a first cousin of Lord Frederick, and sister of Lady Edward Cavendish.

Charles.—Her eldest brother, afterwards 8th Viscount Cobham.

Charlotte.—Daughter of Frederick Seymour, wife of the 5th Earl Spencer, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

Constance.—Lord Frederick's cousin, Lady Constance Leveson-Gower, afterwards 1st Duchess of Westminster.

Coquitty, or Aunt Coquitty.—Her "Aunt Coque" and her cousin Miss Kitty Pole-Carew, who lived together after Sarah Lady Lyttelton's death.

Cousin Bick, or Bingy.—Beilby Lawley, 3rd Lord Wenlock.

Cousin, or C., Ebbet.—Lady Wenlock; wife of 2nd Baron. She was Lady Elizabeth Grosvenor, daughter of the 2nd Marquis of Westminster.

Cousin Jane.—*See* Cousin Jem.

Cousin Jem.—Right Hon. James Stuart-Wortley, who married Lady Frederick's cousin Jane, daughter of 1st Lord Wenlock. His sister was Mrs. Talbot, mother of John and Edward Talbot, who married Lady Frederick's sisters.

Di.—Diana Ellis, wife of Edward Coke, daughter of Lady Dover, Lord Frederick's aunt.

DISMAL JEMMY AND D.J.—Sir William Des Voeux, afterwards Governor of Hongkong.

EDDY.—Her brother-in-law Lord Edward Cavendish.

EDWARD.—Either her brother, afterwards Headmaster of Eton, or her brother-in-law, Edward Talbot, afterwards Bishop of Winchester.

EMMA.—Her sister-in-law Lady Edward Cavendish.

E.Q.—Eastern Question.

FRANK.—Admiral the Hon. Francis Egerton, husband of Lady Louisa Cavendish, Lord Frederick's sister.

FREDDIE HOWARD.—Son of Frederick Howard and Lady Fanny ("Aunt Fanny").

G. STREET.—10 Great George Street, Westminster, the London house of the Talbots.

GERTRUDE OR G.G.—Her first cousin, daughter of the Rev. Henry Glynne by his wife Lavinia, daughter of the 3rd Lord Lyttelton. She married the 2nd Lord Penrhyn.

GRANDE DAME.—Mrs. Gladstone; so called, I suppose, as a sort of feminine to Great Man.

GRANNY.—Lady Lyttelton, born Lady Sarah Spencer; Lady Frederick's grandmother.

GRAUNTCOQUE.—Her grandmother Sarah Lady Lyttelton, and her aunt the Hon. Caroline Lyttelton ("Aunt Coque").

GRAUNTCOQUITTY.—"Granny," and "Aunt Coque," and "Aunt Kitty": the Dowager Lady Lyttelton, the Hon. Caroline Lyttelton, and Miss Pole-Carew.

JOHN, JOHNNY, ETC.—Her brother-in-law John Talbot, husband of her eldest sister Meriel; afterwards M.P. and a Privy Councillor.

KATIE.—Katharine, daughter of the 2nd Lord Chesham; 2nd wife of the 1st Duke of Westminster.

LADY A.—Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury.

LENA (1).—Helen, youngest daughter of Mr. Gladstone.

LENA (2).—Caroline Georgina Grenfell, wife of the Hon. Robert Meade. Her mother was a daughter of Lady Caroline Lascelles, Lord Frederick's aunt.

LOU.—Her sister-in-law Lady Louisa Cavendish, who married Admiral the Hon. Francis Egerton, son of the 1st Earl of Ellesmere.

LOUEY.—Louisa Blanche Howard, daughter of "Aunt Fanny"; married Cecil Savile Foljambe, afterwards created Earl of Liverpool.

M.—Her sister Meriel, wife of the Rt. Hon. J. G. Talbot.

MARGARET.—Margaret Howard, daughter of Frederick John Howard by his wife Lady Fanny, sister of the 7th Duke of Devonshire. She married the Hon. Frederick Ponsonby, son of the 2nd Lord de Mauley.

MARY (1) OR MAZY.—Mary, daughter of Mr. Gladstone; afterwards Mrs. Drew.

MARY (2) OR "LITTLE MARY."—Daughter of the 2nd Lord Chesham; married the 8th Viscount Cobham, Lady Frederick's eldest brother.

MAY (1).—Her sister Mary.

MAY (2).—The Hon. Mary Lascelles, a Maid of Honour, daughter of Lady Caroline Lascelles, Lord Frederick's aunt.

NETTY.—Henrietta, daughter of the Rt. Hon. W. S. Lascelles and his wife "Aunt Caroline"; she married the 2nd Lord Chesham, and some of her children (including Mary, afterwards Viscountess Cobham, and Lady Frederick's sister-in-law) were born at Burlington House, Piccadilly, then the property of Lord Chesham.

NEVY.—Her brother Neville; now General the Hon. Sir Neville Lyttelton, G.C.B.

NEWMANY.—Nurse at Hagley.

P.D.S.—Public Day Schools for Girls.

P.M.W.—Parochial Mission Women.

RECTORS.—Her uncle the Rector of Hagley and his wife.

SAL OR SALKINS.—Her half-sister Sarah Kathleen, now the Hon. Mrs. John Bailey.

SISSY ASHLEY.—Sybella Charlotte, wife of the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, afterwards a well-known politician and writer, and father of Colonel Wilfrid Ashley, the present Minister of Transport. She was a daughter of Sir Walter Farquhar, Bt.

STEPHY.—Stephen Gladstone, Mr. Gladstone's second son.

TALLEE.—Lady Sarah Spencer, daughter of the 4th Earl Spencer, and first cousin of Lord Lyttelton, Lady Frederick's father.

UNCLE BILLY.—The Hon. and Rev. William Lyttelton, Lady Frederick's uncle.

UNCLE DICK.—Lord Richard Cavendish, uncle of Lord Frederick.

UNCLE FRITZ.—Frederick, 4th Earl Spencer, Lady Frederick's great-uncle.

UNCLE HENRY.—The Rev. Henry Glynne, Rector of Hawarden, brother of Lady Lyttelton and Mrs. Gladstone; married the Hon. Lavinia Lyttelton, Lady Frederick's aunt.

UNCLE RICHARD.—Lord Richard Cavendish, uncle of Lord Frederick.

UNCLE SPENCER.—The Hon. Spencer Lyttelton, brother of Lord Lyttelton.

UNCLE STEPHEN.—Sir Stephen Glynne, Bt., brother of Lady Lyttelton and Mrs. Gladstone.

UNCLE WILLIAM.—Mr. Gladstone.

VA OR VAY.—Lady Frederick's cousin, Lady Victoria Spencer, afterwards Viscountess Sandhurst.

VICTOR.—The present Duke of Devonshire.

WILLIAM.—Elder son of Lady Louisa Egerton.

WILLY.—W. H. Gladstone, Mr. Gladstone's eldest son.

WIN OR WINNY.—Lady Frederick's sister Lavinia, afterwards wife of Edward Talbot, Bishop of Winchester.

APPENDIX C

LADY FREDERICK CAVENDISH: A NOTE ON HER EARLY LIFE

By Her Sister Lavinia

My sister Meriel's marriage in July 1860 made a great change at Hagley, and for four years Lucy reigned in Meriel's place. She was close on nineteen then, and so pretty and lively, very slight, with an expressive, "mobile" face, which never changed in outline though she became rather stout soon after thirty. It was a face few forgot, even if seldom seen, and I always loved it. She was gifted in several ways, knew any amount of poetry by heart, and wrote little poems herself. And she could draw rather clever little nonsense things of ridiculous "situations," but she never learnt drawing properly. Hers, too, was a fine power of expression in writing; in all her many letters from fifteen years old you seldom or never find an awkward phrasing or an ill-spent word or a wordy dull style. She had, perhaps, a portion of my father's scholarship, though not, I need not say, as a classical student, but in love of language and style. She was very fond of the French language and freely used it, as my grandmother did, and she was a mistress of "Glynnese," delighting in it keenly.

Religion was everything to her, and from my father she assimilated, with depth of conviction, the quiet but most enthusiastic Tractarian love of the Church of England and its worship. She loved all Matins and Evensong, and rarely failed in attending one or the other daily if possible. Her beautiful reverence for, and devotion to, the Holy Communion were striking and impressive to us children, and always.

Lucy had a great influence over me, and when I was confirmed it was from her that I gained the most on the spiritual and deepest aspects of Confirmation. She took infinite pains in the holidays with six out of the eight brothers from Cambridge and school, arranging readings aloud, French lessons, and even dancing.

For May (my sister next to me) and myself, I think we both delighted in much that she did for us. She brightened

up our rather monotonous schoolroom life by often coming to tea and telling us with much vivacity and many jokes of any visit she had been on with my father or alone, and any interesting or amusing grown-up incidents. And then her readings aloud were charming, and our rides with her. These last were a little clouded by Lucy's love of capping verses with us, or exacting from us little horrid rhymes. She was a fearless rider, and sat well without the third pummel, but her hand was not good. The house felt dull and quiet without her, but at times we were rather restive under a rather impatient rule, and she was often put out with us. Girls in early teens are mostly rather unattractive and often a little morbid. She excelled more with the boys, and perhaps specially with Edward and Alfred whose first nine years of life she had so much to do with, and with whom she was excellent to the last degree, controlling any impatience and irritation. Her great love of teaching and delightful playful ways in the lesson-time made her so loved by the "little boys." I know how gratefully Alfred, in grown-up days, spoke of Lucy's teaching of the Bible and of what the Church meant and should be to them. When he became aware of his dangerous condition in his last illness, it was Lucy he asked might be sent for to come to him, sure of the deeply spiritual comfort and inspiration she would bring him.

It is curious to remember how much and how often, before she married, she referred to having children of her own, and the many plans she had for them; and sad to think that, after all, the great joy and privilege of having children should not have been hers. In spite of the profound lifelong sorrow over her husband's tragic murder, I should say with certainty that the most poignant, deepest sorrow of all was her childlessness. If it had been that she had had boys and girls of her own, I think a defect in her would have become less marked; for there was a defect in a certain absence of getting really to know those about her. She was so animated, so full of ideas cherished and thought out, and she was so good a talker, that she was not equally perceptive and discerning in "taking in" or understanding the real nature and individual tendencies and ways of others. One felt that she would be surprised and shocked if she knew of difficulties and thoughts with which she was not much conversant; and perhaps her vivid wish to pass on to you what she had thrashed out for herself or gathered from books and life prevented her from giving the time and deep attention to find out similar things in others. And she had,

besides, a curious inability to remember or take in people she did not know or see, however much they were spoken of. So, friends of brothers and sisters, for instance, would remain almost unknown to her, as she rarely made them out as some would have. But take her all round, I think Lucy's character was the noblest and most beautiful I have known. Her bearing on her husband's death, the wonderful spirit in which she faced the furnace of suffering and weakness for ten years, her deep love for us all, her interest in great things, her self-discipline and deep inner life of devotion, her never-failing loyalty to relations and friends, and to the very end with the sparkle of wit and fun,—all this and more stands out before me as I write and as I look back over all she was to me from the early days of my girlhood, so blessed by her presence and example.

APPENDIX D

TABLE I.—THE LYTTELTON FAMILY

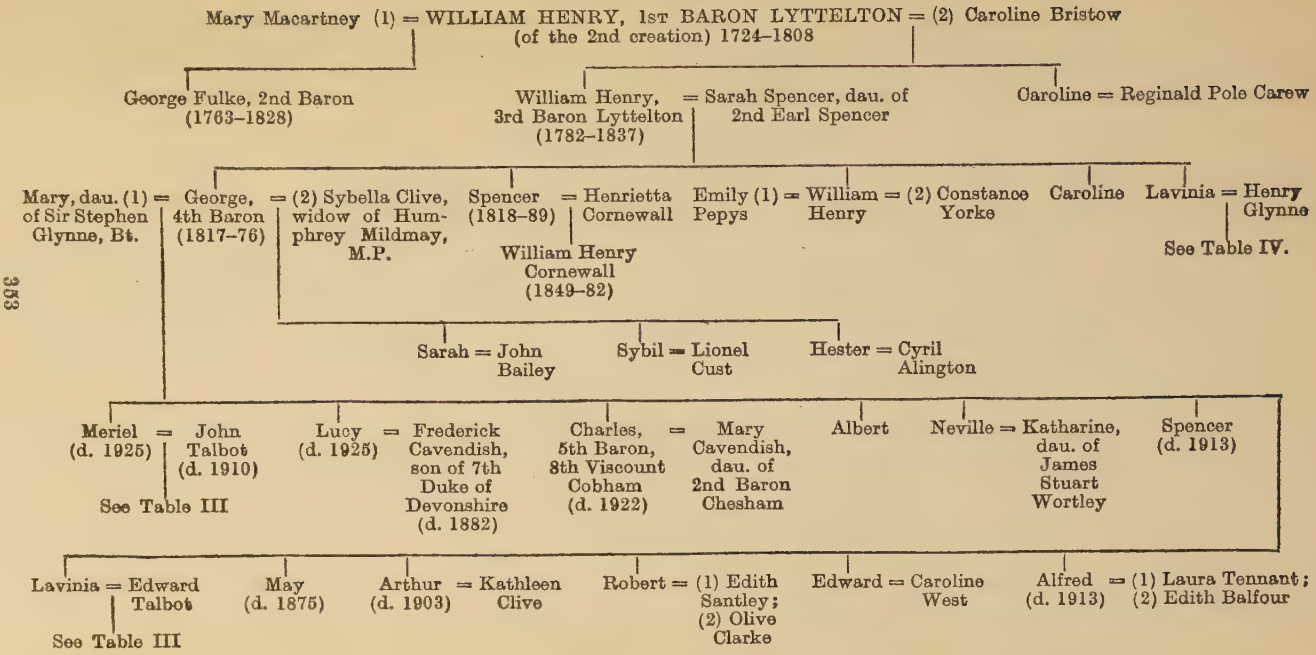
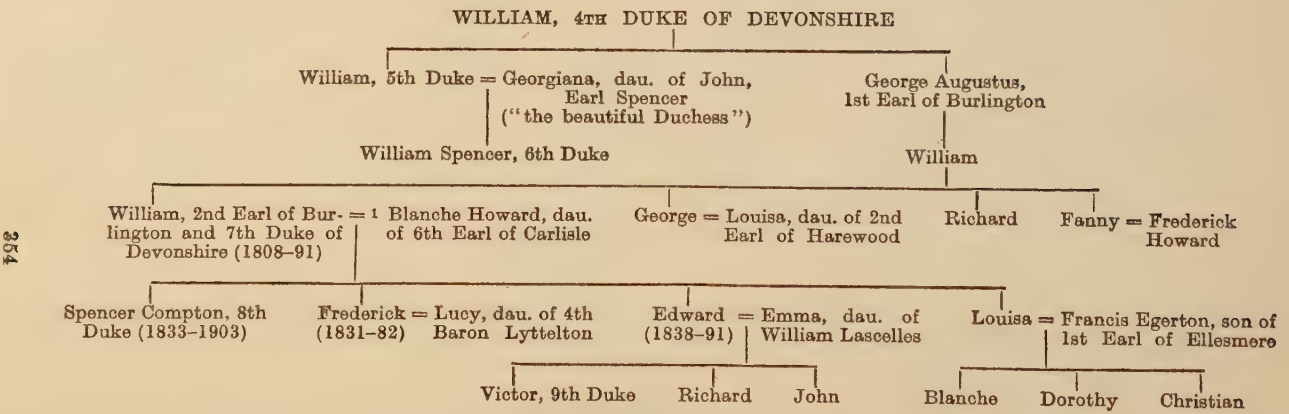

Mary Macartney (1) = WILLIAM HENRY, 1st BARON LYTTELTON (of the 2nd creation) 1724–1808 = (2) Caroline Bristow
George Fulke, 2nd Baron (1763–1828)
William Henry, 3rd Baron Lyttelton (1782–1837)
= Sarah Spencer, dau. of 2nd Earl Spencer
Caroline = Reginald Pole Carew
Mary, dau. of Sir Stephen Glynne, Bt. (1)
George, 4th Baron (1817–76)
= (2) Sybella Clive, widow of Humphrey Mildmay, M.P.
Spencer (1818–89)
= Henrietta Cornewall
William Henry Cornewall (1849–82)
Emily (1) = William Henry
= (2) Constance Yorke
Caroline
Lavinia = Henry Glynne
See Table IV.
Sarah = John Bailey
Sybil = Lionel Cust
Hester = Cyril Alington
Meriel (d. 1925) = John Talbot (d. 1910)
See Table III
Lucy (d. 1925) = Frederick Cavendish, son of 7th Duke of Devonshire (d. 1882)
Charles, 5th Baron, 8th Viscount Cobham (d. 1922) = Mary Cavendish, dau. of 2nd Baron Chesham
Albert
Neville = Katharine, dau. of James Stuart Wortley
Spencer (d. 1913)
Lavinia = Edward Talbot
See Table III
May (d. 1875)
Arthur (d. 1903) = Kathleen Clive
Robert = (1) Edith Santley; (2) Olive Clarke
Edward = Caroline West
Alfred (d. 1913) = (1) Laura Tennant; (2) Edith Balfour

TABLE II.—THE CAVENDISH FAMILY



1 This lady, Lord Frederick's mother, died before her husband succeeded to the Dukedom and is spoken of in the Diary as Lady Burlington. Her brothers and sisters, who are mentioned often in the Diary, were: (1) the 7th Earl of Carlisle, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland between 1859 and 1864; (2) Edward Granville Howard, Lord Lanerton; (3) Charles Wentworth Howard, father of George, 9th Earl of Carlisle; (4) Caroline, married W. S. Lascelles, mother of Lady Edward Cavendish; (5) Georgiana, married 1st Lord Dover; (6) Harriet, married 2nd Duke of Sutherland; (7) Elizabeth, married Hon. and Rev. Francis Grey; (8) Mary, married Henry Labouchere, Lord Taunton.

TABLE III.—THE TALBOT FAMILY

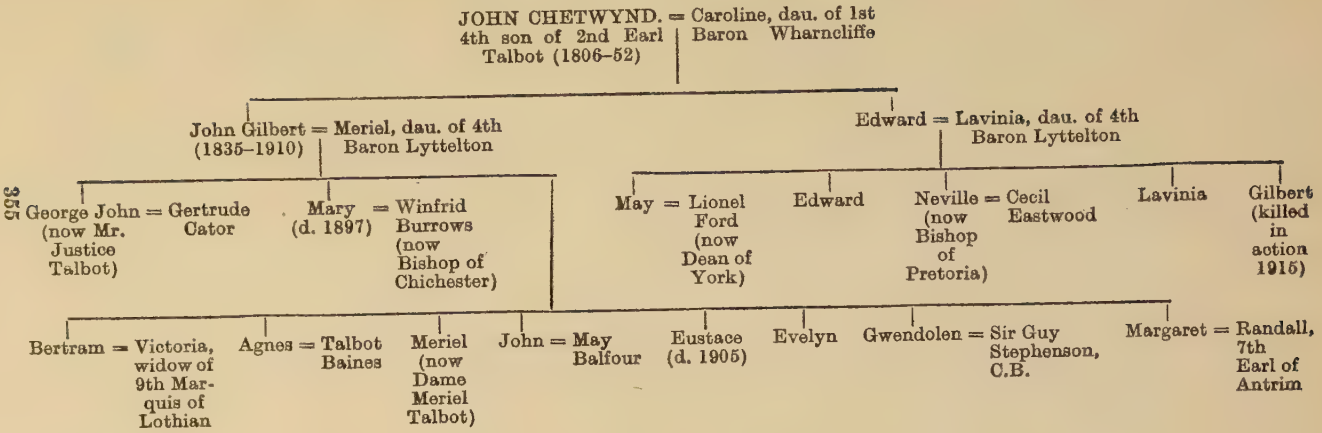
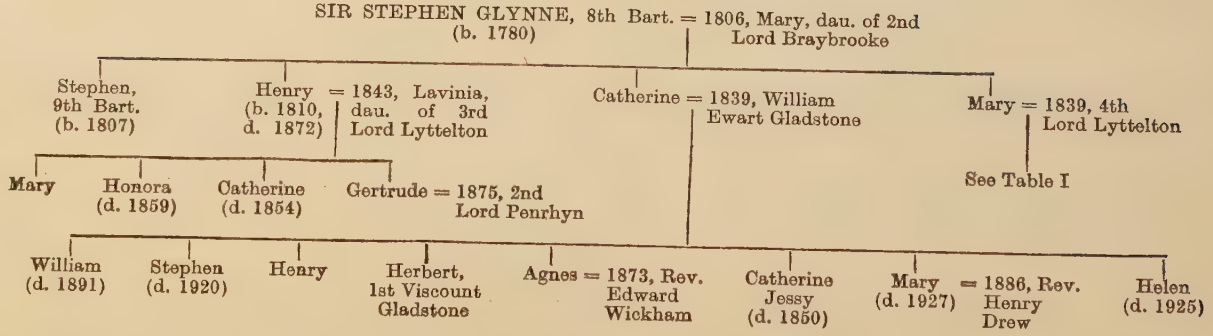


Table IV.—THE GLYNNES AND GLADSTONES



INDEX

A

Adderley, Sir Charles (afterwards Lord Norton), I. 65
Aix-les-Bains, visited by Ld. and Ly. F. C., II. 216, 233–4
Althorp, house of the Spencers, visited by Ly. F. C., I. 61, 124–6, 154
Amberley, Lord, I. 167, 168, 169, 202, 242, 275, 276.—II. 9
Antony, visited by Ly. F. C., I. 76–7, 181
Argyll, the Duke and Duchess of, I. 115, 140, 141, 151, 152, 161–2, 165, 209, 211, 216, 251, 262, 271.—II. 27, 91, 152, 218–20, 232, 242, 277, 322
Arnold, Matthew, visits Hagley, I. 37, 42
  Ly. F. C. meets, II. 242, 282
Ashridge, house of Lady Marion Alford, Ly. F. C. goes to a "Breakfast" at, I. 66, 99–100
d'Aumale, Duc and Duchesse, I. 184

B

Bailey, John, brother-in-law of Ly. F. C., I. v
  his reasons for publishing her Diaries, vi
  his first meeting with Ly. F. C., xxi
  his admiration of her, xxiii
Bailey, Mrs. John, half-sister of Ly. F. C., II. 81, 136, 160, 225
Banting, Mr., I. 175, 231
Battle Abbey, visited by Ld. and Ly. F. C., II. 214–6, 282
Bernhardt, Sarah, II. 235
Betteshanger, visited by Ld. and Ly. F. C., II. 135
Bex, visited by Ld. and Ly. F. C., II. 217
Bolton (Abbey), Yorkshire home of the Duke of Devonshire, visited by Ld. and Ly. F. C. on their honeymoon, I. 222–4
  shooting parties at, 231–2, 275–6, 281–3.—II. 17, 88–9, 110–1, 136–7, 191–2, 198, 211–2, 263, 291
Bowater, Miss (afterwards Lady Knightley of Fawsley), I. 197–8
Bradlaugh controversy, II. 263, 286, 291, 298–9
Brides-les-Bains, visited by Ld. and Ly. F. C., II. 234
Bright, John, II. 9, 19, 33, 67, 155, 161, 217, 229, 273
Brighton, visited by Ld. and Ly. F. C., I. 52, 113–4
Bryce, James (afterwards Viscount), xv
Burlington, Countess of (mother of Ld. F. C.), I. 211
Burne-Jones, Sir Edward, II. 242

C

Cambridge, H.R.H. the Duke of, visits Chatsworth, II. 187
Carlyle, Thomas, I. 301.—II. 281
Castle Howard, visited by Ld. and Ly. F. C., I. 288–9.—II. 198–9
Cavendish, Lady Frederick (formerly Lucy Caroline Lyttelton)
  Vol. I:
    expresses her intention of leaving her Diaries to John Bailey, v
    extent of her Diaries, vi

Cavendish, Lady Frederick: Vol. I—*continued*
her life divided into three periods, vi
biographical details of, vi, 3, 5
her love for Hagley, vii
death of her mother, viii, 41, 57
becomes Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria, viii, ix, 133
her engagement and marriage to Lord Frederick Cavendish, ix, 173–4, 210–1, 221
her relations with her husband's family, x, 222, 235–6
her political views and activities, xi, xiv, xv, 115, 225, 229, 238, 256, 261.—II. 55
sketch of her life after her husband's death, xiv–xx
her interest in Armenia, xv, and in South Africa, xv, xvi
the Church her greatest interest, xvii–xix, xxviii, xxix
her womanliness and strong affections, xix–xxi
notes on her character by her niece, Lady Stephenson, xxiv–xxxi
her own account of her early years, 4–17
her sister Lavinia's account of same, II. 350–2 (Appendix C)
description of her nursery, 5–6; of various governesses, 7–12
her vision of eternity, 13
description of her home life at Hagley, 14–17
goes to a Children's Ball at Buckingham Palace, 25–6, 31–3
goes to the distribution of medals after the Crimean War, 27
her opinions on Shakespeare's plays, 29
goes to Fanny Kemble's reading of "King Lear," 33; and to "The Winter's Tale," 34
describes the illuminations in honour of peace after the Crimean War, 34–6
gives list of some of her studies, 36
her dislike of Matthew Arnold, 37.—II. 282
goes to debate on China question in House of Commons, 49
visits Oxford, 50–1; Falconhurst, 52–6
her Confirmation, 55–6
her "coming out," 65
attends a Consecration Service at Westminster Abbey, 69
records first message received by Atlantic telegraph, 71
goes for a round of visits, 72–8
attends her first ball at Stourbridge, 79; in London, 84
sees "Henry V" acted, 84
goes to the opera, 85; Christy's Minstrels, 86
goes to the "4th June" at Eton, 86
attends the opening of Parliament, 87
is presented at Court, 89–90
her enthusiasm over her first concert, 91
goes to her first Buckingham Palace ball, 95–6
dances with the Comte de Paris, 97, 98, 99
goes to the Eton *v.* Harrow match at Lord's, 97, 99
goes to a "Breakfast" at Ashridge, 99–100
takes her sister's place as mistress of Hagley, 105
her impressions of the Royal Academy, 1862, 106
meets eminent men at various "Breakfasts," 107
stays at Brighton, 113–4
goes to ball at Carlton House Terrace, 113
attends debate on Budget at House of Commons, 115
expresses her delight at witnessing the German actor Fechter in "Hamlet," 117
reviews the past year on December 31st, 1861, 121
visits Newnham Paddox (Lord Denbigh), 122–4; and Althorp, 124–6

Cavendish, Lady Frederick: Vol. I—*continued*
her doings in London, 127–30
visits Cambridge with her father, 133, 137–9
goes to the University Match at Lord's, 143
visits Worcester, 144–5; the Lakes, 147–8; Brougham, 148; Hawarden, 148–50; Chatsworth, 150–2
is present at the wedding of the Prince of Wales, 155–7
goes to House of Commons to hear Gladstone's speech on income taxing charities, 158–9
visits Cliveden, 161–2; Oxford, 162–4
is presented to the Prince of Wales, 164
is offered and accepts the post of Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria, 165
goes to the Guards' Ball, 166
goes to various balls and parties, 166–70
visits Hereford, 176
enters upon her duties as Maid of Honour, 177–80
acts as hostess at the festivities in connection with her eldest brother's coming-of-age, 184–90
visits to Witley, 191; Chatsworth, 192–3; Hawarden, 193
has an argument with Lord Frederick Cavendish on the Church, 192, 248
hears the "Messiah" at Birmingham, 195
goes to Osborne in attendance on the Queen, 196–201
dines with the Queen for the first time, 200
meets Dickens and Landseer, 202
is on duty at a Drawing-room, 205
hears the Budget, 1864, 207
goes to Windsor in attendance on the Queen, 209–10
announcement of her engagement to Lord Frederick Cavendish, 210–11
on duty with the Queen at Osborne, 212
is visited by Ld. F. C. at Osborne, 213
receives many wedding presents, 215
attends the Queen's second Court, 215–6
goes to Windsor in attendance on the Queen, 216–7
is sent for by the Queen to say "good-bye," 217
goes to a family dinner party at Devonshire House, 217–8
her last day at Hagley before her marriage, 219
lunches at Devonshire House, 220
rides in a donkey-cart, 221
goes to the Temple Church with her father on the last Sunday before her marriage, 221
her wedding in Westminster Abbey, 221
her honeymoon at Chiswick, 222; at Bolton Abbey, 222–4; Devonshire House, 224
journeys to Brussels, Germany, and Switzerland, 224–9
is given a great reception at Hagley on her return with her husband, 229; and a similar one at his home at Holker, 230–1
goes to Bolton for the shooting, 231–2
settles down in her new London home at 11, Carlton House Terrace, 238, 262
her life divided between politics, society, and good works, 239
visits Holker, Hardwick, and Chatsworth, 241–8
a trip to Barrow, 242
decides to buy 11, Carlton House Terrace, 248
spends Christmas at Hagley, 248–9
stays at Holker, 250–1

Cavendish, Lady Frederick: Vol. I—*continued*
visit to Latimer, 252
becomes member of Ladies' Diocesan Association, 252
begins her work in connection with the Parochial Mission Women Institution, 253
attends ball at Marlborough House, 254
goes to House of Commons, 254
chooses a brougham, 255
decides to take sittings at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, 256
visits Lismore, the Duke of Devonshire's Irish home, 257–60
experiences household worries, 263
is presented on her marriage, 263
visits the *Great Eastern* to see the transatlantic cable, 267
gives her first real dinner party, 270
hears "Israel in Egypt" at the Crystal Palace, 274
goes for a picnic to St. George's Hill, Weybridge, 274
visits Bolton, 275–6
visits Hagley, 279; Holker, 281; Bolton, 281–3; Holker again, 283–7
attends Lady Louisa Cavendish's wedding to Captain Frank Egerton, R.N., 285–6
goes to Barrow, 287
visits Hardwick, 287–8; Castle Howard, 288–9; Chatsworth, 290–2
goes to House of Commons to hear her husband move the Address, 297
goes to House of Commons to hear Gladstone speak, 299–300
does much charitable work, 298–300
goes to Marlborough House Ball, 301
visits H.M.S. *Victory*, 305–6.—II. 12, 36–7
Vol. II:
visits Hagley and Chatsworth, II. 7–8
visits Holker and Hardwick, 17–18; Chatsworth, 18–21
has difficulties with her maids, 18, 20, 24, 86
visits Speaker Denison at Ossington, 21
visits Hickleton, 21–2; Holker, 22–4
does much charitable work, 25
goes to House of Commons to hear Gladstone speak on Suffrage, 27
goes to St. Paul's Cathedral for first time, 28
is at House of Commons with Mrs. Gladstone when Gladstone's amendment defeated, 30–1
visits Hagley, 31
her joy at receiving £100 from Lord Hartington for her charities, 31
narrowly escapes a bad riding accident, 35–6
goes to the Zoo and the "Lady of Lyons" with her husband, 37; and to Greenwich, 38
visits Holker, 38–9
plays cricket at Hagley, 39
sets forth with Lord F. C. on tour to Paris, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, Marseilles, 40–5
has a private interview with Pope Pio Nono, 44
attends High Mass at St. Peter's, 45
wonders how the Queen will "take" Disraeli's becoming Prime Minister, 46
goes to see the Queen lay first stone of St. Thomas's Hospital, 49
visits Templenewsam, 50–1
dances with the Prince of Wales in Leeds Town Hall, 50–1
invited to become Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, but declines the honour, 57
goes with Beatrice Lascelles to Brussels, Ems, and Aachen, 60–1

Cavendish, Lady Frederick: Vol. II—*continued*
sees the King of Prussia, 61
returns to Holker, 61–2–3
goes to election meetings with her husband and Lord Hartington, 63–4
goes on underground railway for first time, 67
stays at Windsor for three days, 68–70
goes to Chatsworth, 71–2; Kissingen, 75–6; back to Chatsworth, 76–8
stays at Holker, 78–9
her opinion on Dickens, 82; on the Education Bill, 83
stays at Fox Warren, 87
goes to Bolton, 88–9
stays at Longford, 89–90
visits Keighley, 90; Saltaire, 92
her opinion of the French, 94; on the state of Ireland, 96
visits Keble College, Oxford, 98–9
describes the fighting in Paris, 98–9
visits Chatsworth, 99–100
goes to Lord's for the Eton *v.* Harrow match, 102
goes to Bolton for the shooting, 110–11; then to Holker for a sale of shorthorns, 111
describes service at Lismore, 112
visits Hagley, 112–3
describes her visit to the West Indies with her husband, 113–25
goes to tea at Buckingham Palace to meet the German Empress, 132
breakfasts with the Gladstones to meet the King of the Belgians, 133
goes to Bolton for the shooting, 136–7
stays at Holker, 137–40
her views on the Athanasian Creed, 138–9
acts as châtelaine at Chatsworth, 140
sees Irving act in "Charles I," 141
goes to Chatsworth to prepare for the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, 143
expresses her dislike of the Burials Bill, 147–9, 152–3
goes to House of Commons for debate on Irish University Bill, 150–1
her opinion on the Albert Memorial, 153
stays at the Bishop's Palace at Chichester, 154; and at Cassiobury, 155
enjoys her visit to Hatfield, 155–7
goes to functions given in honour of the Shah of Persia, 157–8
sees "Marie Antoinette" at Drury Lane, 159
Gladstone and Bright both dine with her, 161
climbs the Wrekin, 162–3
spends day at Eton with her brothers Edward and Alfred, 163
stays at Holker, 164–5
launches the *Duke of Buccleuch* at Barrow, 164
goes to Bradford to help with her husband's election, 166–8
stays at Holker, 173–4
crosses the Border for the first time, 174
stays at Glasgow, Inverary, and Dunrobin, 174–6
goes to house party at Chatsworth, 185–7
is at Hagley during her sister May's last illness, 189
goes to Eton *v.* Winchester and Eton *v.* Harrow matches, 190–1
is thrown from her horse at Holker, 192
opens Bradford Girls' Grammar School, 192

Cavendish, Lady Frederick : Vol. II—*continued*
goes to Hawarden to welcome the newly married Mr. and Hon. Mrs. W. A. Gladstone, 192–3
stays at Chatsworth, 193–4
while at Lismore hears of her father's death, 195–6
visits her brother Arthur, a curate at Reading, 200–1
visits her brother Alfred at Cambridge, 201–2
explains the different views of Gladstone and Lord Hartington on the Eastern Question, 203–4
visits Wellington College, 205
goes to House of Commons to hear Gladstone's speech on the Eastern Question, 205–7
spends a pleasant week at Chatsworth, 208
makes a speech at Public Day School for Girls' Meeting, 210
goes to garden party at Marlborough House, 211
goes to Bradford for the opening of the new Liberal Club, 211–2
spends Christmas at San Remo, 212–3
her opinion of the state of religion in France, 213
stays at Battle Abbey, where Ld. F. first uses the telephone, 214–6
discusses the constitutional rights of the Queen with Lord Carnarvon, 215–6
visits Aix-les-Bains with Ld. F., who is not well, 216–7
gives a dinner party at which the Duchess of Argyll is taken ill and dies at 3.30 a.m., 218–20
describes Disraeli's triumphant return from Berlin, 221
gives an account of the quarrel between Lords Derby and Salisbury, 221–2
is shown round Saltaire Schools by Sir Titus Salt, 223–4
goes to her brother Charles's wedding, 224–5
stays at Highclere and Longleat, 225–7 ; at Chatsworth, 228 ; at Hawarden, 229
is present at the marriage of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, 230–1
visits Aix and Brides-les-Bains, 233–5
goes to a ball at Spencer House, 235
goes to Royal Academy to see Millais' picture of Gladstone, 236
visits Lord Hartington at Hardwick, 236–7 ; and Edward Talbot and her sister Lavinia at Keble College, Oxford, 237–9
visits Lady Margaret Hall, then just founded, 239
visits Chatsworth, Wentworth, and Hawarden, 239–41
goes on electioneering tour with her husband through the West Riding of Yorkshire, 244–7
discusses the question of the leadership of the Liberal Party, 248–51, 261–2
discusses the newly formed Government, 252–4
goes to the Passion Play at Oberammergau, 252–4
her truly Christ-like bearing on her husband's death, 267–8
visits Hawarden, 271–3 ; Latimer, 274 ; Keble College, 274
invited with Ld. F. to dine and sleep at Windsor, 274–5
goes to House of Lords, 277
describes the "debate" in the House of Commons on leave to bring in the Coercion Bill, 277–80
stays at Battle Abbey, 282
discusses Gladstone's character with Mr. Cowper, 285–6
discusses Revised Version of the Bible with Gladstone, 287
stays at Sunninghill, 288–9 ; at Rickmansworth, 289–90
visits Keighley, 291
visit to Middlesbrough for its jubilee, 292 ; and to Leeds for receptions in honour of Gladstone, 292–4

Cavendish, Lady Frederick: Vol. II—*continued*
visits Hawarden, 294–7
describes Richmond's painting of Gladstone, 299
discusses Gladstone with Froude, 300
hears the St. Matthew Passion Music at St. Paul's, 301
visits Sir Fowell Buxton at Warlies, 303–4
tries to be glad about Ld. F.'s appointment as Chief Secretary for Ireland, 305–7
goes to see Lady Spencer about her future duties as Chief Secretary's wife, 312
receives many congratulations on the appointment, 315
goes to see Mrs. Forster (wife of the retiring Chief Secretary) about her duties, 316–7
spends the evening quietly at home with her sister Meriel till 11.30, 317
at about 12 her sister-in-law, Louisa Egerton, breaks the news to her of her husband's murder in Dublin, 318
Gladstone comes almost immediately, and is her greatest comfort, 318–20
goes to Chatsworth for the funeral, 322–4
talks with her husband's friends about him, 325–6
sees her husband's old nurse, 326–7
talks with Gladstone about him, 328
her marvellous faith in God, 332
Cavendish, Lady Louisa, sister-in-law of Lady F. C., I. x, xvi, 151, 152, 153, 193, 209, 210, 211, 215, 220, 231, 236, 257–60, 274, 279, 305.—II. 317, 318
her marriage to Admiral Hon. Francis Egerton, I. xiv, 277, 285–6
Cavendish, Lord Edward, younger brother of Ld. F., I. x, 210, 220, 236, 268, 278.—II. 64, 247, 255, 322
his marriage to Miss Emma Lascelles, I. xiv, 193, 266, 280
Cavendish, Lord Frederick, second son of seventh Duke of Devonshire, I. 151, 153, 161, 168, 169, 192–3, 206, 207, 208, 216
Vol. I:
his political views and Parliamentary career, xi, xii, 276–7.—II. 107, 161
his engagement and marriage to Hon. Lucy Lyttelton, ix, 173–4, 209–11, 221
visits his future wife at Osborne, 213
does much shopping with her, 215
visits Hagley, 218–9
is returned to Parliament unopposed for W. Riding of Yorkshire, xi, 238, 276
moves the Address, 238, 295, 297
speaks at Reform Meeting at Leeds, 303
Vol. II:
his views on Irish affairs, II. 45
speaks on cumulative votes for election of school boards, 86
begins his official career, 107
opposed in his constituency for first time, 107
goes for trip to West Indies, 113–25
becomes Gladstone's Private Secretary, 135
offered position of "Whip," but declines, 161
becomes a Lord of the Treasury, 161–2
is re-elected for W. Riding, 166–8
redrafts Gladstone's "Resolutions" on the Eastern Question, 205, 208
is returned again for W. Riding, 247

Cavendish, Lord Frederick, Vol. II—*continued*
becomes Financial Secretary to the Treasury, 251
is Gladstone's right-hand man, 262–3
various opinions on his nobility of character, 268–70
talks over Irish affairs with Gladstone, 272–3
dissuades Gladstone from resigning, 262, 295–7
reluctantly accepts Chief Secretaryship of Ireland, 305–7
is still very disturbed about his Irish appointment, 310
asks Sir George Young to be his private secretary, 313
leaves for Ireland, 314
his death, Ly. F. C.'s account, 318–29 ; Mrs. John Talbot's account, 330–2
Cavendish, Mary, daughter of Lord Chesham and wife of Lord Cobham, I. 295
Chatsworth, Ly. F. C. visits, I. 192–3, 267–8, 277–9, 290–2.—II. 8, 18–21, 64–5, 71–2, 76–8, 82, 91–2, 99–100, 140–1, 185–7, 189–90, 208–9, 239–40, 322–4
Churchill, Lady, I. 175, 198, 199.—II. 36, 68
Clarence, H.R.H. the Duke of, I. 196, 198, 216
Clarendon, Earl of, his interview with Pope Pio Nono, II. 48–9
Clive, Kathleen, marries Arthur Lyttelton, afterwards Bishop of Southampton, I. xiii.—II. 256
Clive, Sybella Harriet, marries (1) Humphrey Mildmay, M.P., (2) fourth Lord Lyttelton, I. xiii.—II. 57, 71, 72
received by Queen Victoria, II. 73
birth of her first child, II. 81
her bravery at the death of her husband, II. 196–7
Cobham, Viscount, eldest brother of Ly. F. C. See Lyttelton, Charles.
Condé, Prince de, I. 184.—II. 11
Coniston, visited by Ly. F. C., I. 147–8
Connaught, H.R.H. the Duke of, I. 25–6, 32, 175, 178, 180.—II. 230–1
Consort, the Prince, I. 25
death of, I. 107, 119, 194
Coutts, Miss Burdett- (afterwards Baroness), I. 115, 161.—II. 73
Crimean War, charges of the Heavy and Light Brigades, I. 24
distribution of medals after, 27
fall of Sebastopol, 28

D

Denbigh, Lord, I. 122 *n.*, 123
Derby, Ly. F. C. held up at, I. 191–2
Devonshire, seventh Duke of, I. x, xi, 133, 138, 151, 193, 210, 211, 220, 235, 241, 254, 258, 277, 279, 281, 285–6, 297.—II. 29, 48, 90, 191, 308, 322–3
Dickens, Charles, I. 201–2.—II. 80, 82
Disraeli, Benjamin (Earl of Beaconsfield), I. 24
descriptions of, II. 210, 231
Drew, Mrs. (Mary Gladstone, cousin of Ly. F. C.), I. xxii, 268.—II. 106, 151
letter from Ly. F. C. to, II. 267
Dufferin, Marquess and Marchioness of, I. 162, 292, 297.—II. 97, 228

E

Egerton, Captain Frank, his engagement and marriage to Lady Louisa Cavendish, I. xiv, 277, 285–6
Egerton, Lady Louisa. See Cavendish, Lady Louisa.

Egypt, Viceroy of, I. 140, 141.—II. 36
Ely, Marchioness of, I. 177, 178, 179, 180, 205, 255.—II. 275
Ems, visited by Ly. F. C., II. 61
Escrick, home of Lady Wenlock, visited by Ly. F. C., I. 65, 74–5.—II. 16
Eton, visited by Ly. F. C. on 4th June, 1859, I. 86
again visited by Ly. F. C., II. 163

F

Falconhurst, home of the Talbots, visited by Ly. F. C., I. 52–6, 90, 170; and by Ld. F. C., I. 221.—II. 36, 160, 228
Forster, Rt. Hon. W. E. and Mrs., II. 87–8, 135, 151, 188, 272–3, 302, 304–5, 307, 313, 316–7
Franco-Prussian War, II. 55–6, 88–96
Fryston, home of Lord Houghton, visited by Ld. and Ly. F. C., I. 289–90

G

Garfield, President, death of, II. 292
Garibaldi, I. 207, 208
Gladstone, William Ewart, "Uncle William," I. xi
Vol. I:
his opinion of Lord F. C.'s character, xii
Ly. F. C.'s enthusiasm for, 18, 23
visits Ionian Isles, 78
takes office as Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Palmerston, 92
speaks in favour of Budget, 1861, 115
gets a mixed reception at Cambridge, 138
speaks at opening of House of Charity, 141
his speech on income taxing charities, 158–9
proposes Lord Lyttelton's health, 186–7
declares himself in favour of universal suffrage, 218
loses election at Oxford, 1865, 278
speaks on grant of money to Princess Helena on her marriage, 299–300
moves second reading of Reform Bill, 1866, 303, 305
Vol. II:
is cheered by crowds after fall of Liberal Ministry, 1866, 11
his opinions on Disraeli, 24
speaks on suffrage, 27
his dislike of arithmetic, 29
his amendment on Suffrage Bill lost, 30
gives notice of resolution condemning Irish Establishment, 48
becomes Prime Minister for first time, 55
his lack of knowledge of or interest in education, 57, 67
cuts down a tree, 62
brings in Irish Church Bill, 66
his anxiety over its passage, 74
dines with Ly. F. C., 82
his religious views, 130
speaks on Irish University Bill, 150–1
speaks against Church Disestablishment, 154–5
takes the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, 161
decides to dissolve Parliament, 165
leads the Liberal Party in Opposition, 170
"pours floods of butter" over Disraeli, 173
resigns leadership of Liberal Party in House of Commons, 180-1, 188
returns to active politics on the Eastern Question, 180

Gladstone, William Ewart: Vol. II—*continued*
writes pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees, 185–6
his views on the Eastern Question, 199–200, 203, 204, 205
his steadfast religion, 200
speaks on the Eastern Question in House of Commons, 205–7; and at Birmingham, 209
visits Hagley, 209
supports Lord Hartington's motion condemning the Indian troops' move, 218
makes succession of brilliant speeches during his Midlothian campaign, 240, 241
heads the poll at Leeds, 244
sent for by the Queen, 248
becomes Prime Minister for the second time, 251
has a bad feverish attack, 255–7
dines at Windsor, 274–5
speaks on the Coercion Bill, 280
makes a moving speech proposing a monument to Disraeli in Westminster Abbey, 286
has a magnificent reception at Leeds when he speaks on the Irish Question, 292–3
discusses his contemplated resignation with Ld. F. C., 262, 295–7
offers the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland to Ld. F. C., 305
his distress at losing him from the Treasury, 309
is the greatest comfort to Ly. F. C. after her husband's death, 318, 320–1, 331
speaks in House of Commons of Ld. F. C.'s work, 323
Gladstone, William A., eldest son of W. E. Gladstone, stands for Parliament for Chester, I. 264, 268, 275, 276
dines with Ly. F. C., II. 82
his marriage, II. 192–3
Glasgow, visited by Ld. and Ly. F. C., II. 174–5
Glynne, Catharine (afterwards Mrs. W. E. Gladstone, "Auntie Pussy"), I. vi, 32, 42, 89, 141, 149, 205.—II. 5, 11, 105–6, 182, 189
Glynne, Lady, "Grandmamma," I. 15–6
Glynne, Mary (afterwards Lady Lyttelton), I. vi, 187
her death after birth of Alfred Lyttelton, I. vii, 41–2, 57, 184.—II. 38
Gower, Lord Ronald, I. 130.—II. 67
Grosvenor, Earl (afterwards first Duke of Westminster), I. 305, II. 4, 77, 140

H

Hagley, Worcestershire home of the Lytteltons, I. vii
life at, I. xvii, 14–7
play acted at, I. 46–7
Church Choir first appear in surplices, I. 127
village turns out to greet Ld. and Ly. F. C. on their return from their honeymoon, I. 229
Ld. and Ly. F. C. spend Christmas there, 1864, I. 248–9
Ld. and Ly. F. C. visit, I. 278, 293.—II. 7–8, 31, 65, 112–3, 188–9
cricket match at, when eleven Lytteltons played, II. 39
Hampton Court, Ly. F. C. stays at, I. 195–6
Hams, house of Sir Charles Adderley, visited by Ly F. C., I. 72
Hardwick, country house of the Duke of Devonshire, visited by Ld. and Ly. F. C., I. 243–4, 246, 287–8.—II. 17–8, 236–7

Hartington, Marquess of, "Cavendish," eldest son of the seventh Duke of Devonshire, I. x, 211, 220, 230, 231, 245, 249, 254–5, 283, 285–6, 303.—II. 69, 155, 173
Vol. I.:
afterwards Duke of Devonshire, xv
letters to Ly. F. C. from, xvi, xix
receives degree at Cambridge, 133, 139
succeeds Lord de Grey at the War Office, I. 297.—II. 10
Vol. II.:
hooks a fine fish, 48
offered Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, 57, 64
loses his seat for North Lancashire, 64
is offered and accepts the office of Postmaster-General, 65
is urged to take Irish Secretaryship, 93
becomes leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons, 188
speaks at Keighley on the Eastern Question, 204, 207
the difficulties of his position with Gladstone, 214, 261–2
speaks on the moving of the Indian troops, condemning it constitutionally, 217, 218
entertains at Hardwick, 236–7
re-elected in North Lancashire, 248
becomes Secretary of State for India, 251
Hatherton, Lady, I. 127
Hawarden, home of the Gladstones, I. 12, 23
the Church burnt down, I. 58
visited by Ly. F. C., I. 12, 23–4, 57–9, 111, 148–50, 268–70, 293.—II. 92–3, 229, 271–3
Highclere, home of Lord Carnarvon, visited by Ld. and Ly. F. C., II. 225–7
Holker, I. 237–8
welcomes him with his bride, I. 230–1
visited by Ld. and Ly. F. C., I. 241–2, 249–50, 281, 283–7, 293–5, 302–3.—II. 16–7, 22–4, 38–9, 65–6, 78–9, 90–1, 146–8, 164–5, 173–4, 187–8, 223
fire at, II. 96–7

I

Irish affairs, II. 45, 263, 272, 273, 275, 276, 277–80, 293, 300, 302–3, 314, 324–5, 328

J

Jowett, Dr., I. 162, 204

K

Kent Penitentiary, the, II. 131
Kingsley, Rev. Charles, II. 67
Kissingen, visited by Ld. and Ly. F. C., II. 75

L

Lanhydrock, visited by Ly. F. C., I. 77–8
Lansdowne, third Marquess of, I. 140.—II. 13
Lascelles, Beatrice (afterwards wife of Archbishop Temple), I. 246.—II. 60–1, 197
Lascelles, Emma (afterwards Lady Edward Cavendish), I. xiv, 193, 266, 280, 294.—II. 20, 52
Liddon, Canon, II. 81, 84, 85, 134, 142, 238

Lincoln, Abraham, his death, I. 260
Lind, Jenny, I. 156, 168
Lismore, Irish home of the Duke of Devonshire, visited by Ld. and Ly. F. C., I. 257–60.—II. 48, 112
Longford, house of Hon. Edward Coke, visited by Ly. F. C.—II. 89–90
Lorne, Marquess of, his engagement and marriage to H.R.H. Princess Louise, II. 91, 97
appointed Governor-General of Canada, 223, 228
Lyttelton, Alfred, eighth and youngest brother of Ly. F. C.
Vol. I.:
his political party, xv, 189
his death, xxx, 41
his birth, 41, 48
his christening, 51–2
his baby ways, 74, 101
his fourth birthday, 112
his liking for a cathedral service, 176
childish episodes, 203, 293
Vol. II.:
his affection, 65
his fourteenth birthday, 94
his confirmation, 131
his cricketing successes, 135, 190–1, 220
stays at Holker, 194
letter to, from Ly. F. C., 265–7
Lyttelton, Arthur, fifth brother of Ly. F. C., I. xiii, 101, 105, 122, 161, 217, 296.—II. 86–7, 200–1, 229, 256, 322
Lyttelton, Charles (afterwards first Viscount Cobham), eldest brother of Ly. F. C., I. 68, 101, 113, 135, 138, 146–7.—II. 322
his love for Hagley, I. vii
his marriage, I. xiv, 174.—II. 224–5
his cricketing experiences, I. 70, 86, 97, 99, 117, 141, 142, 168
his coming-of-age celebrations at Hagley, I. 184–90
his political views, I. 264, 304–5.—II. 3
elected Liberal M.P. for East Worcestershire, II. 51–2
moves the Address, 1873, II. 149
Lyttelton, Edward, seventh brother of Ly. F. C., I. 28, 101, 293.—II. 135, 163, 252
Lyttelton, Lavinia, younger sister of Ly. F. C. (afterwards Mrs. Edward Talbot), I. 20
her marriage, I. xiii.—II. 57, 72, 83, 85
her grief at Ld. F. C.'s death, II. 324
her account of Ly. F. C.'s early life, II. 350–2 (Appendix C)
Lyttelton, fourth Baron, father of Ly. F. C., I. vi
his second marriage, I. xiii.—II. 57, 71, 72
his death, I. xiii.—II. 183, 195–6
chaperones his motherless daughters, I. 72, 79
interested in New Zealand, I. 79.—II. 183
recipient of an honorary degree at Cambridge, I. 133, 138–9
speaks at opening of House of Charity, I. 141
lectures on poetry, I. 154
his energy, I. 170
makes various speeches at the celebrations for his eldest son's coming-of-age, I. 186–90
his Episcopate Bill thrown out in House of Lords, II. 38
receives honorary D.C.L. at Oxford, II. 84
heads a " monster expedition " up the Wrekin, II. 162–3
his love and knowledge of the Classics, II. 183

Lyttelton, Lucy Caroline, second daughter of fourth Lord Lyttelton. See Cavendish, Lady Frederick.
Lyttelton, May, younger sister of Ly. F. C., II. 84, 182, 188–9
Lyttelton, Meriel, elder sister of Ly. F. C. (afterwards Mrs. John Talbot), I. viii, xxii, 173
her Confirmation, I. 28
her marriage, I. 105, 113 *n.*
chaperones Ly. F. C., I. 123
her good judgment, I. 195
letter to, from Ly. F. C., I. 236
visits Ld. and Ly. F. C. at Hardwick, I. 245
her account of Ld. F. C.'s death, II. 330–2
Lyttelton, Neville, third brother of Ly. F. C., I. 68, 101, 126, 135, 143, 186–7, 206, 214, 215, 217, 246, 249, 273, 274.—II. 34, 50, 143, 252, 307, 322
Lyttelton, Robert ("Bob"), sixth brother of Ly. F. C., II. 102
Lyttelton, Sarah Kathleen, half-sister of Ly. F. C. See Bailey, Mrs. John.
Lyttelton, Spencer, fourth brother of Ly. F. C., I. 3, 37, 217.—II. 35, 60, 191, 252
Lyttelton, the Rev. William, "Uncle Billy," uncle of Ly. F. C., announcement of his approaching marriage, I. 21
his reception after his honeymoon, I. 23–4
christens Alfred Lyttelton, I. 51–2
marries Ld. and Ly. F. C. in Westminster Abbey, I. 221

M

Magee, Dean of Cork, afterwards Archbishop of York, II. 28, 34, 72
Manchester, Duke and Duchess of, I. 271.—II. 9, 21
Manning, Cardinal, II. 13–4, 185–6
Mayo, Countess of, II. 133–4, 264–5
Mildmay, Mrs. See Clive, Sybella Harriet.
Mill, John Stuart, I. 275, 304
Milnes, Mr. Monckton, afterwards Lord Houghton, I. 42, 45, 107, 273, 289–90, 291, 301.—II. 91
Morley, John (afterwards Viscount), II. 203, 267, 268
Müller, Prof. Max, II. 79
Murray, John (the publisher), II. 190

N

Napier of Magdala, Lord, II. 62, 153
Newman, Cardinal, II. 237–8
Newnham Paddox, home of the Earl of Denbigh, visited by Ly. F. C., I. 122–4

O

Ossington, visited by Ly. F. C., II. 21
Oxford, visited by Ly. F. C. and Mrs. Talbot, I. 50, 162
again visited by Ly. F. C. with her husband and Mrs. Talbot, II. 84–6

P

Palgrave, Francis (afterwards Sir F.), I, 141.—II. 79–80, 146, 315
Palmerston, Viscount and Viscountess, I. 140, 158, 159, 180, 208, 239, 265, 289
Paris, Comte de, I. 66, 97, 98, 99, 113, 167, 168.—II. 87

Phillimore, Walter (now Lord), I. 117
Powell, Miss, lately Principal of St. Mary's College, Paddington, I. xxvii
Pusey, Dr., II. 21, 26, 85, 98, 190, 238

Q

Queen Mary, birth of, II. 32
Queen Victoria, her speech at opening of Parliament, June 1859, I. 87
Vol. I :
her grief at the death of the Prince Consort, 119–22, 140
gives a copy of the Prince Consort's speeches to Lady Sarah Spencer (Lyttelton), 154
present at marriage of the Prince of Wales, 156
account of her life at Osborne, 198–201
rebuked for maintaining her retirement during her widowhood, 206–7, 248–9
description of her second Court, 1864, 215
bids farewell to Ly. F. C., 217
opens Parliament in person, 296–7
Vol. II :
her unwisdom in remaining at Balmoral criticised, 10
invests the Sultan with the Order of the Garter, 37
lays foundation stone of St. Thomas's Hospital, 49
invites Ly. F. C. to Windsor, 68–70
gives a " Breakfast " at Buckingham Palace, 73
attends Service of Thanksgiving at St. Paul's for the Prince of Wales's recovery, 126–7
an attempt made on her life, 128
opens " Grocers' Company " wing of the London Hospital, 195
attends marriage of the Duke of Connaught, 231
her unconstitutional methods debated in House of Commons, 233
attends garden party at Marlborough House, 254
invites Ld. and Ly. F. C. and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone to Windsor, 274–5
greatly distressed over Irish affairs, 275
reviews 50,000 Volunteers in Windsor Park, 288

R

Roberts, Sir Frederick (afterwards Earl), I. 273
Rockingham Castle, home of the Watsons, visited by Ly. F. C., I. 133
Russell, Ld. John (afterwards Earl), I. 201, 289, 290.—II. 3, 13, 100, 220

S

St. Leonards, description of house taken there by Lord Lyttelton, I. 29–30
San Remo, visited by Ld. and Ly. F. C., II. 212–3
Sheen, visited by Ly. F. C., I. 115–6
Spencer, Countess, " Aunt Yaddy," I. 183, 246.—II. 113
Spencer, Lady Sarah (afterwards Sarah, Lady Lyttelton), " Granny," I. vi, 16, 69, 178.—II. 11, 33
the " governess of England," I. viii, 80.—II. 129
reads " The Rivals," I. 22 ; " Adam Bede," I. 82–3
receives many letters on the death of the Prince Consort, I. 119–21, 125
attends family party at Devonshire House, I. 217
reads " Mansfield Park," II. 62–3
death of, II. 81
letters of, II. 163

Spencer, Lady Sarah, "Tallee," cousin of Ly. F. C., I. 36, 124–5, 126, 146, 150–1, 183, 193, 274.—II. 19, 66, 113, 163, 200, 310, 311, 317
Spencer, Earl, appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, II. 302, 312
Stanley, Dean and Lady Augusta, I. 302.—II. 24, 29, 129
Stephenson, Lady, niece of Ly. F. C., I. xxiii–xxiv

T

Tait, Bishop, I. 252.—II. 74
Talbot, Edward Stuart (afterwards Bishop of Winchester), I. xiii, 249
becomes engaged to Lavinia Lyttelton, II. 72
appointed Warden of Keble College, Oxford, II. 73, 85, 275
reads service at Ld. F. C.'s funeral, 324
Talbot, George (now Mr. Justice Talbot), nephew of Ly. F. C., I. 105, 196–7.—II. 10
Talbot, John Gilbert (afterwards M.P. for Oxford), I. 43
an undergraduate at Oxford, I. 50
his marriage to Meriel Lyttelton, I. 105, 113 *n.*
loses Kidderminster election, I. 129
visits Ld. and Ly. F. C. at Hardwick with his wife and mother, I. 245
Talbot, Meriel Lucy (now Dame Meriel), II. 13, 57–8
"Tallee." See Spencer, Lady Sarah.
Teddesley, visited by Ly. F. C., I. 127
Telephone, first use of, II. 215, 264, 294
Tennyson, Lord, II. 101
Transatlantic cable, I. 71, 267, 283
Trevelyan, Sir George, I. xv, 133, 137, 301.—II. 19, 41, 328

W

Wales, H.R.H. the Prince of, I. 33, 95, 158, 159, 160, 166, 168.—II. 9, 11, 16, 48, 50–1, 80, 129, 284
his marriage, I. 133, 146, 154–7
receives honorary D.C.L. at Oxford, I. 162
difficulty of his position, I. 203
severe illness of, II. 117, 119–20
Thanksgiving Service for his recovery, II. 126–8
visits Chatsworth, II. 143–6
Wales, H.R.H. Alexandra, Princess of, I. 159, 160, 162, 166, 168, 215–6, 217, 254.—II. 9, 16, 48, 80, 120, 127, 284
birth of her first child, I. 196, 198
birth of her second child (now King George V), I. 268
visits Chatsworth, II. 143–6
Wenlock, Lady, cousin of Ly. F. C., I. 65–6, 135, 142, 216
Wilberforce, Bishop, I. 252
Wilson, Sir Matthew and Lady, II. 244–7
Windermere, visited by Ly. F. C., I. 147–8
Witley, visited by Ly. F. C., I. 191
Wolseley, Sir Garnet (afterwards Viscount), II. 170–1
Wyndham, Mrs. Hugh, editor of "Correspondence of Sarah Spencer, Lady Lyttelton, 1787–1870," I. viii, 3

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